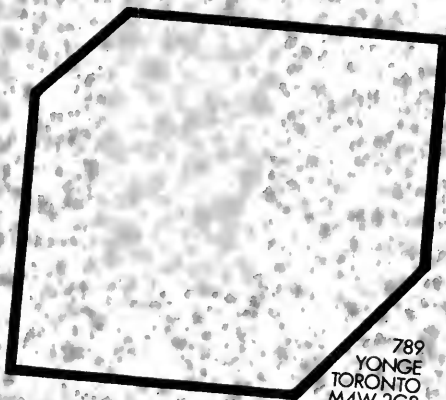




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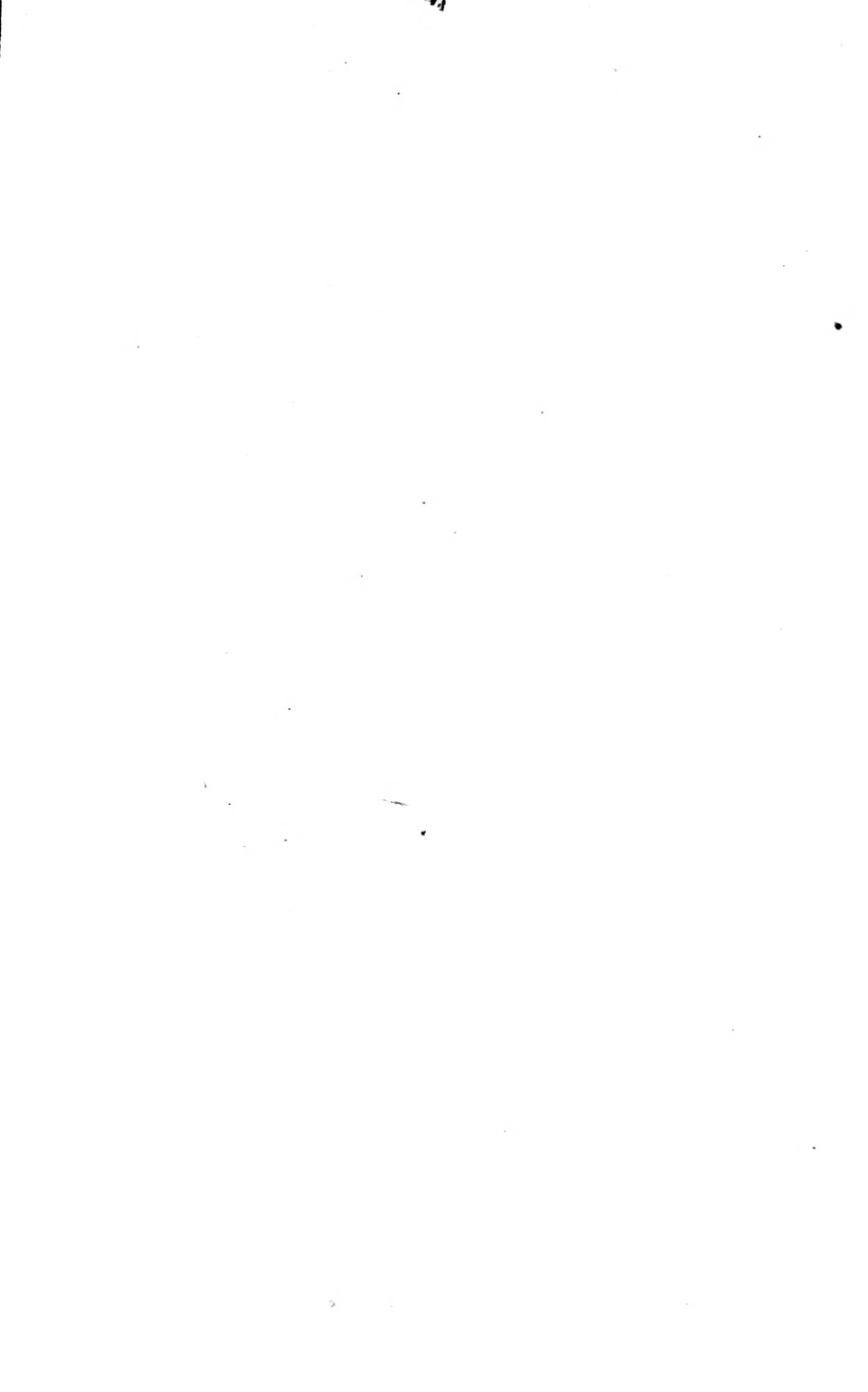


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**The late Rev. John Potts, D.D.**

# Acta Victoriana



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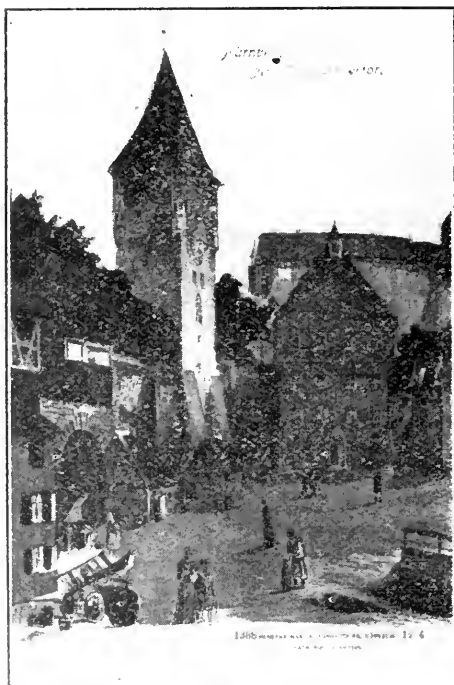
## Some Notes of a Trip in Germany

PROF. L. E. HORNING.

THE liberality of the Board of Regents of Victoria College made it possible for me to get a much-needed rest, and so it came about that in April, 1906, I gladly turned my steps to Germany, after an absence of fifteen years. I knew that I should be sea-sick, and I was, but shall not enlarge upon that point, other memories are more pleasant. Suffice it to say that nine days after leaving Toronto Mr. Misener and I were in Leipzig, and were settled in our temporary abiding places inside of twenty-four hours. On our way we had visited the famous *Ratskeller*, of Bremen, but no such fantasies came to us as to the gifted Hanff.

Once in Leipzig we settled down in good earnest to attending lectures at the University, for the summer term had just begun. But we found that we were tired after our session at Victoria, and found also that the Leipzig climate was very trying to us. However, the term was to me very enjoyable from the educational standpoint, though I could have wished for better health. During the term I had made the acquaintance of a very staunch Britisher from Australia, and together we planned a trip south in August, as Mr. Misener's plans were such that he could not be my companion. We shook off the dust and depressing heat of Leipzig on July 30, and began a journey of some 1,300 miles, zigzagging *up south* until we reached Lucerne, and then came down the valleys till we

reached Frankfort and turned toward Leipzig, making good stops at Eisenach and Weimar on our way. We had glorious weather all the time with the exception of two days and visited Jena, Nuremberg, Regensburg, Munich, Innsbruck, Lake Constance, St. Gallen, the lovely district of Appenzell, Lucerne, Zurich, Singen, the Black Forest, Strassburg, Heidelberg, Mannheim, as well as the other cities already mentioned. It



was an ideal route, grand weather, and we benefited in every way by it. One night's strenuous battling was our only unpleasant experience, recalled a few days ago by a postcard from Greece in which my friend wrote "of fighting all unarmed and fighting all alone." Did he meet as many foes as we together fought that August night, 1906, then I am indeed sorry for him.

Our first stop was the university town of Jena, where the student is king. One group was just celebrating the anniversary of something or other, and their house and lawn was gay with bunting and gayer with the gaudily dressed members, old

as well as young. And the reputation of Jena concerning the consumption of the national beverage was suffering no eclipse. The university is a very dilapidated old building, but a fine new auditorium will be ready in 1908. On almost every house in many of the little crooked, narrow streets one sees tablets to the memory of the great men of past generations. Here Schiller was professor in 1790, and Goethe, a governor of the university; Tieck, Novalis, the Schlegels, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Rückert, Ebers and others, helped to contribute to Jena's glory. From here Fritz Reuter was taken to serve a sentence of seven years for his part in the troubles of 1848. The Frommann house, which Goethe used to frequent, is now a "büro," and the Schiller house is in the present Observatory gardens. Here we saw the granite block commemorating the completion of *Wallenstein* in 1798, studied the splendid Dannecker bust of the great idealist, and sat at the stone table of which Goethe speaks, as recorded in Eckermann's conversations: "At this old stone table did we often sit and exchange many a good and great word." We also walked out past composed the *Erk König*, and under the foot of the mountain we saw the statue to the king himself. Highly delighted with our first day's experience we took the afternoon express for Nuremberg. We climbed the hills as the sun was sinking, enjoying to the full the rolling landscapes, after the dead level of the Leipzig country, catching glimpses of ruined castles, until finally we reached Nuremberg, thirty minutes late, or at 10.15 p.m. The Bavarian Exposition was on in full swing, but by the aid of the well organized bureau of information we at once got comfortably settled. Our first day we spent at the Exposition, a fine exhibition of the manufactures, industries and agricultural products of Bavaria. and yet like expositions in America in every respect. Then we spent two days studying the town itself, but if I ever get a chance to go again I shall stay much longer. In the first place the South Germans are a most comfortable class of people to get along with, for *bonhomie* is their striking characteristic. The general is as free and genial as the ordinary citizen; there is absolutely no stand-offishness, and everybody is ready to do you a good turn. And in the second place the town itself is full to overflowing of historic interest, monuments and treasures.

Here Hans Sachs, the great writer, the friend of Luther, was at home, his house still standing. There is also a fine statue of him in one of the public squares. This was the home of the great etcher, Albrecht Dürer, and his house is an interesting museum. I wish I could properly describe to you the *Bratwurstglocklein*, where these famous men and their companions, such as Peter Vischer, met to drink beer, eat sauerkraut, and talk literature and art. Two small rooms, blackened with the smoke of centuries, but full of names famous in German



annals, is visited by a stream of travellers from all lands, some of whom do as these mighty men of old used to do. Churches and public buildings, private houses, statues and bridges; at every turn you see something old, quaint or historic. And the walls and moats! What immense expenditure of time, men and material was made to lay the immense wall with its huge blocks of granite, all perfectly useless now as a means of defence, indeed was almost as soon as built. Up at the citadel was the first museum we saw. In it there is a



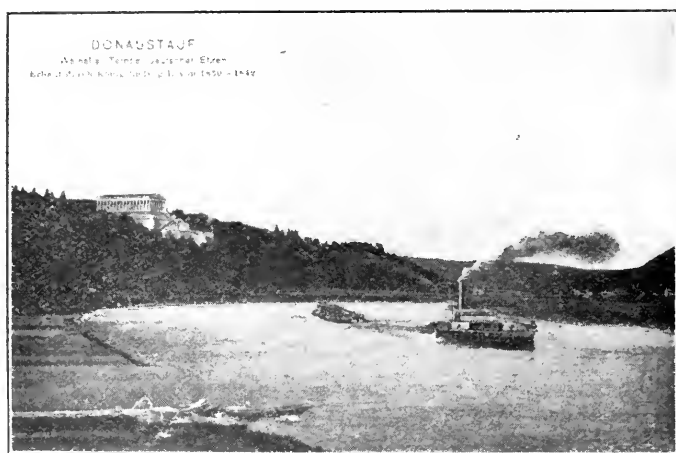
room where emperors from the days of the Crusaders to the present have tarried over night. The long list of visits recorded calls to mind the scenes in which each ruler had a part, a panorama of intense interest. But the museum proper is a gruesome place, for in it are stored up the multitude of instruments of torture which a cruel Inquisition made use of for various purposes, and include the famous Iron-Virgin, at which one cannot look without a shudder. What horrible misconceptions of the religion of the Meek and Lowly One are



testified to in some of those rooms! I never want to see that museum again! But in the *Germanic Museum* there are treasures innumerable relating to the life of the past, back as far as records go. One really ought to visit only one room a day, and some rooms require more time. Life in the home, in the school, on the field of battle, in the church, in politics and art, can all be studied in the immense collection, and by the study

the pages of history and literature would be made brighter and clearer. Lovely old Nuremberg!

Our next stop was Regensburg (Browning's Ratisbon), which has a very interesting Cathedral. Here we got our first view of the "blue Danube," and blue it was. Out about six miles from the city is a very fine imitation of the Greek Parthenon, called *Walhalla*, or the German Temple of Fame. It occupies a commanding position above the Danube, is exquisitely finished, and contains about eighty-three busts of the famous men in the literature, politics, history and sciences of Germany. The late Emperor, William I., is the last one admitted to a niche. But we cannot leave Regensburg without saying a word about the famous white *beer-radishes*, which are sent all



over Germany, and bring in wealth to the fortunate possessors of the lime-filled lands on which they thrive so well.

Our next move was to Munich, where we spent five perfect days. Lying some 1,900 feet above the sea in a fertile plateau, the air is very bracing and invigorating, and in the distance we see the beginnings of the mountain ranges so well known to all travellers. The city is the seat of the government of Bavaria and the second university of Germany, in point of numbers, is found there. There are not many famous churches, but the libraries, museum and galleries make it equal to Dresden in interest and importance. The library of the university has a splendid collection of old manuscripts, including that of the

*Nibelungenlied*, great numbers of early books in famous bindings, and autograph letters and poems from nearly all the famous writers, historians and politicians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, indeed many still earlier. Here one sees, too, the original scores of the great masters in music, such as Beethoven, Haydn, Handel, Wagner, and others. The student of painting would be delighted with the *Old Pinakothek* with its *twelve* main halls and *twenty-three* cabinets devoted in regular order to the different continental schools, one large hall to the fleshly Rubens. How much one could learn by taking a room a day, how little one knows after giving two



or three hours to the whole, and that is what most tourists do. The *Schalk* gallery and the *New Pinakothek* supplement and add to the wealth of art in the old collection, and make Munich a city in which to live and study. In this city we also find a Germanic museum second only to Nuremberg but unexcelled in a collection of carved ivories, valued at 5,000,000 marks. The royal residence is very interesting, because of its paintings of historic persons and famous court beauties, its tapestries, miniatures, historic furnishings (in one room Napoleon I. was a guest) and its wall paintings representing scenes from the *Nibelungenlied*, the national epic of the Germans.

We were very loth to leave Munich, but we were looking forward to an excursion into Austria, or rather Tyrol, for Inns-

bruck was our next place of call. The situation is beautiful, the sea of mountains, some of the peaks snow-capped, forming an enchanting background. All this we enjoyed immensely. Not so the stay over night, for we found too much company in our room. We, therefore, shortened our stay, and proceeded early the next morning to Lake Constance by the famous *Vorarlberg* railroad. This made a trip from Kufstein to Lake Constance of 225 miles of the grandest railroad scenery I have yet seen. Snow-capped mountains, precipitous ravines, narrow ledges for the roads, rushing torrents, castles and ruins, the old in nature and the history of man told as we sped along. We were fairly exhausted with gazing and enjoying the grand views presented at every winding of the road. We spent a



quiet night at Bregenz, and then the next day took steamer for Roschbach, and proceeded from there to St. Gallen, one of the famous old centres for the earliest missionary efforts in Germany, and having literary monuments of the first rank. In the evening (Saturday) we took the electric car to Trogen, where we spent a most delightful, restful and absolutely quiet Sunday. Up to this point we had done no other tramping than was called for as we went from point to point in the various cities and towns. After this most helpful Sunday's rest we joined the great army of "trampers" who flock to Switzerland and, like all beginners, we made a record our first day. But this is another story, as the master says.

## Autumn Voyageurs

WALTER CORNISH.

THE doctor hummed a few bars of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and ran his experienced eye over the snugly packed "turkeys." Then our canoes shot through the tumbling waters, carrying as picturesque a quartette of travellers as the settlement had seen for a moon.

We had unanimously voted that the world was too much with us; and that, for a season, we would charitably strike it from our visiting list. We thirsted for some lonely spot where we might bathe our spirits in the sweet illusions of childhood, before Winter came. We found it. Its name was Lake Kahweambelewagamot. So we arranged our personal attire to match. Persons who set out to be Kahweambelewagamotites had to be unique. We were.

The frau wore what appeared to be a parody on a Japanese robe. The doctor smoked placidly in a suit of the last century. The B.Sc., who was ordinarily an authority on subdued tones, now wore a weird garb of many colors; and her shirt-waist was suggestive of a Cobalt prospector. The writer revelled in a nautical jersey, and vivid knee-breeches from whose hip-pocket gleamed a .32 Iver-Johnson. We were all very happy.

The dawn was full of white light and the music of birds; while a fresh breeze helped to send our tiny craft swishing through the lake with glorious swiftness. Of course we all sang—with the exception of the Doc., who made a series of guttural sounds, which he facetiously called "joining in."

At the head of Johnny Cake Bay the first of the series of portages was before us. A portage is one of life's weightiest retributions, if you have provided no sort of pack-mule. We had been wise. A loquacious teamster, with a burden of backwoods lore on his soul and a three weeks' growth of whisker on his chin, was in waiting. The tin pans rattled, crack went my lady's mirror, the two canoes strained and creaked in a leash of ropes; and over the hills we trailed towards the Blue Haze.

It was queer about that Blue Haze. Somehow it seemed to promise the calm of a great knowledge. It hung round the world like the rim of a primeval chalice, filled with great

pools of gold; and during many days I found myself straining for a glimpse of the Guest, in whose honor the world was spread.

We lunched at Hardwood Lake, where a dual discovery was made. We found out that pork fat is uncongenial in one's tea; and that our friend, the teamster, was a rabid politician. We, therefore, left behind both pork and teamster, for such reminders of the earth were become forbidden things.

And now we no longer needed to cry for "a lodge in some vast wilderness." Brooding on the face of the sun-flooded waters, lying among the bushland grasses and flowers, swathing the gnarled Laurentian piles of stone, was the spirit of silence—silence so intense as to tighten the throat with untranslatable emotions. The speechless eloquence of the gods had touched our ears, and we were in a mood to feel great truths.

When the red lights of a ranch winked round the bluff, at the head of the Fletcher waters, we raised a few hundred echoes among the hills, and spoke to each other tenderly of supper. The Haliburton appetite was on us; and when the settler's buxom wife brought out her best, we worked hard. Of course, to be true to the feminine tradition of dissatisfaction, the women in the party grumbled at the hostess' non-provision of table napkins and fresh-cut flowers; but, being ravenously hungry, they finally pardoned her for everything except her face, which was undeniably handsome, after its kind.

This was the beginning of an epoch of research. The B.Sc., who is an authority on hatpins and anatomy, dissected the interiors of snakes, birds, and other things. The Doc. plunged through distant bogs in search of ducks. The Fran spent her days in the creation of a more perfect system of chaperonage. And I sat on the edge of the land in an attitude expressive of deep and profound thought, but actually giving the sunlight a chance to soak in.

Towards the end of a week a vague spirit of unrest seized us. The B.Sc. phrased it. She said, with an abstracted look on her face, "What about Lake —er—?"

"Kahweambelewagamot?" queried the doctor.

We had forgotten we were Kahweambelewagamotites! We moved. Yelping dogs, hill-shaking cheers, and floods of sunlight, are all pictured in the movement.

The itinerary now included Round Lake, Bear Lake, North River, and Lake What's-'em-call-it. (The better you remember the name the worse it hurts your throat. Anyway, Kahweamblewagamot is short for Hollow Lake, so a settler told us.) This last we found lying at the heart of a rough, shaggy territory, undiscovered by more than a mere handful of folk, brimming with salmon, and the source of many a trapper's legend.

But this chronicle may not contain the story of our explorations, maroonings, winds and calms, in this place. It may only say that, in the procession of days, it came to pass that we sorrowfully parted even from Lake Kahweamblewagamot, and returned to the world with our captures of fish and fun. The stock of fun was large. The captures of fish were small. But with the dividends realized in sunbrown and strength we were more than satisfied.

Indeed, I am left with but one unfilled desire. It is, that the Land behind the Blue Haze is a territory still to be explored.

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### **Graduation**

The youth, with eager step, with ardent soul,  
Far up the mountain's rough and craggy side  
Had struggled till he reached the longed-for goal,  
And at his feet beheld the prospect wide. . . .  
A faint, far murmur breaks the stillness deep.  
The cry of human anguish, heard not when  
He sought the peak. Must he descend that steep  
Once more to common things and common men?  
In thought's high pathway eager to prevail,  
We strive for knowledge: abstract things we scan  
Until our souls are deaf to that sad wail  
Of woe by which the burdened heart of man  
Calls for our help. Comrades, let us be still,  
For in that cry of man we learn the Father's will.

F. H. LANGFORD, '08.

## Over the Hills to the Poor House

[T was Sunday morning. The rising bell at the County House of Refuge rang out lustily at 6.30—a whole hour later than usual. Fritz had been down in the kitchen before six, and started the fire in the range and laid out the pails ready for milking. Then, with a sense of duty well performed, he had mounted the great, high stool beside the kitchen cupboard and, with a supercilious smile, awaited the arrival of the “womin folks.” Fritz was always interested in the women, but he did not “like to talk to the critters—jest to look at ‘em.”

Big, bustling, grey-haired Polly was the first to appear upon the scene. “Come on you girls, get your pails and all aboard for the milkin’,” she called out with the air of a Cæsar calling forth his men to battle. Then, when all had metaphorically answered “Present,” she turned and proudly led the procession to the barnyard.

When the milking was over and the cats were all fed, the women carried their pails to the “separatin’ room,” and washed for breakfast. Betsy, Emeline, Little Jenny and such other females who, on account of old age or some other infirmity, were judged incapable of milking had, in the meantime, been scurrying around the kitchen under the direction of the cook preparing the morning meal, and incidentally affording an infinite amount of amusement to Fritz.

And now all was ready. In the men’s dining-room at the right of the kitchen the tables were set, and the benches placed to seat sixty men. To be sure, there was no table linen, the spoons were only pewter, and the china was the unbreakable sort, but then “sich things is not to eat,” as Fritz says. Enough for Fritz that there was porridge in the soup-plates, great piles of thick-cut bread, and good butter placed at regular intervals on the tables, and an odor of coffee pervading the room. But this morning, as a special Sunday treat, “Mam” had decreed that, on account of the unusual generosity of the hens, they should have boiled eggs—one apiece—for breakfast throughout the house. So there they were in large, granite pans on the tables, and Fritz couldn’t help hugging himself to



think he was the only man who knew anything at all about it.

"Ring the bell, Fritz," shouted Betsy. She was somewhat deaf, and imagined everybody else was, too. "The men folks is back from the barn, and breakfast is ready now." Fritz took his time about it. It was now his turn to work, and Fritz wasn't particularly fond of waiting tables.

At the first tingle of the bell there was a bargain-day rush for the dining-room. Each man made a bee-line for his accustomed place and, without any preliminaries, began to bolt his rations in the accepted style. Soldier Bismarck ate his egg, shell and all, to save time, but Zippie was "done" first as usual, and with a self-satisfied grin he stalked out of the room.

One by one, the men adjourned to the backyard. Tobacco pouches were drawn forth from bottomless pockets, pipes were filled and the smokers were happy. A rather distinguished-looking man sat on the corner bench, and played his violin, but the rest of the inmates did not appreciate Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Little Teddy was running opposition over near the house with a brand-new mouth-organ which "Mam" had brought him as a "solvenir" from Toronto. He played "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater" to a large and delighted audience and, by way of encore, he played it again. Bismark was standing apart marking time. His red coat and huge, wooden gun ought to have commanded respect, and even awe, but there was old Dumbie cautiously approaching his august person with the express purpose of implanting a kiss somewhere on his dear, old, egg-stained face. Little Teddy looked up and, seeing Bismark in such imminent danger, stopped his ditty in the middle of a bar.

"Bismark—Dumbie, she'll kiss you!" he screamed at the top of his voice, forgetting that neither of them could hear a word.

Polly heard the noise and joined the rescue party but, before either she or Teddy could intervene, the deed was done. And Bismark, in the most unsoldierlike fashion, took to his heels and ran as fast as his thick-set frame would allow, shaking his fist menacingly all the while to signify his disapproval of such publicity in the demonstration of the affections.

"You old fool, you," scolded Polly, shaking the triumphant

Dumbie and trying to make her hear. "Come on in, now! I'm goin' to tell Mam on you."

Dumbie only smiled and bowed to everybody like a prima donna acknowledging her congratulations, threw a kiss to the enraged Bismark and, quite undismayed, gave herself up to the arm of the law.

So the morning passed quietly away, but soon after dinner it began to be evident that something of unusual interest was about to happen. Such a splutter as there was with the dish washing! Polly was sure there never were so many dishes before. In the very white heat of the excitement Fritz had absented himself from the kitchen for the space of one minute and forty-five seconds only to resume his position, decked out with celluloid collar and ministerial tie. Zippie knocked impatiently at the kitchen window.

"There's Zippie, bless his heart and stockin's," said Polly. "Didn't I go and ferget to give him his clothes!" She threw down her dish cloth and bolted up the stairs, two steps at a time. In a minute she bounded down again, and hurried out the back door. In all the five years since she had undertaken Zippie's laundry work she had never been so late.

"Here's your things, Zippie," she said as she gasped for breath. "Your white vest's wearin' out, but I'll get you a new one. Now hurry up and get dressed and look like the gentleman you are. Mind you're not late."

Then she turned him face about, administered a sounding whack between his shoulders, and rushed madly up the stairs to superintend the dressing of the girls.

The great clock in the main corridor was striking two when "the boss" drove up to the chapel with one of those dear, old, white-haired brethren of the itineracy. The inmates were not particularly partial to the Methodist ministry as a rule, but Father Jackson, by virtue of belonging to the old-fashioned, amen school, was quite an exception. So the chapel bell did not ring a minute too soon that day, and all who were not absolutely devoid of the sense of hearing, lined up and went to chapel in true Ladies' College style.

Father Jackson waited till all were seated, and the men had all ascertained who sat opposite on the women's side, and vice

versa, and then he gave out the hymn. The singing, under Polly's leadership, was a decided success. Polly sang the air and everybody else followed on behind with discordant variations. When prayer time came, nobody prayed but Father Jackson and old Daddy. Prayer, evidently, wasn't excessively popular with the inmates.

Then came the sermon. The text was somewhere in Haggai, so Polly didn't bother looking it up. Little Teddy had brought his mouth-organ along and, with the awful penalty of a tobaccoless week staring him full in the face, he noiselessly drew out his treasure, crouched down behind Darky Bill, the Hercules of the establishment, and started up "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater" most pianissimo. He just wanted "to see if it was all right yet," he told "the boss," when he was called upon to account for his misdemeanor. Then little Jenny had to get a "coughin' spasm," and upon Betsy and Polly devolved the duty of pounding it out of her, while Fritz sat and watched the performance with breathless interest from his seat in the rear.

When the service was over, Zippie stood in the doorway and acted as usher. On such occasions, Polly was unspeakably proud of her boy. "You're every inch a gentleman, ain't you, Zippie?" she would say, as she held out her hand, and Zippie always said he was. All too soon the lines were formed again and all marched back to the main building. "Comin' back here is jest like comin' down from Mt. Pisgah, that the song talks about," declared Polly, as she smoothed out her finery and folded it up for another week.

Polly was worried that evening. There was no doubt about that. "Gentlemen don't wear ragged vests like Zippie's," she told herself over and over again. She wondered how much a new one would cost. There wasn't much in the little velvet purse, which hung from her neck—only a dollar and twenty-eight cents, by actual count, and Polly had heard that men's clothes were "awful expensive."

About eight o'clock, a bright idea seized her. A few minutes later she was hurrying up-stairs with "the boss's" Saturday paper. She had hoped to reach her room first, and to peruse the gents' furnishings advertisement, unmolested by her nine room-mates, but there they were, every last one of them, in

ahead of her, and "Mam's" portly figure coming down the hall with her bunch of keys.

"Good-night, Mam. Yes, the girls is all in," she said, and then the key was turned.

There was nothing else to do but to show that precious paper to all the other girls, so Polly heroically sat down in the most comfortable chair, and let the other girls look over her shoulder.

Yes, sure enough, there was a large gents' furnishings advertisement on the back page. Polly just knew there would be. She let the girls admire the pictures for a while, and then she dismissed them abruptly. "Now, youse can all clear off," she said. "I want to read."

The girls had no interest in anything but pictures, so they went to bed, while Polly attacked "the readin'." Presently she breathed a sigh of relief. "Zippie can have his vest," she thought, as she counted out a dollar and a quarter from the velvet purse, and tied the pile up in the corner of her handkerchief, "so as not to forget."

As she was folding up the paper, her eyes fell upon the words, "House of Refuge," on the first page. Breathlessly, she spelled out the title.

"Corpses at the County House of Refuge will hereafter be sent to the Medical College unless claimed by friends."

Polly fairly gasped. She was dying to read more but the town clock struck nine, and out went the lights.

Oh! the anguish of that night! Polly will never forget it as long as she lives. Personally, she was not concerned in the least. Uncle John was going to bury her in the family plot in the cemetery down town, but Zippie had no Uncle John, and Zippie was such a gentleman, too.

When the rising bell rang, Polly was up and stirring. She had fully decided to play a supernumerary rôle that day, so she ground her teeth, assumed a blue-Monday countenance, and did her hair up in the severest little nob behind, to strengthen her in her determination. Betsy nudged the other girls behind her back and guessed she'd "got the dumps."

While the milking was in progress, the men stood around the barnyard in little groups and talked "kind of sober-like" Polly thought. She was burning with curiosity to know what

it was all about, but every tingling hair-root reminded her of her secret solemn vow.

With the air of a martyr she entered the kitchen. Betsy sidled up to her apologetically and whispered in a most subdued and supplicating tone of voice:

"Polly, did you hear? Bismark died, sudden, last night. Will you fix up my hat stylish like yours for the funeral "

Bismark dead! He had no friends. By rights he ought to be buried up on the hill in the Poor House cemetery, near the old pest-house, and all the inmates ought to be allowed to go and help Polly sing,

"I'm going home to die no more,"

while Zippie and Little Teddy shovelled in the ground. But the paper said Bismark couldn't have a funeral, couldn't even be buried at all. It was too awful to be true.

Zippie came and brought his Sunday linen for the wash, but Polly was strangely uncommunicative that morning, and so Zippie stood around and looked like a sheep-killing dog. Suddenly the sound of wheels was heard in the direction of the lane, and Polly was on the "qui vive" in an instant.

"The undertakin' waggon sure as you live," thought Polly. "Perhaps Bismark had rich friends after all."

Meanwhile "the boss" and "Mam" had held a hurried consultation, and concluded that they could keep the secret no longer. Past experience had taught that to win Polly over was half the battle, so "Mam" laid aside her work and prepared for her Waterloo. She found Polly on tip-toe at the dining-room window.

"Polly," she said, "I want to see you in the office at once." There was nothing for Polly to do but to follow Mam up the stairs into the private quarters.

Few people know just what happened in that dingy office during the next half-hour, but when the door was opened, Polly's eyes were red and swollen, and "Mam" looked very solemn.

Polly could speak again. "Mam, kin I get that newspaper the boss gave me last night, and my scissors, and will you give me some white paper, and some of that sticky stuff, and let me sit here in the office for a while?"

"Mam" did not refuse. She would have granted Polly half her kingdom at that moment if she had asked for it.

Two hours rolled by before Polly was seen again. Then she came up to "Mam" and, smiling through her tears, she blurted out: "Here's my will, Mam. I want you and the boss to sign it, and put it with my papers. See how I done it? I can't write, except my name, but I can read, so I just cut out the words and pasted them on. I'm sorry I got it so dirty, but I couldn't help cryin' a little. I wouldn't of done it for nobody else but Zippie. He's such a gentleman, and he's got to be buried respectable, so I jest made my will, and Zippie's to be buried 'long side my family and I—"

Her voice trembled and the great, round tears ran down her cheeks. "Mam" shed one or two for company.

"Well, Polly, what about you?"

"Well, it's jest like this, Mam, hain't I always been your right-hand man, first up in the mornin', first done with the dishes and the like? You know me and 'preciate me. But there's Uncle John and Aunt Eliza, and all the rest of my family, they always thought I wasn't good for nothin' but the Poor House, and I jest want you to tell them, when I'm dead and gone, that, if I wasn't no good for gettin' money and hangin' on to it, I'm goin' to Medical College, and that's some-thin' none of the rest of 'em done, what's more."

She reached in her pocket for her handkerchief. The tears were almost blinding her.

"And oh, Mam, I most forgot. Here's a dollar and twenty-five cents, and will you buy a vest like that there fellow has on for Zippie? Zippie lives in the Poor House, but all the same he's a gentleman, and don't you ferget it."

B. MABEL DUNHAM, '08.



## Evolution

W. A. McCUBBIN, '08.

"This world was once a fluid haze of light  
Till toward the centre set the starry tides  
And eddied into suns that wheeling cast  
The planets. Then the monster, then the man."

—*The Princess.*

MANY vague and erroneous ideas are extant with regard to the evolution theory brought forth by Darwin and other scientific investigators; and many people stand ready to condemn their work unheard, when a proper examination of the facts on which their conclusions are based would produce a strong respect for what these conclusions claim to be—merely a strong and satisfactory theory which accounts in a scientific manner for various phenomena of life on the earth. It is the purpose of this article to give merely a bare outline of the nature and extent of the evidences which support the evolution theory without venturing into technical details.

Leaving out of present consideration the beginnings of life on the earth, these evidences, broadly speaking, seem to point to the origin of all forms of life, not from a number of original forms identical with those at present in existence, but from a common ancestry, the descendants of which under differences of circumstance and environment, have in the course of countless ages gradually changed from simple unicellular organisms to the multiplicity of complex animal and plant forms which populate the earth to-day.

The method by which such a transformation could take place may be easily seen by a glance at some existing conditions, which we have no reason to suppose were ever, in the history of life on the world, other than they are at present. It is a commonly observed fact that offspring resemble their parents very closely, but it is evident that, since we can easily distinguish the individuals in a family this can only be approximately true; or, in other words, there always exists

some *individual variation* from the parental type. Further, of all the young produced in a generation only a few come to maturity; else in a few years the world would be overflowing with one species alone. Now, of these young, some, owing to the individual variation mentioned above, will be better fitted to protect themselves from their enemies or to obtain food, and a greater proportion of these favored ones will of course survive, and will to some extent transmit the advantageous characteristics to their offspring. In this way after many generations the plant or animal in question will change itself so as to be as perfectly adapted as possible to its surroundings. Now, if a group of animals be isolated from the main body through any cause and continue to live apart under different conditions of food, surroundings, and relations to other animals, the action of the two principles mentioned above will produce in time changes different to those taking place in the parent body. This isolation may occur in various ways. A mountain range, a desert or a river may form an impassible barrier, or the group may be cut off on an island by sinking of the earth's crust. If such separation continues until the two groups will no longer inter-breed when again brought together, two permanently distinct races are formed, or in other words we have arrived at a very satisfactory explanation of the origin of species. Thus it is evident that *individual variation* in conjunction with the "*survival of the fittest*," will account for the gradual evolution of the animal body, while isolation could be easily responsible for the production of different species.

There are four main lines of evidence in support of the view that such a course of events has actually taken place in animal and plant history.

The study of Comparative Anatomy presents a countless array of facts which can only be satisfactorily explained by such a view. The remarkable similarities of structure between the organs and skeletal parts of entirely different animals have no significance whatever viewed from any other standpoint, while the idea of a common origin at once makes their relation clear. Nor can we account in any other manner for the numerous occurrences of apparently superfluous parts in nearly all animals, as for example the vermiform appendix of man, the so-called "splint" bones in a horse's leg, the pelvic bones



in a whale, or the rudimentary vestiges of wing bones in some wingless birds. Besides these, anatomy shows an almost complete series of animals representing the various stages in the course of the general evolution of life as it has taken place according to the theory.

It would seem as if in this evolutionary march some were swifter and are now well advanced on their way, others are leisurely plodding along the course at various intervals, while some of the tardy ones can scarcely be said to have begun the journey. It is from these scattered travellers that we gather a conception of the probable changes passed through by the higher forms in reaching their present state.

Another important source of evidence is that of embryology. It is most remarkable that each individual of the species recapitulates more or less completely in its own life history the stages of development mentioned above. Just as the race began as a simple cell and gradually complicated its structure in succeeding generations, so each individual begins life as a simple cell, and passing in the course of a few weeks or months through the same stages by which its race progressed during long ages of evolution, reaches finally the adult condition. In this state it adds on the infinitesimally small advances toward perfection acquired during its own individual life. These in turn transmitted to posterity become a part both of the species as a whole and of the life history of succeeding individuals.

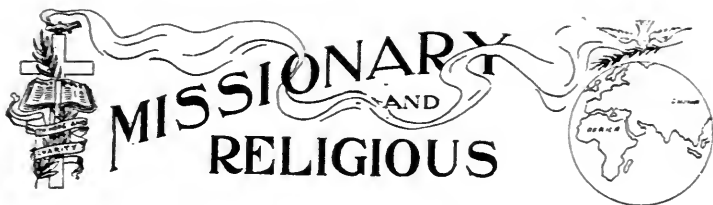
The evidences of Embryology and Anatomy, however, though not direct, are seen to be of extreme importance when taken in conjunction with that furnished by Palæontology. Here we have a direct, reliable history of life on the world indelibly engraved on books of stone and faithfully preserved for us in the deep chambers of the earth—in vaults of solid rock. Unfortunately, such a record, from very evident causes, cannot but be exceedingly fragmentary. It is only through a long chapter of accidents that such remains could be preserved at all, and of those which were, many have been since destroyed by geological disturbances, while many are still, doubtless, buried deep under the sea. Of those accessible to us the greater proportion are still undiscovered, while many of those which have come to the notice of man have been lost through ignorance. Still in many cases the record is fairly complete, and from a study of this record it appears conclusive that life on

the earth has been a progressive evolution from lower to higher forms exactly as indicated before. In the lower strata no indications of life are found. The earliest remains are of simple structure, while succeeding strata present a series of related forms increasing in complexity as they near our own time, and gradually approaching the structure and size of existing animals.

The horse furnishes us with a good example of this. By means of skeletons found in many parts of North America, and of which every good museum has at least casts, the horse can be traced back through a gradually changing ancestry to a small, somewhat dog-like animal with five toes and short legs.

The geographical distribution of fossil remains and of existing flora and fauna is also in strict accordance with this theory. Geology tells us that North and South America have been separated by the sea until comparatively recent times; and this explains why their animal life is so different; while North America and North Asia, being but a short time sundered by Behring Strait, have almost the same kinds of animals, the time being too short in the one case to allow the interwandering of northern and southern species, and in the other to produce new species by divergence from the parent type which was common to both Asia and North America at the time of separation. Similarly, Australia and other large islands have flora and fauna distinctly their own. They were isolated very early in geological history, and from the animals then existing all over the eastern world their forms have evolved differently from the main body and from each other.

The value of the various lines of evidence here touched upon is immensely increased by the remarkable agreement they represent and the striking absence of conflicting elements in their innumerable details. There are few theories which are so well supported and which give a more rational explanation of natural phenomena than the much-abused theory of evolution. It is unfortunate that it should be summarily rejected by many as supposedly conflicting with the teachings of Holy Writ. But surely the Great Creator of All is not the less worthy of the respect and reverence of His children whether He shows forth His divine wisdom in one single arbitrary act of creation, or in the gradual unfolding of the beautiful flower of Life.



## Silver Bay

MISS E. A. CLARK, '09.

AT the opening meeting of the Students' Conference at Silver Bay, Miss Condé quoted from Dr. Adams—"A college is an opportunity plus an inspiration." This might also be said of the Silver Bay conference: an opportunity to spend ten delightful summer days amid beautiful mountain scenery and historic associations, and to meet college women of all types; together with the inspiration of contact with consecrated men and women, whose lives are spent in the solution of student and missionary problems.

The Eastern Student Conference for Young Women is held each year at Silver Bay, on Lake George, during the last week of June. It is primarily an American convention, but Canadian delegates receive a very hearty welcome. This year thirty representatives, from seven of our colleges, were present. We are hoping some time in the near future to have a Canadian conference of this kind; but until then we gladly avail ourselves of the privileges of this gathering.

The purpose of the conference is "to lead young women into the knowledge of God and the doing of His will, as the one satisfying mission in life." The first meeting struck the keynote of this life of consecrated service—"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly—let the peace of God rule in your heart—and be ye thankful."

Throughout the conference the missionary spirit was strongly emphasized. This year we had the privilege of having with us Miss Ruth Rouse, secretary of the World's Student Federation, and the vision she gave us of the world's work and needs was an inspiration and a challenge. The motive for missionary effort, as set before us, was not pity or duty, but a desire to help other nations to lay their gifts at Jesus' feet. Miss Rouse, from her wide knowledge of conditions of life in so

many lands, spoke of what we will learn from different countries and what gifts they have to offer. From Japan we will learn intense loyalty and attention to details. (We do not comprehend sheer devotion of worship and the true abandonment of sacrifice, but we will learn from the East, particularly India. Women students in Russia, wrestling with problems which we can scarcely understand, are passionate, intense and reckless in their adherence to a cherished cause. Let us give them a worthy object for their devotion.

Three times at least, we are told, our Lord came in contact with foreigners, and these meetings are significant. Three wise men of the East came and worshipped; and from the East we learned how to worship. A Roman centurion came to Christ and said, "for I am a man set under authority"; and through Rome we gained our system of church organization. Lastly the Greeks came and said, "We would see Jesus"; and they received sight and gave us our philosophy.

Work in India received particular emphasis; and political as well as religious problems were considered. The Indian mind is slowly being aroused to a keen national consciousness and to a realization that hitherto warring factions should stand together as a political unit. The scare-mongers are much alarmed about this movement, but most thinkers consider it a healthy sign.

Various mission study classes considered the work in different countries, and, if time was lacking to make the survey quite comprehensive, it was at least suggestive and encouraged further study. The women students in Lucknow every evening pray for the students of the world. Shall we be less broad in our sympathies? And to pray intelligently it is necessary to know.

Short, interesting sessions dealt with student problems and committee work. We gained many helpful ideas from our progressive American friends, whose enthusiasm is contagious. Special emphasis was laid on the work of each committee and each individual committee member. Any member can make or mar the success of a committee, and "no committee liveth unto itself."

Perhaps one of the most impressive addresses was given by Mr. Robert Speer, of New York. He spoke of the man with

a mission. "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John"; an autobiography of a life typical but not unique. The really consecrated life cannot fail. It may appear to be a failure, as did John's, but the Master, the best judge of character, said: "There hath not arisen among men a greater prophet than John the Baptist." Real life, commissioned by God, must live for life. God, who is eternal, could not wish us to waste our lives on things which are temporal. "We travel this way but once, and we travel it God's way or not at all."

Instead of a resumé of other meetings, let me give a few suggestive sentences, a gleanings of the very best things said: "Each duty that is to be rightly done must be done with a hot heart."—Mr. Speer. "Intellectual strength is not measured so much by what the mind rejects as by what it receives."—Dr. White. "Accurate thinking is essential to confident Christianity."—Dr. White. "The hour of opportunity is close to the hour of prayer."—Dr. Hall. "The comparative degree of righteousness is doing more harm than anything else I know."—Dr. Stone.

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## Niagara-on-the-Lake

JOHN E. BROWNLEE, '08.

THE Conference of the College Young Men's Associations held at Niagara-on-the-Lake from the fourteenth to the twenty-third of June, was an event of great importance to the religious life of our Canadian colleges and universities. Hitherto this conference, intended for the colleges of the Central States and Ontario, had been held at Lakeside, in Michigan, but for several reasons the Central Committee decided on a change, and this year, for the first time, it was held on Canadian soil, and the historic old town of Niagara-on-the-Lake was determined upon as the site of a future Canadian Northfield. The change proved to be a wise one, as the attendance was much larger than it had been in former years, while its effect upon our Canadian colleges was quite apparent. Last year the total Canadian representation at Lakeside was but twelve; this year the Toronto delegation alone numbered over seventy.

Queen's University was well represented, and the Guelph O. A. C. sent over thirty. Victoria—the heart of Canadian Methodism—alone failed in her duty, and was represented by only five delegates.

Niagara-on-the-Lake proved to be an ideal place for such a conference. As a pleasure resort it is well and widely known. The village itself is very picturesque, and its historic surroundings add much to its attractiveness. The Hotel Iroquois, where the conference was held, is beautifully situated on the banks of Lake Ontario and sufficiently withdrawn from the village to allow of perfect rest and quietness. To add to the general interest, it may be mentioned that the militia were in camp at the other side of the town, and proved to be very good company save when some of the speakers found their remarks rather sharply punctuated by the reports of the rifles from the ranges on the lake shore not far distant.

The programme of the conference varied but little from day to day. Immediately following the breakfast hour groups were formed at various places throughout the grounds for the several courses in Bible Study work. These courses proved very valuable to those who were to be leaders in Bible Study work in their colleges during the coming academic year, although the short duration of the sessions made any exhaustive treatment of the subjects impossible.

Upon registration, the members of the conference were enrolled in Mission Study Classes, which met after the Bible Study groups. The present condition of, and the outlook for, the missionary movement in China, Japan, Africa and the home field were here made the subject of special study.

An important feature of the programme was the series of lifework meetings, held both morning and evening throughout the session. The object was to aid and advise such of the students as were yet uncertain of their life's work. Returned missionaries, leaders in the Y. M. C. A. movement at home and abroad, and men prominent in the ministry, at different times placed the claims of their respective callings before the students so clearly and forcibly as to lead to the criticism that after each address one felt that such particular work was the one which most appealed to him. Special attention was given the Y. M. C. A. movement, which is now expanding so rapidly

as to be in constant need of young men for secretaries. Mr. Budge, General Secretary of the Montreal Y. M. C. A., was present during the session, and gave many interesting talks on the Secretaryship, the qualities necessary for success in that position, and its work in detail.

"It is necessary and desirable," said John R. Mott, in one of those severely logical addresses so characteristic of the man, "that we withdraw from men and the world from time to time for spiritual renewal and realization." His words state briefly one of the great privileges afforded to the students of the colleges of this country by this summer outing. The enormous development of material forces on this continent, and the great multiplicity of organizations in our college life, make such a withdrawal extremely difficult, and raise the question, "Is there not a danger of the same carelessness and disregard of things spiritual creeping into our colleges as, we are told, is quite common to the university life of England, France and Germany?" We are to-day in danger of a kind of worship of machinery, which, with the increasing difficulty we experience in withdrawing from things temporal, only emphasizes the need of being able for a time to centre our thoughts on things invisible and spiritual. This, indeed, is the fundamental purpose of the conference, to give those in attendance an opportunity for self-examination, to aid them in their supreme decision, and to give such a stimulus to their religious life as will show itself in their endeavors to be of some service to their fellow-students whom they will meet in the following college term.

And it would be difficult, indeed, to attend this gathering without receiving such a stimulus. The meetings on the Lake shore are delightful beyond description. Brought directly into the presence of Nature, as seen in the quiet calm of the great lake, glorified by the radiance of the western sky, pitiful indeed would be the condition of one in whom it touched no responsive chord and who was not thrilled with a desire to harmonize himself with this vast scheme of creation. By such influences were we prepared for the words that fell from the lips of men like Bishop McDowell, John R. Mott and Robert Spcer, and few indeed can have returned from those meetings without a keener feeling of their responsibility and

a determination that henceforth their lives shall be of greater service to their fellow men than they have been in the past.

To attempt any summary of the several addresses given at those meetings would be here impracticable and undesirable. It is sufficient to say that the keynote of the convention seemed to be a plea for a higher and greater spirituality among all trades and professions, in public as in private life. This note was struck first by Rev. John Macdonald, editor of the *Globe*, in one of the strongest and most virile addresses given during the conference, and it was emphasized by nearly every speaker who followed. It is neither logical nor desirable that to the minister and evangelist alone should be left the responsibility for the spiritual welfare of our country. With its present unprecedented expansion, and at a time when men are living at a higher pressure than ever before, there is only one thing which can preserve the religious life of our people, and that is that every man should feel his own responsibility, and in his own sphere of influence, however small, by precept and example shed forth the influence of a high spirituality. In law, medicine, journalism and in trade, as well as in all the humbler walks of life, each man is to a certain extent a missionary, consciously or unconsciously exerting an influence over those with whom he comes in contact. How urgent the need, then, that all men be impressed with this sense of responsibility, and how important it is that this ideal of a higher spirituality be constantly placed before them.

In the colleges and universities of Canada and the United States this message will be delivered to the thousands of students there enrolled. May it meet with a favorable response! For to us much is given, and from us much will be required, and if we who are about to become leaders among our fellow-men fail in our duty, what can be expected from those to whom Fortune has not been so generous?

The Canadian Northfield has been firmly established, and promises to exercise as great an influence on Canadian student life as was exerted for so many years by the great annual gathering of American students at the original Northfield. We trust that next year advantage will be taken of this golden opportunity, and that Victoria will have no cause to be ashamed of the number of its delegates, but will be able to claim the recognition that is due the great centre of Canadian Methodism.



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## Editorial

### A First Word

With this number, once again a new board of management makes its initial bow. We approach the task of conducting ACTA for the coming year somewhat diffidently, yet inspired by the record of a long array of successful predecessors, and by the thought of what our paper has been and may be to Victoria. It shall be our purpose to maintain and make more secure the enviable position it already holds in the field of college journalism. To this end we ask the co-operation and assistance of the students and all who have the interests of Victoria at heart. We shall do our best. We rely upon you to do your part towards making this academic year, which has opened so auspiciously in Toronto University, a banner one in the annals of ACTA VICTORIANA.



### Student Support

Very frequently one hears such remarks as, "There should be more articles in ACTA by the students," and "A college paper should be for the college"; and it is generally the case that those who have most to say about the proper method of conducting ACTA do least towards its practical support.

We believe a college magazine should be primarily for the college, and the product of the college, but to have it so, more is required than the mere dictum of the Board of Management or the best-intentioned efforts of the editorial staff. It necessitates the intelligent assistance and hearty co-operation of the students. That co-operation we ask of you for this year. We want your contributions and we want your best. Nothing else is fair to yourself, worthy Victoria, or useful to us. Surely, if ACTA is worth maintaining at all, it is worth the sacrifice of a little time and thought on the part of every student. If everyone would only feel a personal responsibility for ACTA's success, and do what he could by sympathy, friendly criticism, and above all, by contributing to its pages, our paper's future would be assured. Again, we ask you to help us.—“DO IT NOW.”



### **A Homily**

At the beginning of a year advice is always generously distributed and as cheerfully disregarded. For this reason we hesitate to add to the abundant supply already lavished on incoming students; yet there is no time like the beginning of an academic year for one to form correct ideals, because, upon his conduct during the first few weeks so much of his future success or failure depends. Therefore, at the risk of being considered too didactic and pessimistic, we desire to call the attention of the student body, especially the first year, to some of the dangerous tendencies of present-day life at Victoria.

The most casual observer of the past few years cannot but have been impressed by two outstanding facts; first, a marked decline in scholarship and literary attainments; and secondly, a multiplicity of societies, organizations, and student functions. One naturally wonders if there is any casual relation between them.

So much has been said about “the fine social life at Victoria,” and the necessity of getting an “all-round education” that we seem to have relegated mere study to the background, considering it as something very good in a way—about examination time for example—but of quite minor importance in

the ordinary routine of the year. Reception, tennis, sport—all these are requisite to a full and complete education, but earnest, serious systematic study is too academic and narrowing—such must be the interpretation of the actions of many of our so-called students. We should be the last to advocate the life of the “plug,” or to belittle honest, wholesome sport or true social intercourse, but it is well for us to get a correct idea of the relative importance of things. Each of these elements has its place and function in college life, but when all is said and done, the main business of the student should be to study. Scholarships and medals are not a fair criterion of ability. Certainly we cannot all be prize-men, but it is disgraceful that so many, after having spent four of the best years of their lives, presumably at some line of study, can leave college without any really definite knowledge or true appreciation of the work they have been doing, or worse still, without having developed a capacity and inclination for steady systematic work. Yet such is too frequently the case. We have so often heard it said that the actual facts we learn at college are more or less unimportant that we have gone one step farther and have learned nothing at all. Much of the actual knowledge we acquire is transient, and will soon be forgotten; but we should at least have obtained such an insight into the beauties and inner meaning of our work as to inspire us to further reading and research.

The cause of this pseudo-college life is not far to seek. We have become so led away by the desire to become “all-round” men and women that we have dabbled into everything, and done nothing thoroughly. We have truly become “round”—so round that there is not enough individuality left in us on which to hang an original idea. We have multiplied social functions and college organizations till our time is spent, a little here, a little there—anywhere, except in the lecture-room or the study.

We are all starting a new year. Some are beginning their college course. Let us plan our life for this year, and then try to live up to it. Despite what is said about becoming “all-round,” don’t try to do everything. You can’t. Make up your mind to specialize in some line, and do it well. In your

scheme of things let study hold a prominent place. Make the most of your time. It isn't so much the time actually *spent* in other things that interferes with our studies, as the time *let pass*. We are not pleading for the examinations next June. If our year is spent aright they will look after themselves, but we do urge all to be true to the highest ideals of our college and university.



As we go to press the college is plunged into mourning by the decease of one whose name has long been most intimately associated with it, and to whose untiring zeal and financial and administrative ability Victoria's success is in no small measure due. (To every student and member of the Faculty Dr. Potts' death comes as a personal loss, for to his Alma Mater he was not only a wise and far-seeing counsellor, but a true and loyal friend. Not Victoria alone, nor yet the Methodist Church, but the whole country, is the richer for his life and poorer by his death. His intellectual and business acumen, his impassioned eloquence, his broad and tender sympathy, and most of all, his intense hatred of sin and wrong and his steadfast devotion to duty and right, have won for his name an international reputation and a respect and affection which time cannot efface.

Dr. Potts needs no eulogy from us. The influence of his life and example is his own best monument, and his memory will ever be green in the hearts of those who knew him, as one of God's greatest and best. To the bereaved relatives we extend our sympathy, and trust that in their grief they may have the solace of knowing that the world is better because of the life of him for whom we mourn.



### Faculty Changes

Students, on returning to College this term, have been greeted by two new faces among the Faculty—those of Mr. C. E. Auger, B.A. (Vic.), and Mr. Victor de Beaumont, A.M. (Columbia).

Mr. Auger has been appointed Lecturer in English to succeed Mr. Allison, and will also give a course of lectures in

public speaking. Owing to the steadily increasing attendance and consequent pressure of work it was felt necessary by the Board of Regents to secure a man who could give his whole time to college work. Among the numerous applicants for the position, Mr. Auger, by his credentials, was placed in the foremost rank, and was the unanimous choice of the Board. To us as to all who know him his appointment is a source of peculiar satisfaction, and we hope and feel that, with his knowledge of student life and student problems, he will form another link in the bond between Faculty and students. Mr. Auger graduated from Victoria in '02, after four years well filled, not only with study, but also college activities, as is shown by the fact that he held such important positions as President of the Bob Committee and Editor-in-Chief of ACTA. After graduation he attained marked success as Instructor in Washington and Jefferson College, and vice-Principal of McKeesport High School, Pittsburg, Pa. He has completed two years' resident study in the University of Chicago, having held the Fellowship in English there last year, and is at present a candidate for the degree of Ph.D. from the same university.

While regretting the departure of Mr. Allison, who by his untiring zeal and genial manner had endeared himself to his classes, the student body extends a cordial greeting to Mr. Auger, and wishes him the success we so confidently expect from his past record, both as a Victoria undergraduate, and later as a student and teacher.

Mr. de Beaumont comes to us as Lecturer in the French language and literature to assist Dr. Edgar. A graduate of Columbia in 1901, he spent the next three years in post-graduate work there and abroad, receiving his A.M. in 1904. Since then he has attained marked success as Instructor in the Romance Languages in Williams College, Mass., and he is now a candidate for Ph.D. To Mr. de Beaumont as to Mr. Auger we extend a hearty welcome.



### **Our Literary Competitions**

We wish to direct the attention of our readers to the annual essay and short story competitions. The same conditions and requirements will obtain as last year, except that the final date

on which articles will be received is December 21st.

The essay competition, for which a prize of fifteen dollars is awarded by the Union Literary Society, is open to all undergraduates who are members of one of the Literary Societies and paid-up subscribers to ACTA. No person having once taken the prize is eligible to compete again. All articles submitted become the property of ACTA Board, and must be in the hands of the editor-in-chief by the end of the Michaelmas term.

A prize of ten dollars will also be given for the best short story. The same conditions will hold, except that this competition is open to all. Further announcements will be made in November ACTA.

The Woman's Literary Society have also placed at our disposal ten dollars to be awarded as a prize for poetry. Of this also there will be further announcements later.

These competitions have been steadily increasing in favor in the past. We trust that this year will see still greater interest taken in them, and that many will avail themselves of this opportunity to support, in the most practical way, their college paper.



### Notes

This month Victoria has been the recipient of two very generous gifts from the bounty of her friends. The munificent donation of five thousand dollars by Mr. Cyrus A. Birge, of Hamilton, has rendered it possible for the college to take advantage of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's offer of a like sum-towards a new library, the erection of which is now assured.

Another gift which we record with especial pleasure is one from a recent graduate of Victoria, who has achieved remarkable success in the business world, Mr. C. L. Fisher, B.A., of Winnipeg. Mr. Fisher has given abundant proof of his love for his Alma Mater by a donation of an annuity of one hundred dollars. This is to be awarded in two scholarships to students of moderns of the first and second years.



# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

OWING to the unavoidable absence from college of C. M. Stanley, the editor of "Personals and Exchanges," ACTA loses a valued member of the staff, and the department this issue is not what we could have wished. We crave your indulgence and promise better things in the future. We also bespeak for the next editor your co-operation in making the pages of this column bright and interesting.

Dr. Bell, Dr. Horning and Mr. Misener are once more back in college halls after their year's leave of absence abroad. We are pleased to see them again and to know that they have all enjoyed their holiday and return to their work with renewed vigor, and greatly benefited by their much-needed rest.

We congratulate Dr. Bell on being the recipient of a well-merited honor from the University. While in no way severing his connection with Victoria, he now occupies the chair of Professor of Classical Philology in Toronto University.

A. G. Sinclair, '96, Ph.D. (Heidelberg), has returned to Canada after some three and a half years of study on the continent of Europe and in Great Britain, having obtained his Ph.D. from the University of Heidelberg in the fall of 1906. He is at present in charge of the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg.

A. R. Ford, B.A., '03, has severed his connection with the *Brandon Times*, and is now city editor of the *Winnipeg Telegram*.

One more of Victoria's well-known and respected sons has left Canada to take his part in moulding the destinies of the Orient. In September 31st, G. E. Trueman, B.A., '06, sailed from Vancouver for Japan. Ernie goes out under the direction of the Y. M. C. A., and will occupy the chair of Professor of English in Tokyo University. His address will be 3 San-chome, Mitoshirocho, Kanda, Tokyo.

'Miss May Austin, M.A., M.D., leaves shortly to take up medical missionary work in West China.

After four years spent in teaching in South Africa and one in London, England, Miss K. V. R. Smith has returned to Toronto and is registered in the Faculty of Education.

The many friends of Homer Brown, B.A., '06, were pleased to see his genial smile again, as he called for a few days in Toronto, on his way to Trail, B.C., where he has been given charge of a mission.

W. A. Gifford, B.D., '04, also left on the 14th to take charge of a mission at Sandon, West Kootenay, B.C. It is rumored that there are two parsonages on the circuit. This seems a superfluity, but "you never can tell."

Miss E. C. Dwight, '05, has been appointed librarian at the O. A. C.

S. Percy Westaway leaves for China on the 28th instant to take a position in the press and book department in connection with missions at Chentu. It is whispered that he may not go unaccompanied. ACTA wishes him godspeed and success in his new line of work.

C. L. Fisher, '04, and wife, of Winnipeg, have been paying a flying visit to Toronto, and were among the large and appreciative audience which enjoyed the "Bob." In the success that has attended his career Mr. Fisher has preserved a warm affection for his Alma Mater, and he has shown in a very practical way his interest in her welfare. We wish him continued prosperity and success.

It is a gratifying sign of the times that Canadian university men are turning more and more to England rather than United States for their post-graduate work. This year Victoria has sent her full quota to drink of the beauties of old-world student life. E. W. Stapleford, B.A., '05, E. R. Brecken, M.A., B.D., '04, and J. S. Bennett, B.A., '05, have gone to Oxford, the two former to take special work in theology, and the latter to pursue the further study of his beloved classics. D. M. Perley, B.A., '04, has also crossed the water and will spend the winter in study at Glasgow, thus necessitating his retirement from the editorship of the Missionary department of ACTA. We wish them all a pleasant and profitable winter in the Old Land.



The announcement has recently been made of the engagement of Miss Alice A. Will, B.A., '03, and Mr. Stewart, C.E., of Rossland, B.C.

Mr. W. G. Anderson, B.A., '00, of London, has been appointed to the staff of the Jameson Avenue Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

Dr. R. A. Daly, '91, late of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, has been appointed to the chair of Geology in the Massachusetts School of Technology.

Warner Eakins, '04, and Joe H. Gain, '05, have entered into partnership and are conducting a bond and brokerage business at 354 Main Street, Winnipeg.

D. R. Gray, '04, J. A. Spencely, '05, and Clyo Jackson, '05, are back at college again, taking theology.

Rev. J. W. Graham, B.A., who was appointed Associate Secretary of Education of the Methodist Church to assist Dr. Potts, has recently taken charge of his work, with offices in Victoria College. Though still young, Mr. Graham brings to his new duties a splendid reputation both as a financier and a preacher, having occupied most acceptably such important churches as St. James', Montreal, and First Methodist Church, London, Ont. That he will be eminently successful in his new career is the expectation of all who know him.

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### '05 Reunion and Farewell

The veterans of the class of '05 have gathered again and again in an ever-lessening circle to bid adieu to their honored classmates, and, as the remnant of the army assembled at the home of Miss Edna Walker, B.A., '05, on Tuesday evening, October 8th, but few of the old familiar faces were recognized. In the minds of all were memories of other faces—some brightening far distant lands, and some—"their influence reaches from across the Great Divide."

Upon this occasion one more member of the year was to be sent forth into distant China, Mrs. Sparling (*née* Switzer), accompanied by her husband, Rev. Geo. Sparling, B.A., B.D. During the evening an illuminated address signed by the officers of the year, and a portfolio, were presented to Mrs. Spar-

ling,—but feeble links representative of those strong bonds which bind old '05 together. Old times, old themes, old scraps, all lived again, and as we arose and joined hands, the tiny circle grew in our imagination until not a few, but as of yore, all '05 sang "Auld Lang Syne," and with the class yell upon our lips waved "Au Revoir" to Mr. and Mrs. Sparling.

Gradually the smaller circle dies: it becomes a larger one—it reaches round the world.

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## Weddings

Among the several weddings of graduates, which have taken place since the last number of ACTA appeared, is one we note with especial interest, since the contracting parties are both recent graduates. We refer to the marriage of Mr. E. W. Stapleford, of the class of '05, to Miss Maud Bunting, '07. The wedding was celebrated at the home of the bride's father, W. H. Bunting, St. Catharines, on Wednesday, the sixteenth of this month. Mr. and Mrs. Stapleford left on the Friday following for England on board the *Empress of Britain*. Ernie intends to take up a special course in theology at Mansfield College, Oxford. In May they expect to return, and in June will proceed to British Columbia, when Mr. Stapleford will enter upon his charge as pastor of Sixth Avenue Methodist Church, Vancouver. ACTA extends her best wishes.

One more evidence that the age of romance is not past is given by the wedding of a well-known Victoria graduate, A. W. Shaver, B.A., '06. On August 8th, at the Palace Hotel, Venice, Italy, he was united in matrimony to Miss Lila Cuthbert, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. Cruise, B.D., of Guelph, Ont., in the presence of eighty-four Canadian tourists. Miss Kormann, of Toronto, was bridesmaid, while the groom was assisted by his brother, N. C. Shaver, B.A., '06. After a sumptuous wedding breakfast, the party was treated to a gondola ride, accompanied by an Italian orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Shaver spent a month touring Italy and France, after which they returned to Toronto, and are at present located at 25 Maitland Street.

Some weeks previous to the departure, last October, of "Victoria's missionary gang" for China, four of the boys met in

solemn conclave and pledged themselves to bachelorhood. Alas for human frailty! Before sailing two had already succumbed to the darts of the little winged god, and now from the far East comes the report that even Wes. Morgan's strength has failed him, and he, too, has joined the ranks of the benedicts. At the British Legation, Chentu, on June 26th last, he was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Hattie Woodsworth, daughter of Rev. R. W. Woodsworth, of Toronto. ACTA joins in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Morgan a long and happy wedded life.

Dr. Schofield, '89, Professor of Comparative Literature at Harvard University, has also recently taken unto himself a wife. Dr. and Mrs. Schofield have left for a year's sojourn in Berlin, Germany, as he has been loaned to the university there in the exchange of professors practised between some of the American and German universities.

SPARLING—SWITZER.—On September 10th, at the home of the bride, near St. Mary's the Rev. George Sparling, B.A., B.D., to Miss Dorothy Switzer, '05. The groomsmen was Mr. J. S. Bennett, '05, and the bridesmaid Miss Murs, of Toronto. They left for the coast on October 8th, and will sail for China with the contingent leaving Vancouver October 28th.

WARREN—WINTER.—On September 4th, at the residence of the bride's mother, Miss Margaret Winter was united in matrimony to Rev. H. S. Warren, B.A. ACTA wishes Mr. and Mrs. Warren every success in their labors at Echo Bay, where Mr. Warren is stationed.

Eber E. Craig, '96, B.R.P., was united in marriage on June 11th last to Miss Helen A. Pentley, at the home of the latter's sister in New Haven, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Craig will reside in Quincy, Mass., where Mr. Craig is assistant pastor of Bethany Congregational Church.

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## Obituary

### **The late Rev. John Potts, D.D.**

The late Rev. John Potts, D.D., was born in the village of Maguire's Bridge, County Fermanagh, Ireland, April, 1838. He received in his native village the very thorough English and commercial education which has fitted so many young Irishmen

for a successful business career. In 1855 he emigrated to Canada and entered as a clerk a business house in the city of Hamilton. Shortly after he was converted under the ministry of the Rev. Charles Lavell M.A., and in the autumn of the following year entered Victoria College to prepare for the work of the ministry. At that date the settlement of Ontario was rapidly extending to Lake Huron, the Georgian Bay and the region between Muskoka and the Ottawa, and the demand for young men to fill the new fields opening up to the Church was very urgent, and before the end of his first college year he was taken from college and sent to Markham. He rose rapidly in his chosen profession, and during thirty years of work as a pastor filled in succession the most important pulpits of the Methodist Church in Canada. In this work he was distinguished by great fidelity and self-sacrificing work as a pastor, a work in which the poorest and most needy were never forgotten and in which he won the universal affection of his people. He was no less successful as an administrator, leaving every charge on which he was placed in a prosperous condition as to all its enterprises and contributions to the institutions of the Church. But his pre-eminent gifts were seen in the pulpit. There he attained a power such as few men of his time possessed, not by pretensions learning or glittering rhetoric, but by the presentation of great fundamental truth with a deep fervor of spirit and felicity of diction which charmed the imagination and taste of all his hearers, as it powerfully moved their emotions and won their hearts' affections. Attracted by these pre-eminent qualities, thousands flocked to his ministry and were won to a nobler moral and religious life by the power of his word.

In 1886 the General Conference of the United Methodist Church met in the city of Toronto, and the important question of the federation of Victoria College with the University of Toronto passed its first stage of approval, and the financial effort required to make such a movement successful was initiated, and Dr. Potts was chosen to lead the movement as Secretary of a Building and Endowment Fund as well as Secretary of Education for the Church at large. For this work his gifts as a public speaker as well as an administrator were pre-eminently adapted, and from the beginning his work was most successful.

When he entered on this work the income of the Educational Society was \$11,000 and the assets of the College less than \$250,000. As the results of twenty years of most strenuous work the income of the Educational Society was multiplied by three and the assets of the College by five. But in addition to this financial outcome of his work he now became a man of the whole Church: the churches from Newfoundland to British Columbia all delighted in his pulpit ministrations and profited by the power of his word. He never in the pulpit became a mere pleader for money, but preached the evangelistic message to the hearts of the people, and found in response no lack of gifts to the cause which he represented.

But the gifts and labors of Dr. Potts were not limited to one cause or to one denomination, or even to the land of his adoption. In England, and especially in Ireland, he was well known and welcomed with the highest appreciation. In all parts of the United States his reputation stood as high as in Canada. All the great benevolent institutions of the city of Toronto received from him a kindly helping hand. The Bible Society and the work of Temperance and Moral Reform commanded his warmest support. He occupied a prominent position in more than one field of Hospital work. For many years he was Canadian representative on the International Sunday School Lesson Committee, and latterly its honored chairman, visiting with them Britain and Palestine for their meetings across the sea. In fact we may confidently and truthfully say that few men of his age have filled out fifty years of active life with greater success or more universal acceptance by all classes of people. But while thus universally honored and applauded for his gifts and his work, to the end of life he continued to be the simple, large-hearted Methodist preacher, with no ambitions beyond the sphere in which God had called him and in which he was so pre-eminently useful. He might have stepped aside to positions of greater emolument or of seemingly greater prominence in the public eye, but again and again he resisted the temptation, determined to live and die among his own people, and to give all that he had to them. By that people his name will be cherished with honor and affection, and his monument will be the institutions which he did so much to build up to their present strength and perfection.

N. B.



## The "Bob"

ONCE more the Sophomores bring before us in this time-honored ceremony the peculiarities, to put it mildly, of the Freshman class, collectively and individually. And once more the "verdant rabble" profane the sober halls of Victoria with noise and rioting not permitted at any other event of the year.

The thirty-fifth annual "Bob" was a distinct success. In spite of the restrictions that nowadays encircle the "Bob" and imperil its existence, such as the two-week limit, the committee presented on the eleventh day of the term a first-class performance. The Juniors are willing to admit that it was *nearly* as good as last year's "Bob," which was held on the twelfth day. They join heartily, however, in the congratulations which are being showered on the energetic members of the Bob Committee.



It was a busy evening for the Sophomores. Anyone arriving early at the hall would have seen them hurrying about engaged in the final preparations which, indeed, they had been carrying on all afternoon. By 8 o'clock, or shortly after, the finishing touches had been applied and the performance was ready to commence.

Just at this time a disturbance was heard at the entrance, and those already in their seats turned to see the throng of turbulent Freshmen pouring in, preceded by the charming Freshettes. With a great deal of hooting and horn-blowing, that made the place seem like the live stock section of a county fair, the Class of '11 finally subsided into their seats at the front of the hall. "*Conticueve omnes*," etc.

Rev. W. H. Hincks, the chairman of the evening, opened with a brief but fitting address. He said that the other colleges

might well copy our method of receiving the first-year men, in place of the "hustling" and "scraps" that have hitherto prevailed. He also gave some account of the earlier history of the "Bob."

The first scene, entitled "The Interpretations," showed a



F. J. R. STAPLES, *President.*

"woman of darkness" explaining to the puzzled Chancellor that the woes darkening over Victoria, which he saw in a dream, were merely members of the Freshman year. President Staples made a striking figure as the witch conjuring up the shades of some very talkative Freshmen.

The second was the conventional registration scene. Though not an original idea, the scene afforded opportunities for some clever raps.

The third spasm, "Much Ado About Nothing," depicted a Freshman class-meeting, of which the "irregularity" was the

most striking feature. We could not help admiring the despatch with which the "President" nominated and elected by acclamation all the rest of the officers, except the autocratic Secretary.

"Innocents Abroad," as the next spasm was styled, showed a number of homesick Freshmen assembling at the room of a homesick companion. The doleful strains of "Home, Sweet Home," were unharmoniously offered up, amid most lamentable circumstances.

Spasm 6, "The Seats of the Mighty," was nothing more



L. H. KIRBY, *Secretary.*

than a meeting of the members of the Faculty, impersonated by Juniors and Seniors. The credit for the success of this scene is largely due to C. M. Wright, '08, who was both "playwright" and "leading man."

Next on the programme came the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," known more familiarly as the "Bob Song." It



was the joint composition of J. L. Rutledge, B.A., and J. E. Brownlee, '08. The first part was sung by F. J. R. Staples, '10, and the second part by L. H. Kirby, '10. Both the song itself and the rendering drew forth enthusiastic words of praise from the audience.

The closing scene was the presentation, and the speech from Robert. The speaker was greeted with loud applause, and was frequently interrupted with urgent appeals to continue the dis-



C. G. FRENCH, *Treasurer.*

course. Needless to say the Freshmen received the customary "jolly." And they were advised to work "hand in hand" with the young ladies of their year.

At the conclusion of the programme the committee held an informal reception to the First Year in Alumni Hall. A most enjoyable half-hour was spent there, and the hatchet was duly buried; buried deep beneath fruit and cake and "all-day-

suckers." The committee was composed of the following: F. J. R. Staples, President; C. G. French, Treasurer; H. L. Kirby, Secretary; A. L. Burt, W. E. MacNiven, F. J. Barlow, Roy Crocker, C. C. Washington, L. M. Green, A. E. Black, R. L. Biggs.

# ECHOES FROM THE "BOB."

(On and off the stage.)

Freshman—"Anti-Bob!" Who's she? I have an uncle Bob!!

—"I don't want to register again, but what's that *factory* across the road?"

Chairman—The next Spasm is called the Recording Angel.

From the Stairs—He won't have anything to do with the Freshmen.

McC—, '11—"I'm here to register, not because I need it but because the church demands it."

O'Gee B.—, '11—"You can't trust those Sophs.; one sent me up to the ladies' study to put by hat there."

Between Acts—"Sing something, Freshies."

Raymer, '08 (after Freshmen's attempt)—"Was that a song?"

Em—ry, '11 (to the Chancellor)—"I tell you, my good fellow,—"

A sample of Freshman limericks:

"Mr. Burt was a man from the Junction,  
Who wears a dress suit at each function;  
Though he's built rather slight,  
The suit is so tight  
That it seems to adhere with compunction."

Dr. Ed—r—"Why should I go with them?"

Chancellor—"Just to add dignity."

O'Gee—"I believe that the serpent walked into Eden on its tail."

Rev. Beaton—"I have a new scheme for marking attendance at League meetings. There is a chart on the wall, and when a member is present he marks 'p'; when absent he marks

‘a.’ The idea has proved entirely successful, for there has not been one absentee since.”

In the Homesick Scene—“Hello, Connor, what’s the matter? You look like a small funeral!”

Stapleford—“My brother has gone through College, and was very popular, and I’m following in his steps.”

Robert—“I decided to leave home and parents, and serve my day and generation at Victoria.”

—“My friend, Dr. Hincks, has emptied the saloons.”

—“Victoria arose on the wings of the morning and came to Queen’s Park.”

From the “Bob” song:

“If you wish to pick this freshette out we’ll give you this one hint,

She’s the one whose head is lowered now with such a rosy tint.

She would never with a Freshman dare be seen,

For we don’t believe that pink looks well with green.”

“Now we come to young ——, who is tall and very fair,  
For the rosy fingers of the dawn have mingled in his hair.”

“Ask this freshette on the quiet to confess  
Why she wears a pin that goes with S. P. S.”

“Here’s one here who’s called——, and he’s noted for his girth.  
It makes you think immediately of circles round the earth.”

“It’s the same little freshette, yet perennially new,  
With the same inward longing that the floor would let her  
through;

But think e’er you wish it, for whatever could we do

But leave our cosy corners here and all go too.”

“He preached his earliest sermon when a lad of twelve years  
old,

And if he has improved since then, the fact has not been told.”

“When —— is home, her father does a funny stunt we hear,  
Which lately caused offence to one whom ——held quite dear.  
In the parlor is a bell, the pater holds the string  
And when the time is ten o’clock, the bell begins to ring.”

“A little chap, named ——, came straying in one day;  
His father brought him in, you know, for fear he’d lose his  
way.”

The joint reception of the Union Literary Society, the Y.W.C.A. and the Y.M.C.A., was held on the fourth day of the Academic year. In spite of the necessary haste in its preparation, it was an altogether charming event, and was attended by a large number of students. We congratulate the officers of the societies represented on their successful conduct of this first college function.

Overheard at the reception.

Freshman (gazing distractedly at his programme)—“Let me see, I have the next with ‘white dress and white hair-ribbons!’ And I can’t read the name!”

Sophomore—“Really, I think this promenade will never end.”

Freshman (with evident relief)—“There! the piano has stopped; this one’s over.”

Victoria men have been distinguishing themselves during the summer. The following is an extract from the *Winnipeg Telegram*, Monday, June 3, 1907:

#### SEEDING IN SASKATCHEWAN.

Different Weather Required to Make Crops Grow on Soo Branch.

H. Edgar Hemmingway, a prominent Toronto business man, who has just returned from Weyburn, Sask., is in the city to-day. He has spent a week up in Weyburn, where he is largely interested in farm lands and lots.

“If the present weather continues,” said Mr. Hemingway, “conditions around Weyburn will be rather unsatisfactory. The crops need different weather from that now prevailing to give the best results. Seeding is nearly completed, however.”

The following is imported from England:

Albright—“Is that a love-letter you are reading, Heman?”

A—m—g—“Oh, no! This is from a Victoria girl.”

As sure as the first of October comes around, some poor Freshman goes to apply for a room at Annesley Hall. No, we haven’t got that men’s Residence yet.

Miss M. Sh—y, ’11, made a mistake almost as bad, in wandering into McMaster instead of University College.

In the dining-room, after the fruit course—"Miss T——, will you please pass the plate on which we put our remains."

First Juniette—"They say Chancellor Burwash is strongly in favor of segregation."

Second—"Yes, and Dr. Edgar, too."

Third—"And Dr. Wallace."

Fourth—"Well, say, how did they get to know their wives?"

Miss S., '09—"I was down town the other day and bought a raw hat. I mean untrimmed."

Miss McC., '11—"Say, I was at French to-day, and the teacher didn't call my name."

Miss D——n, '10 (looking at the tennis court)—"Oh, look at the white sceptres out on the campus."

We cannot publish the painful facts. Go yourself and ask Courtice, '08, how he got "stung" at the roller rink. If he won't explain, we have no doubt that Raymer, '08, will be delighted to furnish full details.

Miss McC——, '11—"Does any *mail* come to Annesley on Sundays?"

Miss D——n, '10—"Oh, a few."

The Chancellor (at morning chapel)—"I advise the young ladies not to leave money lying around. Either leave it locked in your trunk, or else have a pocket in your skirt."

Overheard in Lake of Bays, Muskoka, late in season:

Polite Minister—"Will you sing for us to-night, Miss?"

Miss W——ce (shyly)—"Oh, Mr. L——ver——ng has already asked me."

Polite Minister (curiously)—"Ah, what is the title of the piece?"

Miss W——ce (still shyly)—"Oh, love that will not let thee go."

Polite Minister (meaningly)—"Indeed!"



IN the *New York Outlook* for October 5th Roger Alden Derby, a former well-known Harvard Rugby player, has a well-written and very sane article entitled "College Athletics," which is well worth perusal. The desire to win has not yet reached such a frenzied state of predominance in the Canadian universities as it has across the border, but there are several improvements that might well be made and several warnings that it would be well to heed. It should not be forgotten that the primary purpose of athletics is not for the further training of the athletically inclined, but for the development of a fondness for playing games and taking exercise in those who treat the matter as of little importance. We cannot do better than quote a couple of paragraphs from the article in question:

"The true object of organized athletics at any given institution of learning is to promote the physical welfare of the undergraduates, to encourage them to participate in stimulating games, and to derive from these games the benefits of fresh air, exercise, and that training of mind and body which only organized athletics can give. The term organized athletics is used to distinguish games in which team play is introduced from such sports as riding, shooting, etc. Furthermore, a comprehensive system should be designed to develop the bodies of the weak as well as those of the strong, and instil in all a habit of and love for out-of-door exercise. Exactly how far these objects are realized can be best determined by an examination of the condition of athletes at the various colleges and universities of the country.

"As conditions exist to-day, participation in sports, far from being general, is restricted to a small body of carefully trained athletes, upon whom the entire effort and interest of the institution are lavished. These men represent the active athletic class as distinguished from the student or social classes, and upon them devolves the task of representing their Alma Mater

in games with rival institutions. The other members of the college or university are quite content to sit on the side lines or in the grand stands and cheer these representatives to that desired end, victory, to idolize them if they win, and generally to execerate them if they lose."



Rational athletics in the University will be likely to prevail if the new physical director, Dr. Barton, can have his way. The Athletic Association has been fortunate in obtaining Dr. Barton as permanent Secretary Treasurer of the Association, who aims to have every undergraduate go in for some kind of athletics. His wide experience of university life has shown him that men who do not need much exercise are, as a rule, the most enthusiastic athletes, while the men who would be most benefited by regular exercise neglect it entirely. It is with this latter class that Dr. Barton expects to spend his time. This year the rule that all students wishing to participate in athletics of any kind must first be examined by the Physical Director will be rigidly enforced.



There were several entries in the recent tennis tournament at Varsity from Victoria, most of whom acquitted themselves very creditably, when the handicap of having to play on grass courts is considered. Among those entered were Miss Graham, Miss McLaren, Messrs. Raymer, Sanders and McKenzie. Miss Graham put up a very strong argument for the Ladies' Championship with Miss Lois Moyes, the lady champion of Canada, but finally went down to defeat. Miss Graham made up for this, however, by winning the Handicap Championship, despite a handicap of -15. Miss McLaren lost in the Open Singles to Miss Graham, although she managed to win the first set, 6-0. In the Handicap Miss McLaren reached the semi-finals. Sanders reached the semi-finals, and at time of going to press was to play Hodgson, the winner to play Bartlett for the Championship. In the Doubles Sanders and McKenzie were defeated in the third round by Hooper and Lambert, after two hard-fought sets, 7-5, 8-6.

The Tennis Tournament at Victoria this year is being run off in better order and more expeditiously than ever before in the history of the Tennis Club. This noteworthy achievement is due to the energetic efforts of Secretary "Pat" Miller, who is making everybody toe the mark and play their matches when scheduled. At going to press the Undergraduate championship had reached the semi-finals, and the final tussle lay between Green, McKenzie, McLaren and Allin. The Handicap had reached the third round, and the Doubles were already in progress. It is confidently expected that all the matches will be over on or before the end of October—a thing hitherto undreamed of. The entries this year were considerably larger than last year.



Under Captain Lovering's tutelage the Rugby team is gradually coming into shape. Practices are held daily, and two or three times several of the men went over to 'Varsity, where they got some good hard practice with experienced men, which will undoubtedly do the Victoria team a world of good. There are several promising candidates among the Freshmen who are expected to make good. The date of the Mulock Cup games will be decided in the course of a few days.



The Association football players have got down to good hard practice with but little delay, and there seem to be plenty of men to make up the Intermediate team, that will probably be the only one entered from Victoria. Captain Courtice is looking after the raw recruits.



Ed. Archibald, who is well known to Victoria students, has been making further fame for himself this summer along his line of athletics, in the weight-throwing and pole-vaulting events. Ed has won many prizes this summer, among them being sixteen medals for first places in various contests.



The Ladies' Tennis Tournament started last week, and is now well under way. There will be a keen contest this year for first place. It is said that there are a couple of very good tennis players among the Freshettes.







THE THREE SISTERS, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

# Acta Victoriana



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## **The Troubling of the Waters**

*ἡ ταρράχη τῶν ὑδάτος*

M. E. CONRON, B.A.

How sweet in moonlight solitude to view,  
Far out wind-wrinkled waters dance with glee,  
In golden streams of heavenly alchemy,  
And diamond drops like star-shed glittering dew;  
Fair shine those waves full-robed in glorious hue  
And sparkle joy all troubled though they be,  
While in the sheltering shore's protected lea  
Lies dead black water moonlight will not woo.

Where'er it listeth bloweth adversity,  
Wrinkling life's star-domed ocean evermore,  
And lives like waves their glory may not see  
Lingering along the black oblivious shore,  
But shine, then only from the death-doom free,  
Still climbing gleamward to far heaven's shore.

## President Falconer

CLYO JACKSON, B.A.

THE wise men come from the East. Thus it happened in the days long ago and it seems to be so still; for when a leader in education is wanted either by intuition or from habit men look to the East. For Canada the home of the Magi has been found. From the small Scotch town of Pictou in the Acadian Valley, six, seven college principals have come with their gifts: the late Doctor Grant and Principal Gordon, of Queen's; Principal Macrae, of Morrin; Sir William Dawson, of McGill; Principal Grant, of Trinidad, and President Forrest of Dalhousie. President Schurman, of Cornell, must have been intended for Pictou, but an unfavorable breeze wafted his spirit across the Strait into Prince Edward Island. By a happy coincidence this birth-place of college principals gives us our President, too.

Robert Alexander Falconer was born of Scotch parentage forty years ago in this Gaelic town. His father, Doctor Alexander Falconer, is a prominent minister in the Presbyterian Church, who was last year Moderator of the General Assembly. President Falconer's brother is Professor of New Testament Exegesis in Pine Hill College, Nova Scotia. Mrs. Falconer is sister to Rev. Alfred Gandier, of Toronto. The years of President Falconer's youth were spent in Trinidad, West Indies, where he was educated at Queen's Royal College, obtaining the West Indian Gilchrist scholarship in 1885. Three years later he graduated in Arts from London with honours in Classics and in Mental and Moral Sciences; he subsequently studied at Edinburgh University, receiving the degree of Master of Arts the following year and graduating in Divinity in 1892. The same year he was ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church and after three semesters in Germany was appointed lecturer, and later, professor in New Testament Exegesis, in Pine Hill Presbyterian College, Halifax. On the retirement of Principal Pollock he was appointed to the Principalship of the college, which position he held up to his acceptance of the Presidency of the University of Toronto.

President Falconer might be pardoned if he enters upon his new office with some pride. We hope he does; his is a princely heritage. Far-seeing men have given without stint of their time and thought to the federation and re-construction of the University and into the labors of these unchronicled heroes President Falconer has entered. Any feeling of pride must soon give way to the sense of responsibility. The task which the expansion of the University under the new conditions brings makes the position no sinecure; it was not so before and now the office bears all the former dignity with increased power. The revenue, thanks to the Ontario Government, has passed the half-million mark; new buildings are in process of erection; there is scarce a department that is not cramped for room. Two new faculties were established during the past session—the Faculty of Forestry and of Education, which with the Faculties in Arts, Medicine and Applied Science and Engineering, together with further post-graduate work in the Humanities now contemplated, will place Toronto in the front rank of the universities of the continent.

The province has reason to congratulate itself on the person chosen to bring unity out of this manifoldness. Canada is just coming to her own and there is growing up a type of university peculiar to the universal democracy of the country and the common ambitions of the people. Every one who shares in the spirit of the country wants to go to the top and continually hears that he may, if he will seize his opportunities. This brings to the universities great numbers who in other days did not go to college, and who in other lands would not go now. Our President is a Canadian, one who feels the impelling spirit of the age, who understands our need, and who will put himself in sympathetic touch with the people, for whom the university exists.

Dr. Falconer seems fore-ordained to college administration. He has a high regard for honour and sees his duty clearly. Shortly after Principal Caven's death in 1905 an invitation was sent to the Halifax Principal to become Professor in New Testament Exegesis at Knox, the chair Doctor Caven had held. The offer was declined, Professor Falconer declaring that his duty was to his own college. At that time he had held the principalship for barely a year, and several other changes had disorganized the staff. So successful has he been there that it is known that he

had been agreed upon by the Governors of Dalhousie University for the Presideney in succession to President Forrest, who desires to retire.

He is the right age—too young to be tempted to trust to the momentum gained through past successes. At Northfield his name is spoken along with those of Mott and Speer, and he gives promise of being able to stamp his characteristic moral earnestness and sincerity upon the students who come under his influence.

One can but echo the graceful words of Canada's First Man at President Falconer's installation: "If I had one wish to formulate, a wish that could be accomplished, it would be that instead of being what I am—a graduate—I were an undergraduate of the University of Toronto under the tuition of Dr. Falconer."

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## The Vagrant

ANNA M'CLURE SHOLL.

He came unto the door of Heaven,

Free as of old and gay.

"What hast thou done," the porter cried,

"That thou shouldst pass this way?"

"Hast fed the hungry, clothed the poor?"

The vagrant shook his head.

"I drank my wine and I was glad,

But I did not give them bread."

"Hast prayed upon the altar steps?"

"Nay, but I loved the sun."

"Hast wept?" "The blossoms of the spring

I gathered every one."

"But what fair deed canst thou present?

Like light, one radiant beam?"

"I robbed no child of his fairy-tale,

No dreamer of his dream."

—From *Appleton's* (Sept.).

## The Return

PANSY J. MASON, '08.

IT was at the close of an autumn day in the Northland. The sun was slowly sinking behind the trees in a blaze of glory, sending long shafts of light over the stretch of forest. Nature truly dealt with a lavish hand in this wild region. Summer did not rush away in a single night, but rather lingered lovingly, and then glided gently through the woods, leaving behind it a tumult of colors, which grew lovelier till at last they reached a perfect frenzy of beauty in this silent autumn day. The sun too seemed loath to go, but like a lovely song, grew richer and fuller towards the close. Then with a wild burst of melody rose higher yet higher, faster yet faster—until one forgot to breathe—then with a wild crescendo and clash of chords—ended. So sank the sun, leaving behind a rosy sky and a tender haunting memory.

As far as eye could reach stretched the vast unbroken wilderness of woods, wave upon wave of beauty. It seemed like a sea of color, with its billowy masses shading from brightest yellow to deepest scarlet; while against this burning back ground the pines and balsams showed a dark, deep green. Only here and there amid the glory, as if to sound the note of coming sadness, stood the blackened rampikes, like skeletons holding out their gaunt gray arms.

Out from among the trees came a rocky, unused road, which went winding up the hill to a clearing, where stood a lonely shack. A long pile of wood stretched along one side of the cabin, waiting until the snow came, to be drawn into town. Farther in the background was a tumbled-down log building which served as a barn and stable.

A young man sat in the doorway of the shack. One hand clutched a pipe, the other lay half-hidden in the hair of a broad-chested, dark-eyed collie, which leaned lovingly against his knee. Although dressed as a backwoodsman, still there was an indefinable air about the man, which gave one the impression that he had not always lived so far from civilization. The square chin

and deep-set queer gray eyes gave his thin, boyish face a hard, almost stern, expression; but when he said to the dog with a soft English accent: "You're a jolly fine old pal, aren't you, Jack?" the quick, bright smile and flash of white teeth transformed his face for a moment into that of a happy boy.

Douglas Cartwright had been out in these wilds since early spring, yet there was as little known now about his past, as then. This was partly because he was located so far back from all other settlers, and partly because he repelled by his haughty and dignified reserve any friendly advances of the neighbors. When he had first come and taken "old man Murphy's" deserted cabin, there had been a vast deal of speculation and gossip. All the men said that "N'one but a fool cud 'ope teh git a livin off'n thet thar rocky used-up sile"; and all the women secretly wondered what tragedy had driven him to live a hermit's life.

Only one woman in that country had heard the story of the young man's past from his own lips. This was "old lady Gordon," a proud, sweetfaced old gentlewoman, who carried her white head after the manner of the long line of Highland chiefs before her. In her the boy found a mother, and in him, she found a son to take the place of her "laddie" taken from her many years before. Besides that, there was an appeal about the Scotch name Douglas, and a hopeless, defiant look in his gray eyes that went straight to her womanly heart.

Being left a widow she had come with her sons and daughters to this new country twenty years before. Here she had toiled with her hands for the home hewn out of the forest. Now when she was in the decline of life, when her boys were seeking farther fields, when her daughters were settled around her, she refused to leave the little home, preferring to be its mistress to the last. "Come in, my boy," she had said to Douglas, soon after his arrival, "Come in, laddie, whenever you're lonesome." So that was the way he grew into the habit of taking Jack and the rifle and going down every Sunday to her cabin.

There was something very attractive to the lonely boy about her bright warm kitchen, where the iron tea kettle was always singing on the shiny, black stove, and where the floor was always scrubbed to a state of immaculate cleanliness. Near the stove stood a dark, old-fashioned sideboard, on which were arranged



odd pieces of bright, painted china and treasured bits of gaudy bric-a-brac. On the far side of the kitchen was the long, home-made table with a bench behind, where the little Gordons used to swing their feet and eat their porridge. Stiff little white curtains were tied back neatly from the small-paned windows, showing pots of sweet-scented geraniums. "fushies," and cherished winter roses.

Here seated on one side of the stove, and Mrs. Gordon opposite with her clicking knitting needles, Douglas had told her bit by bit the story of his life: the story of an impetuous and head-strong boy, of a stern and unapproachable father, who would force his son to follow in his footsteps as a physician; of the two wild years at college, and the horrible nightmare of examination results; of the failure to be enlisted in the cavalry for South Africa; and then of the final scene, a father's wrath, a mother's tears and a son's defiance; and at last of the departure for the new land.

After this came the tragic story of his struggle in the new country; the humiliations, the temptations and the failures. Then he told her in a hoarse whisper of the burning desire for "drink, more, more, always more ——" "Oh! what am I telling you all this for," he had cried huskily. "It's no use, I'm down and out now. There's no hope—I've played the coward. I've done things that make me ashamed to face even the light of day—now you know it all. I'll never go back there. I'll never face it out. My God! I can't. I can't. I'm a coward!" Then he had rushed to the door and flung himself out into the night, tramping wildly on with the wind in his face, with the perfume of the wilds about him, and the stars above; while back in the cabin the old white-haired lady, with face in hands that were knotted and rough, breathed a prayer up to her God—and his.

And now as Douglas sat in his doorway that solemn autumn evening, gazing out over the darkening woods, the memory of that night came back. Neither he nor Mrs. Gordon had ever referred to it again; but after that he felt a deeper tenderness in her voice, and saw a softer light in her clear blue eyes, whenever he went to her little home. She had never reproved him, although she knew he went down just as often to the unvarnished, lawless, northern town; still whenever she said, with her sweet

Highland accent, "Douglas, laddie," he felt a wave of searing shame sweep over his very soul.

The colors in the sky were fading; the rosy glow was deepening into gray. A cool breeze came shivering through the trees and ruffled up the boy's sunburnt hair. In the bush the birds twittered softly, while near by a tree-toad started up his mournful creaking. At the boy's knee the dog growled softly. Suddenly Douglas jumped to his feet, saying: "Come, Jack, let's go in. This confounded solitude gets on a fellow's nerves."

There was little inside the shack to denote the personality of its possessor. A sad-looking stove, and rough woodbox, a table, and a chair or two completed the furnishings of the kitchen, but in the small room beyond there were a few trifles, relics of past, better days. There were his tan riding-breeches and spurs hung up on the wall, in the corner a heavy leather "box," and on a table his ebony monogramed brushes. Among the photographs tacked on the wall was one of his sister in low-necked evening gown, while on the table in an oval gold frame was the portrait of an English gentlewoman,—his mother.

The evenings would have been unbearable had it not been for his violin. There, before the stove on cold nights, or on warm summer nights, outside with his chair tilted back against the cabin, he sat and played wild, wailing melodies, soft, sweet lullabies and sometimes songs of the homeland. Then it was that the loneliness became more than he could bear and with a few discordant notes he would mutter: "Oh! curse it all anyway. I can't stand it, Jack. I've got to go."

A few minutes later, with a low whistle to his horse Nell, he was off, pounding down the rocky road; down like the wind past the long, yellow light streaming out through the darkness from Mrs. Gordon's window; down at a reckless speed past lonely settlers' cabins, where men shook their heads, saying, "The Englishman's got the very devil in him to-night"; down till at last he reached the group of rough, wooden houses and taverns, that was called the town. There amid the glowing warmth and glittering lights, the jangling music and boisterous bursts of song, the showy splendor of painted faces and gaudy clothes, and all the tawdry tinsel of civilization, he forgot, in a few wild hours of recklessness, the loneliness that was gnawing at his heart.

Then came the homeward journey, sometimes not till the chill, gray dawn was breaking over the world. No matter how late it was or early, the little Highland mother in her cabin listened anxiously for the steady beat of Nell's hoofs along the road, and the hard ringing of her shoes on the rocks, as she felt her way up the steep winding hill.

The beauty of autumn faded from the forest. The leaves fluttered softly to the ground. The days grew short and dismal and the nights cold and cheerless. The north wind wailed through the pines and whistled around the lonely shack, while far off sounded the mournful, eerie howling of the wolves. On frosty nights when the moon hung big and brilliant in the sky, the northern lights flared up and died away again, shooting high up into the dark blue dome of heaven, now showing like a fairy colored scarf draped across the sky, then fading far away.

As the days passed by, the "lonesomeness" gripped more firmly at the boy's heart. Sometimes it seemed like a nameless, horrid thing clutching at his throat with cold, bony fingers, peering into his very soul with sunken, vacant eyes. One night, when the wind came howling around the corner of the cabin, when the boy, sick and discouraged, was trying to play himself away back home again, the thing came clutching at his throat, pressing its cold face close, close, so close, that it almost smothered him. With a crash the violin fell to the floor. The dog's hair rose bristling on his neck. With wild eyes the boy sprang to his feet. "D——n you! get out!" he cried. Then with a rush he flung himself out into the storm and soon was galloping down the road, the black forest flying past on either side, and the cold rain slapping his burning cheeks.

In her little cabin, Mrs. Gordon sat knitting by the stove. The kitchen seemed very still, save for the incessant ticking of the old clock on the shelf and the slow, sad creaking of her rocker as she swayed back and forward. Outside the wind howled and moaned and the rain beat in fitful gusts against the panes. Suddenly something prompted her to step to the door and listen. Far up the hill she could hear the pounding hoofs. Down they came at a reckless rate, slipping and stumbling. Suddenly they stopped—then followed a low thud, and all was still, save for the sobbing of the wind. A great dread swept over the woman.

Hurriedly she lit the lantern, with trembling hands drew the old shawl tight about her, and set out into the storm.

Some time afterwards Douglas opened his eyes to find himself in a strange room and a strange man bending over him. It also was a while before he found it all out; that he was at Mother Gordon's, and would have to stay there for some time. "Oh! I'll be all right," he muttered. "Can't kill this one you know," but the mother only placed her hand on his hot head and whispered: "Lie still, laddie. I'll take good care o' ye."

Then following long, weary days of suffering, for his constitution, already enfeebled from irregular living, was in a poor condition to resist the accident that had befallen him. Mrs. Gordon watched over him with all a mother's tenderness and care. At first he chafed under the enforced confinement, and the old craving for stimulant would reassert itself, only to be met and overcome by soothing draughts from the hands of his gentle nurse. These ministrations along with her peaceful presence gradually quieted the disturbed nerves of the sufferer.

There in the silence of the darkened room, the boy's thoughts turned to the past, back to the old days at home, when he was but a little chap at school; when the father and mother had such high hopes for him. Then with burning cheeks he thought of the years that followed, of the neglected duties and wasted opportunities. Slowly a strong, swelling desire grew up in his heart—the desire to return and take up the scattered threads of fortune, where he had thrown them down three years before. A new resolve was made that he would live down the past, those cowardly shameful years, and be a man worthy of his father's name.

One Sunday night, Douglas called to Mrs. Gordon as she came into the room: "Don't light the lamp just yet, mother, I want to talk to you." "Very well, laddie," the old lady replied, as she felt her way over to the bed. "Sit down beside me, mother, and hold my hand—there, just like that." After a moment's silence he continued: "Have you still got any faith in me? You remember what I told you last spring. I told you I was down; down so low there was no use trying to get up again. But, mother, I did try. God knows I tried, but failed miserably.

Yes, you know it all. Have you any faith left?" "Yes, my boy. I've great faith in ye yet," she murmured softly. "Oh! I know what everyone thinks of me," he went on doggedly, "I know what they've said. I've been pretty low down, but not so low as some have said." "Hush, laddie," the mother whispered, "dinna believe what evil tongues say." "But now I'm going to show you and everyone what I can do," the boy eagerly went on. "I'm going back, mother, I'm going back home to old England. I'm going to face that old life and live it down too. I've played the coward long enough."

For a while there was a deep silence in the room, then a single tear splashed down on the boy's hand. "What! crying, mother?" he asked. "Oh! laddie. I knew it. I knew ye'd do it. Oh! my boy, I'm glad, so glad," she said brokenly and then stole away softly to the secret of her own room. there to pour out her heart in thankfulness.

Not long after this Douglas insisted that he was well enough to get up and was soon walking about the house. Although the days were quite cold now, still he was anxious to get back to his shack, to arrange for the disposing of the place and few belongings. So one white, frosty morning he started out with joyous Jack at his heels. The rough, hard ground and jagged rocks were covered with a soft blanket of snow, while every tree and bush shone white with glistening frost. Slowly, up the hill, the drooping figure went, up to the lonely, forsaken cabin.

It did not take many days to dispose of his possessions and to wind up all his affairs, so Douglas Cartwright was soon ready to start for home. The time came to bid farewell to the wilds, to the cabin, and to his Highland mother. Down to her cabin he and Jack went for the last time.

"Well, mother," he said, as he sat down on his side of the stove and looked across at the white-haired lady. "I guess it has to be good-bye this time. You'll take Jack, won't you, mother? He's been a good old chum to me, and is the dearest thing I've got to give. God knows I wish I had more to give, but just wait, only a year or so and then see what I'll be able to do. But—no, I can't ever pay the half to you. You've been so much to me, mother. I feel so strong now where I used to be so weak." Mrs. Gordon looked over at the boy and saw a bright red spot

glowing on each thin cheek. The gray eyes seemed to her to be strangely bright and blood-shot. "Laddie, dear," she said tenderly, "you'll not be strong enough to go just yet awhile." "Oh! yes I am," he answered eagerly, "I'm awfully strong now." "Yes," she replied, "strong in resolves I know, but the body is weak yet." "Well, perhaps," he said wearily. "I do feel rather used up—this blamed head of mine aches frightfully," and down went the head on his thin white hands. Mrs. Gordon went over beside him and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Come away in and lie down a bit," she coaxed. "Well, just for a little while," he answered slowly. "I'm just tired—that's all."

There in the little darkened bedroom she tucked him in as only a mother can; then leaving the door slightly ajar she tiptoed away to let him sleep. Something in his flushed face and trembling hands made her feel that the boy was really more ill than he had acknowledged. So drawing a shawl about her shoulders, she went out into the gathering twilight, along the lonely road to the nearest neighbor and from there sent a messenger for the doctor.

When Mrs. Gordon returned, she found Douglas much worse. The bright flush of excitement on his cheeks had faded, leaving his face thin and worn. The white hands lay limp and lifeless on the gay, patchwork quilt. Mother Gordon leaned over him, saying: "Oh! laddie, laddie, tell me, can I do naethin' for ye?" "No, mother," he whispered slowly, "I'm—just—so—tired." Then the heavy lids drooped over the queer, gray eyes, showing fair curled lashes against his sunken, hollow cheeks. It was then Mrs. Gordon realized that only excitement had kept the boy up during the past few days; and that the nights spent up at the cold cabin had completed the destruction already begun.

Throwing herself on her knees beside the bed, the mother cried: "I canna let ye go, laddie," and her poor, bent shoulders shook with fierce, dry sobs. Outside the wind howled and rattled at the window; while on the table nearby the little lamp burned low, sputtered, and went out.

In the cold dawn of the next morning the doctor rattled noisily over the frozen ground up to Mrs. Gordon's door. There on the

doorstep crouched a shivering, sad-eyed collie. Getting no response to his knock, the doctor pushed open the door and stepped into a cold, cheerless kitchen. Beside the table, with her face buried in her arms, sat "old lady Gordon." "Well, how is the boy?" inquired the doctor with his hand on her drooping shoulder. "The boy? Douglas?" she asked, looking up with a dazed, startled expression. "Why, don't you know? He's—gone—home." For a moment the doctor looked puzzled; then something in her haggard face prompted him to go to the closed door of the little bedroom. There inside the dim quiet room, the doctor looked,—and understood.



## A Whisper

FROM far within that dusky realm behind my dying fire,  
The haunting forms of by-gone days glide by in ghostly 'tire;  
Gaunt fingers becken jeeringly; a mocking laugh rings out,  
And all Hell's sin-cursed legions join in the awful shout.

Sickened, tortured, mad for some surcease  
I leave the room. The silent night breathes peace.  
O'er roof and lawn, o'er dewy meadows bright,  
The silver moon pours down her holy light.

The autumn leaves drop lightly, seem to linger in the air,  
Drowsily the sheep-bells tinkle: "Here is home and tender care."

But soft! A light wind stirs the sleeping leaves:  
A still voice whispers low: "To him who grieves,  
A message, I, harmonious Nature, bear:  
'Rocks, worlds and fledgings trust the power above;  
Do not ye mortals know that God is love?'"

C. B. D., '09.





## A Few Moments With the Birds

**A**S an outdoor pastime there is nothing so pleasant as the study of our common birds, no branch of nature's knowledge is so delightful, none more easy. Birds we have with us always and everywhere. To one unacquainted with our feathered neighbors, it might seem that the forest is the place alone to seek them. True they are there, but none the less they are also in our midst. One of the advantages of this hobby is that, no matter where we are, we can find at least a few birds. How many people have seen the night-hawk circling over the corner of King and Yonge Streets of a summer's evening? Yet it is there. A friend of mine, who lives in this city, not in the outskirts, but on a busy street where two lines of cars make day and night hideous, has identified over twenty varieties. Fully half of these were seen from the front windows, while some of the shyer ones were found in the garden.

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?" Emerson asks. It is a fascinating pursuit. When one happens to notice for the first time a certain bird and realize that it is a species with which he is unfamiliar—neither a robin nor a crow, neither a sparrow nor any one of the very few kinds recognized by the average person—the curiosity is aroused. To watch until its size, coloring, and obvious habits have been learned, and then to trace it in one of the popular illustrated bird books, has all the joyousness of a fresh discovery. With a feeling akin to that of the hunter we bag our game. It is just as much our own as if we had brought it down with a gun. Nor do we need any paraphernalia in the search. An alert pair of eyes is all that is required. When the more common birds are placed upon our visiting list, perhaps a pair of good glasses will be useful in spying upon some of their more retiring relations. After a circle of acquaintances has been formed, we discover another mode of recognition, namely, sound. Though only in the spring and early summer are the birds in full song, yet at other times of the year each species has characteristic call and alarm notes, which, once learned, are great aids to identification.

During every season can we pursue this recreation. In the spring, after the first robin and song-sparrow appear, there is a constant stream of birds travelling north; and we are able then to see many which nest in colder latitudes. Again in the fall they are with us for a short time, when the southerly migration begins. Summer gives a great opportunity to watch the birds breeding in our own locality. In winter, though many disappear, there are always some kinds driven down from the far north by excessively cold weather, which we never see at any other time of the year. The winter of 1903-1904 was very severe and, during the months of December, January and February, several large flocks of pine-grosbeaks made their home in and around Toronto. They came from silent northern forests, rarely penetrated by man. Perhaps they had never seen such a creature; at any rate they were very tame. Many of them fed on rowan trees in the streets, with so little regard for passers-by, that even the newspapers took note of the rare visitants. Never since that year have they reappeared in this vicinity. Chickadees, downy woodpeckers and nuthatches, however, we may expect every winter.

But a holiday in the woods or country is the bird lover's great delight. With such a prospect there is little danger of being bored. Every field and grove is found to have its inhabitants. A careful daily scrutiny of nesting birds will reveal many interesting facts. Some birds regurgitate their food for their young. The rapid growth of the nestlings is always a matter of amazement; and how they succeed in life, after first leaving the nest, is well worth particular notice. It is a beautiful sight to watch a red-eyed vireo, perched on some branch in the woods, feeding a fledgling nearly as big as herself.

Nor is a knowledge of bird life less useful to the sportsman. I was out in the woods one autumn with some friends shooting partridges. To several it was an entirely new experience. One would-be Nimrod hastened out with his gun at the first opportunity, sure of several brace at least. He came back, somewhat perplexed, carrying one poor little victim of his skill. He had shot it for a partridge, but on closer examination was not quite so sure. I assured him that his doubts had some foundation, as the bird in his hand was a robin. Another of this same party complained that he had seen a partridge, but before he could

shoot, it had flown up into the sky and wheeled around there beyond range. Eventually we found out that his soaring game-bird was a night-hawk, which he had startled up from drowsing lengthwise on a log in the sun.

But the chief gain in this amateur ornithology is not only in the increased knowledge of nature, which it brings, but also in the cultivation of eye and ear. These senses can be educated in a marvellous degree and the reward for a little trouble is munificent. A keenness of sight is an inestimable possession and brings joys which cannot be adequately expressed. To discern a bird in the branches of a tree, to note its size, the different colorings and markings of all the different parts of its body, the shape of its bill, the kind of food it favors, the nature of its flight, to see definitely and exactly all these points, gives an education to the eye, a clarity of vision, which can be obtained in no other way.

The gain in hearing powers is no less great. After a time spent in consciously and carefully listening to bird-songs, it is apparent that some birds of the same species are very much finer musicians than others. In fact there is almost as much variation as in the quality of human voices. I remember once spending a couple of nights on an island in the Georgian Bay. About four o'clock every morning a song-sparrow commenced to sing in the thicket before our tent. His lay was homely and simple. But the purity and clear ringing sweetness of every note made delightful melody. He was a master musician, and the joyous abandon which he put into his matins, showed that he exulted in his gift.

The literature concerning the birds is exceeding interesting. I do not mean here any of the numerous scientific or popular manuals for actual study; but in the form of diaries, essays, and letters, from Gilbert White in the eighteenth century to the magazine articles of the present day, there is a wide range of reading in the realm of bird-lore. American writers are, of course, more useful, because they tell of what we ourselves may see afield. Thoreau, when he treats of the birds, is always accurate, while his words are yet tinged with feeling. Mr. John Burroughs, the foe of nature-fakirs, has written more on this subject than any one else of whom I know; and the interest of the present-day in ornithology is due largely to his delightful essays.

Mr. Bradford Torrey is a later writer along the same lines. Any of these make pleasant reading of a winter's evening; and we are sure to gain a double joy in confirming our own observations by the testimony of such competent authorities.



## Vacation Recollections

THE long vacation sees the students widely scattered. How far they roam is a matter of surprise to those who imagine Victoria a provincial college. This summer nearly every part of the Dominion had at least one representative of "old Vic."

In such a diversity of places adventures were sure to happen and every one of the travellers has come back to college this Fall with a tale to unfold at the slightest encouragement. We publish in the following pages a couple of storiettes embodying such incidents and recollections.

### A Thief in the Night

The "deep sleep of the just" which follows exams is intensified in those who seek the wilds of New Ontario, and neither the rolling thunders which shake the tall pines upon those lonely highlands, nor the sonorous bellowings of massive bull-frogs, larger than tubs, serve to stir the fire-ranger from his sweet dreams.

We were new to the country and the Indians knew it. Our provisions were extensive. The Indians knew this also, which fact was brought to our cognizance in a most rude, emphatic and unladylike manner; for while we slumbered and slept the thief came with his stealthy, silent tread and departed with the same tread plus a sly smile and our bacon. The ire of "Pat" Murphy was awakened; his red hair shone with the venom of his Irish race, and in no uncertain tones he vowed vengeance to whom vengeance was due.

"Bad cess to their dirty heathen scalps. Niver may me sowl rist if I don't sizzle their varmint hides wid me thorty-two."

All day "Pat" sat upon a dynamite box wandering in the realm of thought. It was a new experience for "Pat," and toward evening we began to expect developments. About seven, with a mystic, satisfied expression playing about the vicinity of his left ear, he arose and advanced upon the provision tent. He entered and instantly emerged with a stout cord about ten feet long. One end, with deep solemnity, he attached to a tent peg, and, stretching the cord across the door of the tent, attached the

other end to a dishpan hanging upon a tree. Beneath this pan he piled shovels, pails, everything capable of making a noise; and, with a smile, retired for the night satisfied that Ireland still produced men worthy of the Shamrock.

I had just arrived at that stage in my dream when things look too good to be true—when *her* rich father has looked you over, examined your credentials, traced your family tree to its roots, estimated your financial resources, and with a smile has extended you the right hand (not foot) of, ——— Rippety-bang-biff, dunder und blitzen, railroad wrecks and gasoline explosions! A noise fit to arouse even a professor from his long sleep, roused the whole tent into activity. With one leap Ted was out, gun in hand. Pat followed fast, and, by the time I arrived on the scene, Ted had fired twice (mostly, nowhere) and in a Napoleonic voice was ordering somebody not to “take another step.”

“I see you: come right back here.” So assured were his tones, that, seeing no backward movement, in puzzled tones I enquired between shivers where *it* was. Nobody seemed to know exactly, and after a half-hour’s search, knowing no more, I crawled back to bed realizing that two cartridges, one good dream and some Irish conceit had been wasted.

“Pat” confided in me the next day to the extent of telling me “on the side” that he had met an Indian who looked as if he had been the one. Strange as it may seem, all Indians have looked that way to me since.

C. M. W., '08.

### **A Newspaper Interview**

Clothed in sanctity, straw hats, and blue nightgowns, and singing their weird, but not unmusical, native songs, the bunch of thirty Doukhobours were seen straggling along the railroad track, about three hundred yards ahead of our train. I was then in the caboose of a freight, hanging half way out of the observation window, and was very glad to find that my chase of a day and a half after these wandering pilgrims had come to a successful conclusion. It was nearly four o’clock in the afternoon and I knew that I must catch up to them before dark, in order to get the pictures and story which the Winnipeg *Telegram* wanted the following day.

The freight had accomplished its purpose, so I swung myself out of the caboose and ran ahead after my quarry. They were a very peacefully disposed lot, and observed me with respectful attention as I reached the rear guard of the party and asked if any one could speak English, as my knowledge of Doukhobour was limited. Two of the men responded in Anglo-Saxon gutturals and sandwiching myself between these I proceeded to get my story, asking first where they were going.

"We are going to the warm countree, where we won't have to work," was the answer, as I pieced a few words together, now from one man, now from the other.

"How will you live? What will you do with the women and babes?"

"We are all brothers and sisters together and God will look after us, for it says so in the Good Book."



Thus I questioned them and gradually elicited their story.

They were looking for a warm country where they wouldn't have to kill animals or drink milk. They were satisfied to subsist on dry bread, onions, and the berries they picked by the wayside. Where was this warm country? They didn't know, but God would guide them. Their faith was simple and child-like. They couldn't understand twentieth century logic, and in their patient, obstinate way they would continue to march till they dropped. Their feet were cut and bleeding, the women's feet were bound only with rags, and one of the men was carrying a six months old baby. It was a pitiful sight.

I asked them to group themselves while I took their pictures and when the interpreters explained the use of the little black

box I carried they were as delighted as children. They had heard of cameras, but many had never seen one before.

I took several snaps and then they gathered up their bundles—carried in a handkerchief—and proceeded on their long journey. They had marched nearly two hundred miles and before they were stopped they had walked nearly four hundred. And they carried that little baby all the way!—" '09."







## Physiology — The Work of the Digestive Glands

MISS M. S. M'DONALD, '08.

THE body is a machine, a peculiar function of which is to build up and repair its own framework. For this purpose it receives food. But before this food can take its place in the body fluids and substance, it passes through the digestive canal, where it is prepared for absorption.

The digestive canal may itself be compared to a large factory, which manufactures from its raw material, or food, substances to suit the demands of the body. This factory is made up of a series of compartments, such as the mouth, stomach and duodenum. Each compartment, provided with special agents, carries on a special kind of work. Its special agents, or digestive juices, are provided for it in small rooms or glands connected with it by tubes or ducts. The walls of these digestive glands are filled with active cells concerned in the manufacture, storing and putting forth of the special chemical agent or agents needed.

There are five important sets of digestive glands. The first, the salivary glands, are found around the mouth. Small glands in the mucous membrane of the mouth and tongue, as well as three pairs of larger glands behind and below the mouth, make up this group. In numerous small glands packed into the wall of the stomach, the gastric secretion, the second important chemical agent, is prepared. The pancreas, a compound gland, pours its secretions into the duodenum along with the bile. The fifth digestive agent, the succus entericus, enters the digestive canal at many points in the walls of the duodenum, jejunum and ileum.

The raw material taken into the factory may be divided roughly into three great classes; namely, the carbohydrates, the fats and the proteids. A carbohydrate is either a sugar or a starch. It contains carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, the hydrogen

and oxygen being present in the same proportion as they are in water. These three elements are also found in fats, but in different proportions. Proteids contain these same elements in addition to nitrogen and sulphur.

It is by means of the ferments they contain, that the digestive agents are active in the elaboration of food. Ferment action is the adding of water to the material acted upon, thus causing it to break up into simpler substances. A ferment, it is thought, may act as a carrier of water to the food product. A small amount of ferment will change an immense amount of food, as the former does not enter into permanent chemical combination with the latter. Some ferments work best in acids, others, in alkaline, media. There is a different ferment or ferments for each kind of food, ptyalin and amyllopsin for starch, pepsin and trypsin for proteids, steapsin for fat, and so on. Ptyalin is found in the saliva, pepsin in the gastric juice, the other three ferments mentioned, in the pancreatic juice.

The digestive glands, with the exception, perhaps, of the pancreatic, are not constantly in action. They are called into play by the thought, and the eating, of food. The quantity of secretory activity depends on the quantity of stimulus. The impulse to gland action is conveyed, as a rule, through nerves. A stimulus for gland secretion may be conveyed in the blood by a chemical stimulant, or hormone, which is a product of chemical action on the mucous membrane of the digestive canal. It is highly probable that the quality of the chemical agent put forth by a gland varies with the requirements of the material to be acted upon.

The glands are much influenced by psychic processes. The psychic secretion of the gastric glands is by far its most important one. The thought of food sets the glands in action. The intensity of the desire for food, together with the appetising qualities of the special food considered, determine the quantity of the resultant gland action. Such stimuli are of necessity conveyed through the nerves.

The salivary glands are excited to action by the thought of food. This is the psychic saliva. The quality of this juice depends on the quality of the excitant. For instance, thinking of flesh or acid, causes a different quality of juice from that caused by thinking of dry food.

The salivary glands are also stimulated by the presence of certain substances in the mouth. Dry food causes a more watery secretion than that caused by flesh, acid or sand.

The saliva has many functions. It tests everything which enters the mouth. If the substance tested is injurious, the saliva washes it out, or tends to neutralize its injurious effects. The saliva can moisten, dissolve and lubricate the food taken into the mouth. The ptyalin of the saliva changes starch to dextrin or soluble starch, then to maltose.

The desire for food and the satisfaction resulting from the eating of food, even supposing that food never reaches the stomach, causes profuse secretion on the part of the gastric glands. A feeling of hunger satisfied inhibits this psychic flow. The quantity of the flow depends on the degree of the feeling of pleasure which causes it. The channels of stimulation are the vagus and sympathetic nerves.

The presence of certain substances in the stomach, acts as a second stimulus. Some of these substances are flesh, water, hydrochloric acid, meat extractives, milk, solution of gelatine and certain products of digestion. The quality of this secretion depends on the quality of the stimulant.

The gastric juice acts on proteids. Its pepsin breaks up the proteids into proteoses and peptones. The rennin contained in this juice coagulates the caseinogen of milk, forming casein. The gastric juice has also bacteriacidal powers.

The excitants to pancreatic secretion are not many. The presence in the duodenum or jejunum, of acid, water, or water saturated with carbon dioxide is accompanied by pancreatic secretion. The quality of pancreatic juice depends on dietary habits.

For instance, the proteid ferment in carnivora is present in a much more active form than it is in omnivora.

The pancreatic juice is caused to flow by acid, so that the food the work of the ptyalin of the saliva, also that of the pepsin of the gastric juice, by its own powerful ferments, the amyllopsin and trypsin, respectively. The ferment steapsin splits up the fats into fatty acids and glycerine.

The bile is poured into the alimentary canal with the pancreatic juice. Fat, meat extractives, and certain products of digestion, cause its flow. Its rate of flow is proportional to that of

the pancreatic juice. The bile inhibits gastric digestion, and is a constant aid to each of the pancreatic ferments.

The succus entericus flows in response to local mechanical stimulation. The enterokinase, an important ferment which enters at this part of digestion, is secreted owing to the stimulation of some pancreatic ferment or ferments. It aids in the digestion of starch and fat.

In this factory for the elaboration of our food, evidence is found of the complicated chemical alliances of the various digestive agents, to relieve and support each other. As acid hinders the action of ptyalin, the food is left for about half an hour in the stomach before it becomes much acidified by the juice there. The pancreatic juice is caused to flow by acid, so that the food leaving the stomach, being acid, at once causes the flow of the juice necessary to its further digestion. The more one studies this subject the more he will be impressed with the orderly arrangement of the work of the digestive glands.

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## Notes

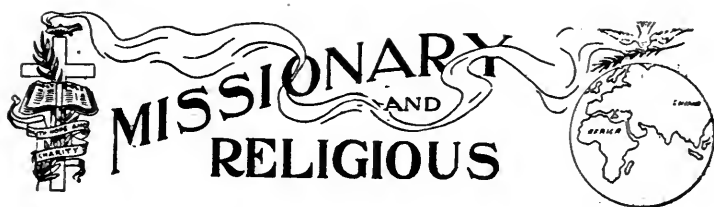
THE new Faculty of Forestry, under the guidance of Prof. Fernow, is getting well under way. In spite of lack of room, library and collections of various kinds, Dr. Fernow asserts that interest in forestry is growing. Next month we are to have a short article from his pen.

Devotees of roller skating will be interested to know that a Swiss inventor has devised roller skates for use on the public highways. The "skates" consist of wheels one foot in diameter, capable of being regulated by the skater.

On Oct. 17 the Marconi transatlantic wireless telegraphy station was formally opened by the Governor-General of Canada sending a message to King Edward. All honor to the indomitable pluck of the young Italian!

Another dash for the North Pole is to be made this winter by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, accompanied only by one man—a cook. He leaves Etah, Peary's base in North Greenland, and must travel 1,000 miles to reach the Pole and return in safety.

According to the *Athenaeum* of Oct. 19, five more small planets were photographically discovered at Heidelberg recently.



## **The Problem of Home Missions**

REV. C. E. MANNING, M.B.

**T**WO hundred and fifty-two thousand and eighteen immigrants came to Canada during the year ending June 30th last. This is an increase of 4.69% in our population, taking the census of 1901 as a basis of reckoning, and is nearly three times the ratio of increase ever known in the United States during any decade in the last eighty years.

The indications are that the volume of immigration will increase as the years go by, creating a problem for the Churches which call for ecclesiastical statesmanship of the highest order.

The situation is made the more complex by the fact that the new comers are from every nation under the sun. If they were all of our own race, speaking our language, and familiar with our customs, we could welcome them with enthusiasm, anticipating a time in the near future when they would be loyal Canadians in full sympathy with our ideals and institutions. As it is, however, the coming of so many people from different nations creates a feeling of apprehension in the minds of thoughtful men.

To escape the worst results that may follow the admission of a heterogeneous population to our Dominion, it is proposed that we close our gates to certain races and make a very careful examination of immigrants from all others, excluding all whose fitness falls below a certain rigid standard. There are serious obstacles in the way of absolute exclusion. It involves international relations of a delicate and complicated character that must not be ignored.

There must, however, be some restriction upon immigration. Criminals, paupers and those effected with disease should not be admitted on any terms.

The proposal to keep Canada for the Canadians is selfish in the extreme. It implies what is impossible of realization, and what in the nature of things should not be.

God has other people in the world besides Canadians, for whom during the centuries he has been preparing a home in this country. It is in the nature of things that they should sooner or later claim their inheritance.

Do it they will; with our permission if we give it; in spite of our opposition if we try to exclude them.

One wise course is open to Canada, namely: reasonable restrictions on immigration from every country and adequate measures to educate every child and Christianize every citizen.

The problem of the hour is not the building of railways or the deepening of our waterways, nor is it the cultivating of our unbroken prairies or the development of our mines and forests. It is the education and Christianization of our newly made citizens.

An examination of the courses of study pursued by the students of our universities does not indicate that this is their opinion. Those having the ministry in view are greatly in the minority, while a still smaller number contemplate following the teaching profession. One of the most pressing needs of our country at the present time is a greater number of well qualified preachers.

It is evident that the young men attending our colleges are not impressed with this fact. More of them are enrolled as science students than in any other class, indicating that to their thought it is more important that they should be mining engineers or experts in scientific research than preachers of the gospel.

What men do has for them at the moment the most value, and consequently it is not excess of charity to conclude that the young men of our colleges regard it as more important that they should help develop the material resources of our country than devote their lives to the work of the Christian ministry.

There has been a great slump in the stock market lately, reducing many to poverty and revealing the uncertain character of what shrewd men considered good investments. This is suggestive of the foolish investment many gifted young men are making of their lives.

The question with every young man should not be, what good investment can I make of my life, but how can I make the best investment of it? That will be the best which has the greatest

enduring value. Every form of necessary work well done contributes to the Kingdom of Christ and the country's good and if a young man can serve his age best by tilling the soil, practising medicine, or by becoming a captain of industry he should feel that to him only one course is open. Nothing should tempt him from the path of greatest opportunity. But no shrinking from self-sacrifice, no vain ambition, no reluctance to put first things first, should cause the young man called of God to turn away from the ministry as a life work. The greatest task before Canada to-day is the education and Christianization of her people.

The accomplishment of this rests chiefly with the young men of our universities. So soon as they are ready to cultivate a "simple practice of their Christian faith and walk with Christ in sacrificial obedience" it can be done, but not till then.

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### John R. Mott

**W**HATEVER else we are engaged in, runs an old Eastern saying, we are all weavers, unceasingly weaving the warp and woof of our characters. Often slowly, sometimes more swiftly and surely. And though we may not delegate our task, often, if we are watchful, we may get help from some of our fellow-weavers who are more skilled. Such an one have we students recently had among us. And as a result of the visit of John R. Mott, in many of our characters are new threads, both bright and strong, woven of energies and hopes that cannot die.

As we think of the manifold impressions and results of the notable meetings on the 25th, 26th and 27th of last month, it seems difficult to convey in a few words any adequate or even fair idea of what they have meant to our University. Above much that impressed us, many would mention first the vibrant note of optimism struck by Mr. Mott. Never yet, he declared, had he met a man of whom he would despair, in his nineteen years of travel, touching every centre of progressive thought in the world. How much this means, coming from a man of such capacity for observation and calmness in judgment, can hardly be over-estimated. We all the more readily emphasize this because there is so little danger of confusing his optimism with what so often masquerades under that name but which in reality

is only ignorance of weakness or indifference to vice. Mr. Mott evidently is not one of that class who presume to call themselves optimists because they "regret little and would change still less." His is the optimism that does not make vain but rather humbles.

For, as corrective of any tendencies to quiescence it might create, he accents another great truth: "Religion is primarily a matter of the will." Those who heard him will not readily forget the forceful way in which he drove this home. "Christ cannot help the undecided man," "God is jealous of us on ac-



JOHN R. MOTT.

count of our will." It would be difficult to imagine any more thrilling call that could come to the college man or woman. For to such, almost irresistible is the claim of that religion which bids us not to stifle any part of our nature but to develop it, training it while still the servant of a tender conscience to come to heel by a vigorous will. We cannot kindle as we will the fire and enthusiasm that may come from such meetings as these we have lately enjoyed. But we can so discipline our will that tasks in hours of insight willed may be, through hours of languor or of gloom, fulfilled. The secret of perpetual motion in the spiritual life is a persistent cultivation of our power of will. But



though its influence is eternal, in a sense the will has nothing to do with either past or future. Its realm is the present. In this realm, indeed, it is absolute. And most clearly was there shown to us the impossibility of dissociating the present from an act of volition.

Choose we must; ours it is to decide the direction of our choice, and so we see the necessity for a life of ceaseless alertness and activity. For we are continually engaged in habit-formation against or with our will. But Mr. Mott did not leave us merely with this almost startling thought. He went on to show how this fact might be utilized in the formation of helpful habits or the replacing of enslaving ones by those that increase our freedom. In all this lives that immutable law, "Exercise is the law of increase of life."

There is another thought which Mr. Mott strongly fixed in the minds of his audiences—the importance, more than ever, of an *intensive* study of the original documents of Christianity. One gets a vivid appreciation of the inexhaustible value of these records for our present life after hearing Mr. Mott repeat even the most familiar of the parables of Jesus. The intonation of a few phrases, in which the conviction of a full life speaks, throws new light on the whole passage. Not, if we may put it so, that we get a better hold of the passage but that the passage gets a better hold of us. If we interpret the speaker aright, one of the great needs of the day is a deeper study of the Scriptures in which love shall be the great illuminant. And this is demanded of us by the scientific fairness that we show in all our other studies. We realize in these that we can only get beyond the stage of being a mere fact-collector by an intense and growing sympathy with the subject of our study. "Unless the spirit quickeneth the letter surely killeth" is the expression of a law that rules throughout our life. The quickening power of imagination transmutes the facts we gather into a "feasting presence full of light." Without it they become the tomb of our higher life.

Many a student who listened with sympathy to the words of Mr. Mott has proved the brighter side of this truth to his permanent satisfaction.

M. E. CONRON.

## Jottings from the Meetings

**I**T is better that we die spending hours in memorizing the best thoughts of men than that we die yielding to temptation.

The law of neglect: First detestable, then tolerable, then desirable, then essential. It is a process that is working with deadly effect.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

How a habit grows—thoughts, imaginations, an act, other acts, many acts, a thread thrown down here, cords, ropes, at last cables—other acts become necessary until we come where the acts which at first were consciously performed are done automatically. "He that committeth sin is the bondservant of sin."

Make the great stand in the realm of your thoughts. The very moment that temptation presents itself, fight as though you were in the last ditch.

The Christian life is to know Jesus Christ. It doesn't do to take any vacation in the process of moral life. No man can take a vacation in moral character building.

Associate yourself with others in the fight. Nothing can take the place of college friendships. Let us tie ourselves up with our fellows for helpfulness.

With Jesus Christ there is power to make possible a complete break with sin, power to lift from human hearts the sense of guilt, power to create and invigorate, power to purify the affections, power to change completely and instantly.

Just as surely as we live if we are neglecting to develop any part of our moral and religious nature we are digging the grave of that faculty. Men who do not think are suffering spiritual atrophy. This apathy, this numbness, this indifference, what is it but for the creeping of death itself?

To neglect the buttressing, the training, the disciplining of the moral life is fatal. Unless this is done it only needs a temptation of sufficient attractiveness and sufficient momentum to sweep the man away.

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## Editorial

### The Mott Meetings

THERE was a deep significance and a sign of hopefulness for the future in the series of meetings recently held by John R. Mott, in Convocation Hall. Apart altogether from the benefit of the meetings to individuals by the presentation of religion in a sane, sternly practical way, and the call to higher, purer living, the very fact that university men, critical and even skeptical in their attitude, should evince such a personal, practical interest in spiritual things, augurs well for the future moral and religious life of our country. In an address given before the Union Literary Society a few weeks ago, we were told that religion is fast becoming a dead letter in the educational centres of Europe, and that even in America there are indications of an attitude of indifference and contempt for christianity among educated men and women. The gathering we have just witnessed is a standing refutation of this view. Not only our own university, but nearly all the colleges and universities of this continent have experienced a revival of moral and religious enthusiasm of which the Student Volunteer Movement is an outward ex-

pression. This great movement is not the exerescence of a cheap evangelistic enthusiasm, but represents the strong, steady current of intelligent and practical religious feeling which is permeating the thought and coloring the actions of student life today. We hear a great deal about getting away from the religion of our fathers, and the undermining effect upon our faith of intellectual and scientific criticism. No doubt the outward expression of our belief is somewhat different from what we have been taught to regard as orthodox, but that true religion is dying out in our university, no one who was present at the Mott meetings and observed the various types of men and the different spheres of activity represented there, can believe. The spirit of christianity is probably stronger and more widely diffused among our colleges than ever before. As our president said in his Thanksgiving Day sermon, "We recognize that our strength lies, not in a mere congeries of blessings, or in an historic past, but in a living and ever-present God, who has been the God of our fathers and will be the God of their children."

### • • • The Conversat

The sixth of December has been decided upon as the date of the conversazione. This function, which is really Victoria's At Home to her friends, is pre-eminently the great social event of the year, and as such deserves the support of every student. Last year the conversazione was reorganized and put upon an entirely new basis. The old plan of selling tickets indiscriminately was abolished in favor of admission solely by invitation, the number of invitations being limited, and apportioned in a definite ratio among the college authorities, the faculty, and the students. Financial success was assured by the guarantee of a certain amount from each of the above-named bodies, so that the fear of a deficit, which had haunted every previous committee, was removed. That the change was appreciated by the students was attested by their presence in hitherto unprecedented numbers. This year the committee, freed from many of the difficulties incident to the change, are endeavoring to remove some of the causes of annoyance and confusion which have been so apparent

in the past. Among other things, steps are being taken to prevent the excessive congestion at the chapel concert, the rendezvous, and the refreshment tables. Those in charge are working hard to make this year's conversazione a signal success, and rely upon the students to give it an even more generous support than last year.



## Summer Reading

Considerable adverse criticism has been aroused by the action of some of the professors in prescribing courses of reading for summer work which is taken into account in determining the term standing. It is argued that while such a plan may be very good in theory, and even quite practicable in the great English universities, it is not feasible here in Canada where the great majority of the students are at least partially dependent upon their earnings during the long vacation for their college expenses of the ensuing winter. Many men spend their summers remote from centres of civilization, and are thus precluded from obtaining the books of reference necessary for the careful preparation of an essay, even if they had the time. Others are travelling about from place to place and find it impossible to study because of their complete absorption in business.

There is, of course, a modicum of truth in these objections, but are we not pushing them too far? Most of us in this new country are compelled to work for a living, and it is well that it is so. But it seems as if the strong commercial spirit which dominates our age, had crept into our university life and were making it subservient to what Ruskin calls the "Goddess of Getting-on." We fear that by many a university education is prized far less for itself, for the culture, the intellectual and moral stimulus it should impart, than for its subsequent practical value in aiding one to earn a living. To a man imbued with such an idea, the vacation becomes not merely a means to the end of financing his next college year, but also a period in which, if he be sufficiently shrewd and persevering, he can earn enough money over and above his college requirements to serve as a small beginning for the fortune he hopes some day to amass. Then, too, perhaps our ideas of what is necessary for college expenses, might bear

some readjustment. It would be too much to expect that many would care to emulate the hundreds of Scotch students who enter upon a university course in Edinburgh or Glasgow with no more financial support than the possession of a scholarship, a barrel of oatmeal, and the produce of a few acres of ungenerous soil. This simple existence would be too much to expect of Canadian students, nor in truth do we desire it. Yet there is a deep significance in the privations endured by the poor Scotch lad. He values education so highly that he will undergo almost any sacrifice to obtain it. We are zealous for knowledge too, but it must be acquired between October and May, and must not interfere with our material aims and ambitions. The assignment of a definite line of study for the holidays strikes at the root of this materialistic notion of education, and if for no other reason should be welcomed by all thoughtful students. But it also serves another purpose. It aims at the lessening of "plugging," to which our examination system and short academic terms give rise. The efforts of the professors who have inaugurated this plan of summer study deserve nothing but commendation, and the support, not the criticism, of the students.



### **The Poetry Competition**

As announced in the October number, we are enabled to offer a prize of ten dollars for a poem. The competition is open to all undergraduates who are paid-up subscribers to ACTA and members of either of the Literary Societies.

All contributions must be submitted in person to the Editor-in-chief or one of the Librery Editors, without any signature. All contributions become the property of ACTA Board, and must be handed in not later than January 15, 1908.

There is no limitation as to the kind or length of poem, but it must reach a certain standard of excellence to be eligible for the prize, such standard to be determined by the judges, Dr. Edgar and Mr. Auger.

The judges in the essay and short story competitions will be: Professors Robertson and Edgar, Mr. E. T. Coatsworth and the Editor-in-Chief, and Mr. Auger, the Literary Editors and the Editor-in-Chief, respectively.

Essays and stories are to be placed in envelopes with the writer's name, but with no name on the manuscript itself. Competitors for the essay prize will please confine their essays to a maximum of two thousand words. For further particulars we refer you to the announcement in October ACTA.



### **Xmas Acta**

We wish to direct the attention of our readers to the announcement regarding our Christmas number which appears on another page of this issue. No effort is being spared to make this year's Xmas ACTA a high-class literary production, one in every way worthy of the high position she holds in the realm of college journalism. Besides contributions from the pens of some of Canada's best writers in prose and verse, there will be a series of articles on our college and university which will make it invaluable as a souvenir. Nothing could be a more acceptable Xmas gift to your friends. We ask you to show your appreciation of our efforts, and your loyalty to your alma mater by a generous support of Xmas ACTA.



### **Notes**

Our library has recently received several valuable additions, both by purchase and donation. Students in the Faculty of Education will be glad to know that many books for their course have been added. Besides these, Dr. Horning has very generously given a large number of books of Canadian literature, and Mr. Currelly has still further increased Victoria's obligations to him by the gift of a volume of Aramaic Papyri discovered at Assuan, and a complete set of autograph letters of "The Makers of Egypt," *i.e.*, those men who have been chiefly instrumental in effecting the modern reorganization of Egypt.



A CORRECTION.—Through an error in our October number, Mr. Birge's gift for the library was announced as five thousand dollars. It should, of course, have read fifty thousand.



# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

'07

THE following list is still incomplete, and any further news will be gratefully received.

## LADIES:

Miss H. A. Biggar is at her home in Ottawa.

Miss L. C. Bicknell is travelling in the United States.

Miss M. E. Birnie is at home in Collingwood.

Miss A. C. Bullock is at home in St. John, N.B.

Miss I. B. Burgess is at her home in Union.

Miss E. G. Chadwick has been appointed to a position on the staff of Mt. Allison University, Sackville, N.B.

Miss M. E. Carman is teaching English and German at Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ont. In this position she succeeds Miss Alice A. Will, B.A., '03, who lately resigned.

Miss G. E. Grange has accepted the position of Assistant Superintendent of the Household at Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr. This school is preparatory to the University of Bryn Mawr.

Miss M. V. Gundy is at her home in Scotland, Ont.

Miss V. M. Hammill is at home in Toronto.

Miss M. D. Keagey is taking a course in the Deaconess Training School.

Miss M. B. Landon is at her home in Iroquois, Ont.

Miss O. N. Markland is teaching at Carievale, Sask.

Miss M. E. Miles is in training at the Toronto General Hospital.

Miss O. A. Norsworthy is at her home in St. Thomas.

Miss H. A. Paul has been appointed to a position in the Lillian Massey School.

The following are registered in the Faculty of Education: Miss McCrae, Miss Dufton, Miss Cunningham, Miss Dafoe, Miss Graham, Miss Faint, and Miss Booth.

## MEN:

W. B. Albertson is taking Theology at Wesley College.

F. W. H. Armstrong is preaching near Ottawa.



G. H. Bielby is teaching at Georgetown.

H. W. Baker is in this third year at the Medical College.

W. T. Brown has been awarded a fellowship in Philosophy at Toronto University and is pursuing his studies in that department.

L. N. Richardson is also about the college halls again, having won a scholarship in Mathematics. We congratulate both these gentlemen, and gladly welcome them to another year in their Alma Mater.

C. J. Ford is studying law at Osgoode Hall.

W. Hall is at the Medical College.

G. A. King is preaching at Holstein, Ont.

Three of the boys have entered journalism. A. D. McFarlane, ACTA's former Editor-in-Chief, has taken charge of a weekly paper in Greenwood, B.C.; Hal Woodsworth is on the reporting staff of the Winnipeg *Telegram*, with A. R. Ford, '03, as his city editor; Teddy Moore is with the Maclean Publishing Co. of Toronto, as editor of *The Canadian Grocer*.

Wesley College, Winnipeg, has secured another Victoria graduate by the appointment of F. Owen as Lecturer in Moderns.

W. L. Hiles, E. M. Carter, G. B. King, I. W. Kilpatrick, W. L. Lawrence, C. F. Logan, M. D. Madden, J. L. Rutledge, F. S. Okell and D. Wren are back at college taking Theology.

J. N. Tribble is in the Dominion Surveyor's Department at Ottawa.

T. H. Parker and F. W. Rathman are at home.

W. L. Trench is preaching near Sault Ste. Marie.

H. J. Sheridan is at his home in Brockville.

F. E. Coombs, R. W. Edmison, and W. Hall are taking work at the Faculty of Education.

The following breezy budget tells what a few Vic. graduates are doing in the West:—

Douglas Thom, '00, of Regina, has been elected a member of the Senate of the new Saskatchewan University.

W. G. Cates, '04, is editing the Moosejaw *News*, playing rugby and dabbling in politics.

Frank Dobson, '02, is also in Moosejaw, on the staff of the High School.

Percy Dobson, '00, is principal of the High School in Wetaskawin.

J. R. Davison, '04, has located in Camrose, Alta., where he has bought out a hardware business.

R. Pearson, '04, and C. W. Bishop, '04, are preaching in Calgary, Alta. Bob is assistant pastor of the Central Church, and Charlie has charge of one of the other Methodist Churches in the city.

C. F. Ward, '04, is Lecturer in Moderns at Wesley College, Winnipeg.

J. H. Chown, '03, is chief clerk to the C.P.R. superintendent at Kenora.

Harold Baker, '04, who graduated from Osgoode last June, is now associated with the law firm of Bradshaw, Richards & Affleck, in Winnipeg.

G. A. Cruise, '05, has returned to pursue his studies at Osgoode after a summer spent in a law office in Prince Albert, Sask.

H. W. Gundy, '98, and wife, of Winnipeg, are visiting in Toronto.

Rev. A. D. Millar, M.A., B.D., '05, has been appointed to a position on the Theological Faculty of Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.

Fred Farrill, '06, is pastor of Kensington Ave. Methodist Church, Hamilton.

Rev. G. W. Robinson, '91, of Creemore, was appointed secretary of the Toronto Conference of the Methodist Church at the opening session on June 13.

J. W. Miller, '04, who spent the summer in the Old Land, has decided to remain for the winter and take special work in Theology at Glasgow University.

M. E. Conron, '06, is back at college taking Theology.

A number of undergraduates are missing from their respective classes this year:—

Miss Broad, '08, is at her home in Wellington.

E. H. Durnin, W. E. Zinkan and C. I. Ewing, all of '09 are seeking fortune in the golden West. E. H. Durnin is "holding down" a homestead, and the two other boys are in business.

Kent Manning, '10, has registered in Medicine, and Jack McCamus, '10, is attending Model School at Lindsay. Both will be much missed in athletics.

We sincerely sympathize with J. Norman Tribble, '07, on the death of his mother, which recently occurred at her home in Shelburne, Ont.

ACTA deeply regrets to report the ill-health of Dr. Blewett, which has necessitated his temporary withdrawal from active work. During the fall term his work in Ethics will be taken by Mr. R. J. Richardson, B.A., another '97 graduate of Toronto. Mr. Richardson has been for some time a Lecturer in Manitoba College, Winnipeg, and is now a candidate for the degree of Ph. D. from Toronto University.

Rev. W. T. Allison, M.A., '99, formerly Lecturer in English here, has resigned his pastorate at Stayner, Ont., to accept a call to the pastorate of a Presbyterian Church at Middlefield, Conn. This will give Mr. Allison opportunity to pursue post-graduate work in English at Yale, from which university he has already received the degree of B.D.

Mr. C. T. Currelly, M.A., '98, has added one more name to the list of Victoria graduates who have distinguished themselves abroad. For several years he has been engaged in archaeological researches under the direction of the Egypt Exploration Fund. Since his return to Canada Mr. Currelly has been giving a series of lectures at the University of Toronto to the students in the World History course. He has also been appointed Curator of the projected University Museum, with a commission to collect material abroad, and expects to leave for the East in a few months to begin this work.

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### Weddings

Another of the class of '06 joined the Ancient and Honourable Society of Benedicts last June when Rev. W. G. Bull, B.A., was united in marriage to Miss Cora Cook. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's father in Streetsville, Ont. After a short wedding trip to Buffalo and New York, Mr. and Mrs. Bull proceeded to Monticello, Ont., where he is pastor.

McMURTRY—WARD.—On Aug. 20, at the home of the bride's mother, 34 Wellington St., Lindsay, Miss Annie Lulu Ward, B.A., '02, was united in marriage to Mr. Thos. McMurtry. ACTA extends congratulations.

### Exchanges

Do you ever read the exchanges? While their contents are intended to appeal peculiarly to local interest nearly every one contains something that is of interest and value to college men in general. Many of the articles deal with the very problems which confront the student body of Victoria to-day. Others reveal conditions of college life, methods of student administration, and college ideals so different from our own as to provoke thoughtful comparison. It will be our endeavor to call attention to those articles in the exchanges which seem to be of particular interest and value to Victoria students.

The *Varsity* is as usual our earliest visitor, and one of the most welcome. Its weekly issue is no doubt one advantage in developing a sustained interest, but on its merits this representative of the University of Toronto Union is always well received at Victoria. The articles are well-written, bright and confined to subjects of distinctively student interest. In the number of October 24, an editorial on "Knowledge—Religious and Otherwise," strikes at the system of options in Religious Knowledge, and notes some of the steps recently taken for correcting the abuses to which the system is subject. The much-discussed, but still unsettled, subject of "Examinations" is dealt with in the issue of October 30. This number is also well supplied with poetry, of undergraduate production.

The Notre Dame *Scholastic* also encourages its contributors to cultivate the acquaintanceship of the Muse, by placing at their disposal a column headed "Varsity Verse."

A thoughtful and carefully written article on "Reading" in the October *Solanian* is an earnest of good things to be expected from the St. Francis College organ this year. One section of the number is devoted to "College Societies." In it each society introduces itself to the new students, states its claim for student support and makes a brief announcement of its aims and plans for the college year, a very convenient method of disseminating important information among the students.

In addition to those mentioned above, ACTA gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges:—

*Queen's University Journal and Quarterly*, *The Argosy* (Mount Allison University), *The Academic Gazette*, *McMaster Monthly*, *Oxford Magazine* and *Harvard Monthly*.



## Reminiscences

Twenty years after my freshman year

HER hair was dark and crispy,  
Her eyes were brown and sweet,  
Her voice was low and lipsy,  
Her smile was most replete,  
With teeth — and yet she wasn't thin  
And she'd a dimple in her chin!

If with her little note book,  
A class she deigned to grace,  
The freshies craned their necks to look,  
They almost lost their place.  
'Twas when to lectures she "blew in"  
She had a dimple in her chin.

She never lost a lesson,  
She never missed a class,  
She proved herself by duties done,  
A most industrious lass;  
She was proficient in Latin,  
For—she'd a dimple in her chin.

But when she studied hockey,  
Her modest worth she proved;  
With a hockey-stick, down the icy way  
Like an Amazon she roved.  
The coach addressed an injured shin,  
Still—she'd a dimple in her chin.

Tho' out of practice badly  
(She loved the Classics so)  
Still the enemy watched her sadly,  
They feared her in their woe.  
Her strength was as the strength of ten.  
And—she'd a dimple in her chin.

Dim love and treasured pages  
 Now their reverses met;  
 The problems of the ages  
 Seemed in that dear Freshette,  
 And most of all to centre in  
 The pretty dimple in her chin.

Oh! her hair was wavy wispy,  
 Her eyes deep as the sea,  
 Her voice was trilly lispy,  
 And once she looked on me.  
 I knew why all had charmed been  
 For—she'd a dimple in her chin.

—AN OLD VICTORIA BOY.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The contributor of the above effusion has added a foot-note with a special request that his name be kept absolutely secret. Otherwise we might open a guessing competition.]

By these tokens know ye that the hour of graduation draws nigh. On a recent afternoon a careful observer might have seen our modern Sir Galahad in earnest whispered conversation with another of '08's stalwarts. Shortly after, the clerk at the ring counter of Diamond Hall was accosted by two blushing, but enthusiastic youths in search, not of the Holy Grail, but of diamond rings. The salesman vouchsafed the information that diamonds were sure to rise in price at least fifty per cent. Picture to yourself Sir Galahad's disgusted expression, as he turned to his companion and said: "Aw! I don't want it for investment purposes, do you, J——?"

Now, what in the world did he want it for?

On Friday evening, November 8, the reception of the Woman's Literary Society was held, after having been postponed two weeks. The usual programme, refreshments and promenades, were heartily enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to be present.

During Thanksgiving week the ladies of '09 were pleasantly entertained at the home of the Misses Hill, '09, at an afternoon tea. The previous Saturday, Miss Fleming, '09, invited the girls

of Victoria to visit her orchards. As many as could embraced the opportunity, and a large quantity of apples was consumed or conveyed home by the girls. A delightful drive added to the afternoon's entertainment.

The Chapel organist was absent one morning and no substitute had been provided. A day or two later a privileged person was reproving the organist for his negligence; "but," she added, "it really sounded nice without the organ."

Miss S——, '09—Every time I meet a bunch of Theologs on the stairs, I tumble.

Miss C——ke, '09 (referring to a proposed masquerade)—I don't like to hide my light under a bushel.



K——by, '10 (to another Soph. on Registration day)—We are like sheep out of water.

A game that is becoming very popular on the tennis courts is that best described as "mixed singles."

Miss D—n—m, '08—It couldn't have been a very loud silence or I should have heard it.

Miss H—tt, '11—Who is the man out on the campus with the delirium-tremens sweater?

Freshette (after hearing her class Yell)—Who ever had the bumps of battiness to compose that?

Miss C——n, '11—What is this Deaconess of '09? If she is another proctor I'll leave the Hall.

The Glee Club was posing for a group photo.

"Open the door," came a remark from the back row, "and let Avison throw out his chest."

"Hurry up, Brownlee," was another remark, "and form the apex."

Rut—— (being urged to join a little theatre party)—I don't care a bit about the show, but if I could be sure of the right partner ——.

C——ly, '09, was ill recently, but the doctor worked wonders with his health. The miracle is explained by the fact that it was a *lady* doctor!

Miss D——tt, '09—How many girls are taking Medicine?

Miss S——, '09—I am for one: three times a day, after each meal.

T——d, '09 (J. E.) appeared before a Brantford audience a short time ago. A young lady of the audience said afterwards to one of T——'s associates: "You know, I think Mr. T—— has such a sweet, innocent face."

The Fall Term is the popular one for paperchases. Last month Queen's Hall held one, and the first week of this month Annesley followed suit. The chase was as hot as usual, headed by a Victoria girl. The usual number of streams had to be forded or skirted, hills to be climbed and slid down, and fences to be crawled through, under or over. Refreshments served at Annesley around a grate fire, served as a pleasing close to an afternoon's outing.

McK——, '09, was in a restaurant the other day and ordered a piece of pie, which was promptly placed before him. When the waitress turned to our hero again, the pie had disappeared so quickly that she thought she had forgotten to serve him, and brought him a second piece. Who can beat this?

B——, '11—No, I haven't been to the Hall yet, but Br——e is going to take me over sometime when all is peaceful and quiet.

Senior—By the way, do you know Elmer Ley?

Freshman—No, but I have heard a lot about him.

It isn't work that kills people, it's the way they do it.—Modern saying.





### Mulock Cup Schedule

THE following schedule was arranged for the first round of the Mulock Cup inter-faculty Rugby competition at Toronto University:—

A, Nov. 7—Second year S.P.S. v. Victoria.

B, Nov. 7—Third year, S.P.S. v. Senior Medicals.

C, Nov. 8—First year, S.P.S. v. Senior Arts.

D, Nov. 11—Junior Medicals v. Junior Arts.

Referees appointed were: A. J. Brown, A. Lailey, Murray Kennedy, M. Lee, Herb, Clarke, M. Kennedy and R. Cory.

#### [Second Year S. P. S., 11--Victoria College, 8

“The same old story in the same old way” but our boys put up a better article of Rugby, and played a more united and brilliant game than they have done for some years, in the annual scrap for the elusive Mulock Cup.

Vic started off with the wind behind them and managed to tally three rouges in the first half, a couple of touch downs, when we were within the S.P.S. twenty-five yard line, being prevented by the desperate defence work of the school team. A couple of minutes after the commencement of the second half school scored one on a rouge. Then there was desperate struggle for ten minutes and our opponents finally found an opening and scored a touchdown which was converted. Score 7-3.

Then Vic bucked up and carried the ball back almost to centre field. In a scrimmage here Swinerton knocked the ball out of a school man's clutches and Stockton picked the loose pigskin up with a deft scoop and was off for the goal line with the whole S.P.S. team about two yards behind him. But he rapidly increased the gap and scored a touch, which was not converted, but put us a point ahead. Half a minute before time was up Gerald Green, the opposing centre half, kicked a very doubtful

and lucky drop, which made the score 11-8. And so the game ended.

#### LINE UP.

Victoria.—Back, McLaren; halves, Gundy, L. M. Green, McCubbin; quarter, Stockton; scrimmage, Birnie, Swinerton, Deacon; wings, J. E. Lovering, H. Lovering, Morrison, Kelly, McKenzie, Rutledge.

S. P. S. '09.—Back, Ferguson; halves, Van Nostrand, G. Green, McArthur; quarter, Hartstone; scrimmage, Graham, Bolton, Hopkins; wings, Bell, Hay, Goad, Frid, Dawson, Davis.

Referee—Murray Kennedy.

Umpire—Jim Pearson.

### Victoria, 7--Varsity III., 2

The first practice game of the series was against Varsity III., and Vic demonstrated her superiority by the above score. It was a close, hard-fought game all the way through, but a touchdown in the second half saved the day. In the first half the opposing team secured a kick to dead line and a rouge. Vic got a kick to dead line. In the second half Vic got a rouge and then the ball was gradually worked up the field towards Varsity's end, till the twenty-five yard line was reached. A high kick was muffed by the Varsity back and H. Lovering fell on the ball, thus adding five points to the score.

The following team represented Victoria:—McLaren, Gundy, Green, G. Rutledge, Stockton, Swinnerton, Purchase, Deakin, E. Lovering (captain), H. Lovering, McKenzie, Morrison, Birnie and McQuade.

### Victoria 13--Trinity, 1

Such was the score by which we beat Trinity. It was not a very hard match, but the men gained a good deal of experience, which was just what they needed. Vic scored three points on as many kicks to dead line and the other ten on two touchdowns, which were not converted. Gundy, playing half-back, made a long, dodging run, starting near the centre of the field, and scored the first touch. Then, towards the end of the last half, Morrison got the ball on an intercepted pass and ambled down the field, unimpeded. Trinity scored their one on a kick to dead line. Practically the same team as in the previous game represented Vic, except that Birnie was off with a lame ankle.

### **Rugby Notes**

Stockton's line-plunging and bucks by which our yards were gained several times, were a feature of the games.

Jack Birnie, a promising young freshman, is the find of the season. He is a fearless tackler, and promises to be one of the mainstays of the team throughout his four years here. He sprained his ankle in a practise game, but was all right after a few days' rest.

When the team playing against Vic starts exchanging punts with our half line, they generally come out at the little end of the horn. McLaren and Green can out-punt the most of them.

Vic has needed a full back who is a sure catch for some time. Young McLaren looks as if he would make good in this position. He keeps cool and is speedy on his feet and a good catch.

The wing men are holding their men fairly well, and there are some good tacklers, although some of the men seem unable to realize the merit of "tackling low."

Jim Pearson, our representative on Varsity I., despite the handicap of one arm in a sling, gave the team some very energetic and efficient coaching, which infused new life into the practices.

On Saturday, Nov. 9, O. A. C. played our boys and won by 20-0.

### **Association**

Victoria has a team entered in the intermediate series in the inter-faculty association contest. Some very good practice has been put in and Captain Courtice expects to give a good account of himself and men. The first scheduled game was won by Victoria by default, from Knox. The second game, with Pharmacy, takes place on Wednesday, November 13th

The inter-year association games are nearing completion, the B. D's. having beaten the C. T's. by the score of 2-1. The first game between '03 and '09 resulted in a tie, neither side being able to score. In the second game the senior year came off victors by the score of 1-0. '11 played '10 and won from them by 2-0, so that the inter-year championship now rests between '08, '11 and B. D's.

## Field Hockey

Many of the lady students at Victoria find the two most enjoyable afternoons of the week to be those on which the Field Hockey practices are held. Large numbers of the fair sex turn out at each practice, and under the guidance of R. P. Stockton get in some very strenuous and exciting exercise. Now, Stocky, couldn't you get up some inter-year matches in Field Hockey? There would be no dearth of rooters.

## Alley

Two of the three weeks' schedule for the inter-year alley championship have already been completed, and it looks now as if the race for first place will be between the Grads. and the Freshmen, with a good chance for the fourth year contingent to land the trophy. Thus far the P. G's. and Freshmen have won all their games and '08 all but one. The other three teams are making a neck and neck race for the cellar position. The score stood at the beginning of the third week as follows:—

TEAM.	WON.	LOST.	TO PLAY.
'11.....	3	0	2
P.G's.....	2	0	3
'08.....	3	1	1
'09.....	1	3	1
C.Ts.....	0	2	3
'10.....	0	3	2

Vic has an alley team in the inter-college series as usual this year. The first match with St. Mike's resulted in a defeat by the score of 28-10, the play, however, being much closer than the score would indicate. Burt brothers and Wortman represented Vic.

## News from the Courts

Looking over the files for several years past, it will strike the reader that this is the first year for a very long time that it has been possible to publish the complete results of the tennis tournament in the November issue of ACTA. All the events in which the men take part were finished before Thanksgiving, thanks to the praiseworthy efforts of the secretary-treasurer, the genial and tireless "Pat" Miller. He even persuaded the ladies to play their

mixed doubles on time, and when a player neglected to turn up at the appointed time, he would unhesitatingly forfeit the match if there was not some pretty good excuse forthcoming.

The complete schedule of all games played, given below, will show the winners and runners-up in the various events:—

### COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Conron.....	Willans.....	Willans.....	} Green.....	} McKenzie.....	} McKenzie..... 6-2, 4-6, 6-3 6-3, 6-3
Willans.....	6-1, 6-1	a bye			
Sanders.....	Sanders.....	6-3, 10-8			
Wright.....	6-0, 6-3	6-3, 10-8			
Ockley.....	Green.....	6-4, 9-7			
Green.....	6-2, 6-3	6-3, 6-4			
Hemingway.....	Hemingway.....	6-3, 6-4			
Manning.....	6-4, 6-3	6-3, 6-4			
Bryce.....	Raymer.....	6-3, 10-8			
Raymer.....	3-6, 6-2, 6-1	6-3, 3-6, 7-5			
Brownlee.....	Brownlee.....	6-3, 6-4			
Adams.....	6-1, 6-0	6-3, 6-4			
McKenzie.....	McKenzie.....	6-3, 13-11			
Miller.....	6-3, 13-11	6-3, 6-4			
Wallace.....	Wallace.....	6-4, 6-4			
Avison.....	6-4, 6-4	6-3, 6-1			
Moorehouse.....	Moorehouse.....	6-1, 6-4			
Todd.....	4-6, 6-0, 6-4	6-3, 6-2			
Horning.....	Stephenson.....	6-1, 6-4			
Stephenson.....	1-6, 6-1, 6-2	6-3, 6-3			
Allin.....	Allin.....	6-0, 6-0			
McCullough.....	6-3, 6-3	6-3, 6-4			
Foreman.....	McLaren.....	6-3, 6-4			
McLaren.....	6-0, 6-0	6-3, 6-4			
Guinn.....	Guinn.....	Default			
	a bye	a bye			

### HANDICAP CHAMPIONSHIP.

+ 15 J. E. Todd.....	Willans.....	Willans.....	} McKenzie ..	} McKenzie ..	} McKenzie ..	
+ 15 Willans.....	6-1, 6-3	a bye				
+ 15 Adams.....	Hemingway.....	} McKenzie ..	6-3, 6-1			} a bye
+ 15 Hemingway.....	2-6, 6-0, 6-2					
- 30 McKenzie.....	McKenzie.....	6-0, 6-1				
+ 15 Jewitt.....	6-3, 4-6, 6-3	} Green.....	7-5, 7-5			} Sanders.....
+ 30 Green.....	Green.....					
+ 15 Avison.....	6-4, 6-1	} Green.....	6-4, 6-0			} Sanders.....
+ 15 Foreman.....	Ockley.....					
+ 15 Ockley.....	6-2, 6-4	} Green.....	7-5, 7-5			} Sanders.....
+ 15 Davidson.....	Wallace.....					
+ 15 Wallace.....	6-2, 7-5	} McCullough	Default			} Sanders.....
+ 15 Guinn.....	McCullough.....					
+ 15 McCullough.....	4-6, 6-2, 6-3	} Sanders.....	6-4, 6-3			} Sanders.....
+ 15 Bryce.....	Bryce.....					
+ 15 Horning.....	6-1, 6-2	} Sanders.....	4-6, 6-4, 6-3			} Sanders.....
- 30 Sanders.....	Sanders.....					
+ 15 C. C. Brown.....	7-5, 6-1	} Raymer.....	6-3, 8-6			} Manning.....
+ 30 Moorehouse.....	Raymer.....					
- 30 Raymer.....	6-2, 6-4	} Raymer.....	6-3, 8-6			} Manning.....
+ 15 Burnett.....	Eurnett.....					
+ 15 Miller.....	6-3, 6-3	} Manning.....	4-6, 6-2, 6-2			} Manning.....
+ 15 Wilson.....	Wilson.....					
+ 30 Brownlee.....	6-3, 3-6, 6-0	} Manning.....	6-3, 6-3			} Manning.....
+ 15 Edmison.....	Manning.....					
+ 15 Manning.....	6-2, 12-10	} McLaren.....	8-10, 6-3, 6-2			} Manning.....
+ 15 Allin.....	Allin.....					
+ 15 Wright.....	6-0, 7-5	} McLaren.....	6-3, 6-3			} Manning.....
+ 15 Nicholson.....	McLaren.....					
+ 15 McLaren.....	Default	} Conron.....	6-4, 6-3	} Conron.....		
+ 15 Conron.....	Conron.....					
+ 15 Buchanan.....	6-0, 6-3	} Conron.....	a bye	} Manning.....		
+ 15 Stephenson.....	Stephenson.....					
	a bye					

Manning, default

## MEN'S DOUBLES.

Ockley and Manning...	Ockley and Manning...	Ockley and Manning...	McKenzie and Rutledge
Raymer and Wright...	6-2, 6-1	a bye	
Brownlee and Sanders...	Brownlee and Sanders...	McKenzie and Rutledge	
Bryce and Wallace...	6-1, 6-3	8-6, 6-4, 6-2	
McKenzie and Rutledge	McKenzie and Rutledge		Willams and Green
Todd and Avison...	6-1, 6-2		
Foreman and Conron...	Allin and McCullough ..	Willams and Green.....	
Allin and McCullough ..	6-0, 6-4	4-6, 7-5, 7-5	
Hemingway and Miller...	Willams and Green.....		McKenzie and Rutledge
Willams and Green.....	2-6, 6-2, 7-5		
Horning and Adams....	McLaren and Edmison..		
McLaren and Edmison..	Default	Oldham and Stockton ..	
Oldham and Stockton ..	Oldham and Stockton ..	1-8, 6-0, 6-2	McKenzie and Rutledge
Stephenson and Guinn..	Default		

## MIXED DOUBLES.

Miss Spencer and Manning	Miss McLaren and McLaren	Miss McLaren and McLaren	Miss Hyland and McKenzie
Miss McLaren and McLaren	7-5, 6-4	6-4, 6-0	
Miss Baird and Sanders...	Miss Crews and Raymer ..		
Miss Crews and Raymer...	6-3, 1-6, 6-3		
Miss Hyland and McKenzie	Miss Hyland and McKenzie	Miss Hyland and McKenzie	
Miss McConnell and Green	6-1, 4-6, 6-4	Default	
Miss Horning and Horning	Miss Horning and Horning		
	a bye		

**Tournament at Varsity--Vic Ladies Victorious**

Last year Vic lost the inter-college tennis championship to St. Hilda's by one point; this year they reversed the result with their old time rivals and beat them by the safe margin of three points. The tournament is run on a point system, each event counting one point for the college winning it. The final score was as follows: Victoria, 11 points, St. Hilda's, 8 points, Varsity, 2 points. Victoria has probably the two best lady tennis players in the university in Miss Graham and Miss McLaren. Varsity's first two, Miss Ireland and Miss Fairbairn, played them a very close game in the doubles, however, this game, and the one between Miss McLaren and Miss Fairbairn, being probably the best in the tournament.

The teams were as follows:—

Victoria—Misses Graham, McLaren, Bearman, Hyland, Spencer and Laura Denton.

St. Hilda's—Misses Greenwood, Hately, Reddick, Kammerer, Embury and Boyd.

Varsity—Misses Ireland, Fairbairn, Lang, Knox, Gordon and Campbell.

The ladies' championship was won by Miss Grace McLaren, '09, who played excellent tennis all through the tournament, her placing being especially accurate, and her serving hard and steady. The runner-up was Miss Laura Denton, '11. The handicap championship is also nearing the end, although not yet finished.





G. F. WATTS, R.A.

**HOPE**



# Acta Victoriana



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## The Prophet

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

*HE* trod upon the heights; the rarer air  
Which common people seek, yet cannot  
bear,

*Fed his high soul and kindled in his eye  
The fire of one who cries, "I prophesy!"*

*"Look up," he said. They looked, but  
could not see.*

*"Help us!" they cried. He strove, but  
uselessly—*

*The very clouds which veiled the heav'n they  
sought*

*Hid from his eyes the needs of them he taught!*

## The Realism of Poetry and the Poetry of Prose

PELHAM EDGAR, B.A., PH.D.



HE prosaic mind recoils from the indirectness of poetry's appeal. An old Quarterly Reviewer comments upon Coleridge's lines in *Christabel*:

"'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the Spring comes slowly up this way."

He petulantly enquires, "Why could not Mr. Coleridge tell us plainly that it was the month of April?" Presumably he should have added that it was a belated spring.

One effect of the poetic imagination is to shed a glow of color upon the neutral tints of prose, to render pregnant with meaning and vital with beauty that which, in the ordinary medium of speech, might prove the statement of mere commonplace. Coleridge has defined poetry as "the best words in the best order," and it is evident that there is in all good poetry an incommunicable magic, which confers upon even the simplest

thoughts a beauty, whereby they shine as with the freshness of a new creation. A poet's imagination may kindle at the quiet flame of a prose description, in which event he will merely transmute beauty into a higher key, or translate it into a subtler language. Thus Wilkinson's exquisite description in prose of the Highland girl, singing as "she bended over her sickle" ripens into the tender image of Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper," as the blossom unfolds into the perfect flower. But ah! the heavy change when we set some blundering schoolboy to the



PROF. PELHAM EDGAR, B.A., PH.D.

task of wrenching his warped prose meaning from some passage, which sense and rhythm have conspired to render the absolute and final expression of a beautiful thought. Matthew Arnold's schoolboy may stand co-rival with that old Quarterly critic as a symbol of prosy literalness. The passage which he is requested to paraphrase is Macbeth's

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,"

which he reproduces by the exquisitely faithful medium of "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" A veil is happily drawn over the sequel.

A poem that can be adequately rendered in prose is not a poem. Prose moves to another rhythm, advances by another logic, and arrives at a different goal. To it are denied the subtle allusions, the darting metaphors, the daring symbols, which are the ladders by which the imagination scales the poetic heaven. Prose is essentially explicit and expository, and when it takes upon itself the glory of words, it does so at its peril. None know this better than our masters in prose, who maintain the beauty of their periods at a quiet glow. How often does a great novelist, but indifferent writer, like Dickens, singe his wings in the poetic flame, and how securely does an accredited master in prose like Matthew Arnold, a great writer save for a few provoking mannerisms, know the different elevations at which prose and poetry must move.

There is something, then, in poetry which prose has not and cannot have; and there are qualities likewise in prose, a logical directness and explicitness of statement, which poetry borrows at grave risk. There are many prose passages embedded in such excellent poems as *The Prelude* and *The Excursion*, and prose passages sawed off into limping pentameter lengths in many an unwary poet besides Wordsworth. How much then, we may ask, of poetic freightage can prose with profit bear, and how far may verse accommodate itself to the literalness of prose and yet maintain the essential qualities of poetry? Sometimes in the realm of description the two types would seem to merge. Walter Pater's description of La Gioconda, and not a few of Ruskin's nobler passages, have the energy and the sustained elevation of great poetry, while on the other hand Scott's poems

constitute an admirable handbook to the Trossachs, without entirely sacrificing their title to consideration as poetry.

I will choose two borderland passages in prose for illustration. Who has not read, or who can read too often, Milton's grave rebuke of the timid ascetic? "He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."

Another passage, that equally haunts the memory, is slipped unobtrusively into the marginal gloss of the *Ancient Mariner*. "In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them; and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lovers that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival."

These passages have the dignity, the subtle delight of verse. They are indeed the poetry of prose, and move by an impulse of inward harmony denied even to verse, so intricate are the chords of which their harmony is woven.

In search of another borderland passage, this time of prose tricked out in the garb of verse, I open at random a poem of which I am extremely fond, *The Excursion*:

" Yet for the general purposes of faith  
In Providence, for solace and support,  
We may not doubt that who can best subject  
The will to reason's law, can strictliest live  
And act in that obedience, he shall gain  
The clearest apprehension of those truths  
Which unassisted reason's utmost power  
Is too infirm to reach," etc., etc.

It can readily be seen that poetry may lapse from its high function, and still not hit the merits of indifferent prose.

Another type of borderland passage will serve to bring these remarks to a close.

Your modern aesthetic critic, especially if he be of that amphibious brood who have sought to fly in verse and are condemned to crawl in prose, your modern aesthetic critic, I say, takes savage exception to what he contemptuously designates "poetical photography." Poetry suggests, prose defines; poetry is the shadow of a soul thrown over the too visible objects of sense; prose is the literal transcription of the actual. A plague upon such subtleties! Scott's simple cry for the heather upon his home hills has in it as much poetry as Verlaine's analysis of moonshine, and more of human feeling. But there is wholesome truth in Wordsworth's complaint, that Scott too often fell into the error of merely cataloguing nature's beauties. "He went out with his pencil and note-book and jotted down whatever struck him most—a river rippling over the sands, a ruined tower on a rock above it, a promontory, and a mountain-ash waving its red berries. He went home and wove the whole together into a poetical description." After a pause, says Aubrey de Vere, who tells the story, Wordsworth resumed with a flashing eye and impassioned voice: "But nature does not permit an inventory to be made of her charms. He should have left his pencil and note-book at home, fixed his eye as he walked with a reverent attention on all that surrounded him, and taken all into a heart that could understand and enjoy."

Scott sometimes succeeds in uniting minute fidelity to the object with true poetic feeling. But the finest results of poetic realism in that generation are to be found in the writings of Wordsworth and Coleridge. We need but recall the famous skating scene in *The Prelude*, or the exquisitely minute image of the daisy, described so tenderly by Wordsworth in his old age:

"So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,  
Would that the little flowers were born to live  
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give,  
That to the mountain daisy's self were known  
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow thrown  
On the smooth surface of this naked stone."

Coleridge loves to observe the tiny cone of sand which dances noiselessly at the bottom of a fountain, and no one can doubt

that in this case the fusion between poetry and minutely observed truth is complete. With equal care and a like poetic result he has observed:

“ That branchless ash,  
Unsunned and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves  
Ne’er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,  
Fanned by the water-fall.”

This leads us on naturally to that curious study in *Christabel* of forest stillness, when

“ There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.”

All these passages are legitimate conquests in the domain of realism. So much may be said, too, for the quaint incursions of the commonplace into the work of Rossetti and his school, because with these poets the commonplace is always touched with significance. Tennyson levies tribute upon science in his zest for exactitude, but his alchemy does not always transmute the baser coin to gold. A text-book platitude becomes a mere conceit in this stanza from “*In Memoriam*”:

“ Something it is which thou hast lost,  
Some pleasure from thine early years,  
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears  
That grief hath shaken into frost.”

To combine the keen, glancing eye with the brooding vision—that is the gift we will crave for the Canadian poet yet to be. Shelley’s poet is the man of reverie-obscured vision:

“ He will watch from dawn to gloom,  
The lake-reflected sun illumine  
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,  
Nor heed, nor see, what things they be.  
.  
.  
.  
But from these create he can  
Forms more real than living man,  
Nurslings of Immortality.”

The completer poet is satisfied with the reality of living men, and is contented to watch the yellow bees themselves in the ivy-bloom, and not merely their sun-reflected image.

## Through the New Colossal Caves of Kentucky

FRANK YEIGH.



THE State of Kentucky still retains its supremacy as the greatest cave region yet discovered. Although caverns aggregating hundreds of miles in length have there been explored by venturesome guides, equally wonderful discoveries continue to be made, and in all probability the marvels thus far revealed in these silent, mysterious, changeless pits of eternal night may yet be surpassed.

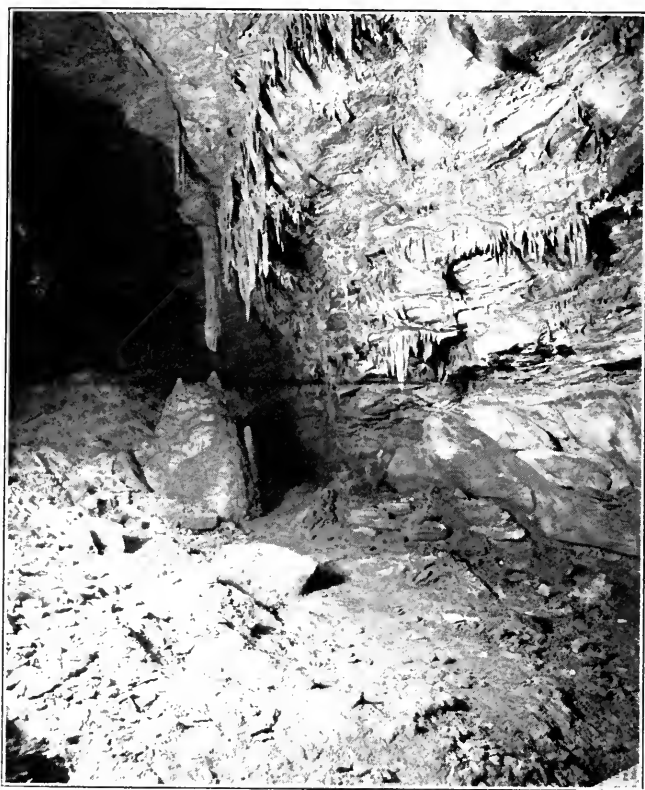
Such a "find" has been made in the Colossal Caverns. A gaping hole in the side of a hill, fringed with weeds and ferns, had long been familiar to the local residents; but as these apertures are everywhere to be seen, no attempt was made to explore it until recently. The cave entrance is on the farm of a colored man named Bishop—for many years a guide through the adjoining Mammoth Caves, who piloted many a famous visitor through their limestone lanes. This ragged-edged hole in one of his fields, Bishop sold for thirty dollars.

"And why did you sell it for only thirty dollars?" I asked the venerable son of Ham. "An' what 'ud I be a-doin' with a cave? No, sah, it wahn't worth thirty cents ter me, shore 'nuff."

Since the purchase the owners have been exploring it, and the result shows a series of gigantic caverns rivalling in some respects the Mammoth Caves. Many miles of these streets of darkness have thus far been surveyed and made accessible, though the journey is an arduous one. New ramifications are almost daily being traced, and with each new discovery fresh marvels are revealed.

The surface of the surrounding ground indicates how the caves have been made. The whole country is covered with sink holes, of which, it is estimated, there are four thousand in Edmonson County alone. These are circular and oval-shaped depressions, through which all the surface waters drain into caverns and underground streams. The three rivers of this part of Ken-

tucky thus disappear into subterranean channels. The surface rock of subcarboniferous limestone is hundreds of feet thick, providing conditions most favorable for cave formations, and this region contains more and larger caverns in a given area than any other known part of the world. The limestone plain is held up by a capping of sandstone. The deepest caves thus far found



PEARLY POOL ROOM, COLOSSAL CAVERN, KENTUCKY.

descend to a depth of three hundred and twenty feet, and in many places the waters have cut through the different levels, forming the great domes of the cave world.

It was on an August day that I visited the Colossal Caves, a world of vast chambers and domes of awe-inspiring height and breadth and fearsome depth. I found my way to their entrance



by the aid of a little pickaninny, who loaned me his mule and acted as guide. Emerging from a forest into a deep valley, scores of cave holes could be seen in the centre of the fields. Through the saucer-shaped depressions all the rains of all the ages have been drained into the cave-world underneath, and if one were venturesome enough to be lowered into any one of these earth crevices, untold additional marvels would no doubt come as a reward, but it would take no little pluck to make the attempt.

Arriving at Bishop's thirty-dollar-hole-in-the-hill, a typical Kentuckian took me in charge.

"This whole country is honeycombed with holes?" I ventured to remark, by way of starting a conversation.

"Good Lawd, I reckon it is," he promptly admitted, as he expectorated with unerring precision toward a tree target.

Provided with safety lamps, we plunged into the yawning mouth of blackness, and uninvitingly black it was in contrast with the bright sunshine of the upper world. A "descensus averni" it certainly seemed. Soon the last penetrating ray of light was swallowed up, and with the final glimpse of sunshine a cold blast of air swept up from the nether depths, chilling the blood at first, but soon acting as an elixir. The cave temperature is fifty-four degrees the year through, and the air is so highly oxygenized as to enable one to endure easily the fatigue of the journey.

The first series of roughly-hewn steps took us down one hundred and twelve feet. Walking a short distance on a level, another descent of a hundred feet was made, and then during the ten-mile trip that followed a succession of wonders came into view, the beauty and grandeur and awesomeness of which are beyond the power of words to adequately describe. On every hand is exhibited the incalculable power of water, as relentless in its eroding action as the passing of time; as leisurely in its building up processess as the coral architects. It is a realm where the centuries are as a day, the milleniums as a year—a region that makes mock of our estimate of time and laughs at the ticking clocks men have invented.

The main cave of the Colossal system is an avenue five miles long, with a beautifully arched ceiling of uniform curve and

slope. Here we were ushered into a world so unreal, so uncanny, as to set one's nerves a-tingling and one's heart a-beating with the wonder of it all. The strange effect was experienced of our tiny specks of lantern lights forcing back the black walls of perpetual night as we advanced, and from the Stygian gloom gradually emerged the striking results of nature's alchemy in ghostly



STANDING ROCK, COLOSSAL CAVERN KENTUCKY.

stalactites and weird stalagmites, in encrustations of gypsum crystals, in ceilings of iron pyrites whose points caught the reflections of light and glittered in response like so many stars.

Here to the right stretches a branch arm of the main cave, its walls having the appearance of being covered with hoar frost, so strikingly white are the gypsum clusters.

There to the left the sloping walls glisten as if set with diamonds, as pendant crystals answer to the invading light. And everywhere nature is reproduced in a hundred ways, for her twin engineers, time and water, are often in a mimetic mood. Almost every flower that has ever bloomed under God's blue sky is here mimicked; but the petals of the gypsum flowers are gigantic in size, as compared with the growths of the upper world; and almost every vegetable, too, is represented.

In Crystal Avenue there are snow-white toad-stools and mushroom beds. From overhead heights hang seeming clusters of grapes, lines of smoked hams, scores of trussed fowl, and hornets' nests without number. Curious simulations are evidenced on every hand. Now a row of pigeon boxes cut in the cliff, then a blacksmith's forge, yonder a huge bath tub, and here and there portrait galleries, with faces of all kinds in relief, startling the passerby with their suggested features. The seeming death mask of Shakespeare looks down upon the passing traveller from a wall of one of the Mammoth Caves.

Holding his light close to the cave walls, my guide showed me frogs, turtles and snakes apparently transfixed in the flint rock. Coral fossils hang in wondrous profusion from low arched roofs, and just ahead a massive cross of white is outlined against the Egyptian darkness beyond.

Fragile traceries, of exquisite beauty of detail, vie with the shawl and curtain formations of limestone. Nor is color absent, for while white and black predominate, chemical action has produced colored bands of strata that add variety and brightness to the otherwise dull interiors.

Grottoes face one all along the twisted route, and each niche and nook, each crypt and cell, each punchbowl and crater, prove anew that nature never duplicates her designs; for no two chambers are alike, as no two stalactites match each other.

So wonder succeeded wonder as valleys and hills were negotiated, for we climbed the "Steeps of Time" and gazed into Dead Seas and Bottomless Pits. One great descent was made to a fearsome depth, to the floor of Bond's Dome—a weird palace with stupendous architecture of fluted columns, eighty-five feet high, carved in ancient Karnac one might imagine. Midway up the great walls are tiers of galleries and cross-sections, their black

mouths opening angrily as if they were all devouring Gorgons. There we stood, on the bed of an ancient river of inconceivable age, and as we gazed sheer upward at the overwhelming sight, momentarily revealed by the burning of red Bengal lights, the visitor was awed into silence in keeping with the terrible silence of this black palace of nature.

Very imposing are the chaotic masses of rocks and boulders that obstruct the way and reveal something of the titanic power



GROTTO IN SNOWY VALLEY, COLOSSAL CAVERN, KENTUCKY.

which must have moved them in the long-forgotten ages. One stood in amazed surprise in a great hole, named the Ruins of Carthage, with one giant dislodged rock forty feet long, surrounded by hundreds of companions but little less massive. In the Hall of Martinique a similar scene is presented, and in Monument Hall the stranded stones are in more or less upright positions, looking, under the half light, like Druidic altars.

Continuing the inland journey, a sudden disappearance of the cave roof gives one an almost uncanny impression of a cham-

ber whose height and breadth could not be measured at one glance. Cascade Hall chanced to be its name. Looming out of the Egyptian darkness, I started back at the sight of an apparition—a colossal rock thirty feet high, standing on end. A new sound struck the ear as well, the first sound, indeed, thus far in all this world of silence, and from hidden depths came the music of a trickling stream, still at its work of cave-making. Other sounds were heard on the journey—drum-like and hollow in their nature—the echoes of our footsteps over natural bridges and thin partitions of rock.

My guide drew my attention to the big, sweating rocks all around me; but the warning to take special care of one's foothold came a trifle too late, as my feet slipped from under me and I had a picture of the cave ceiling from an entirely different point of view.

Then, instead of a dome eighty-five feet high we stood on the edge of a terrible pit, equally deep, but inaccessible save by being lowered by a rope. This was one of the bits of exploration that the guide had recently undertaken, and I was quite content that he should have the honor.

In quick succession came the Hall of the Pearly Pool, a wonder chamber in truth, with pillars of transparent alabaster stalactites, upright and prostrate, with coral fossils in between. Sheets of alabaster, moreover, hung like curtains, and with masses of fretted onyx, the striking of them producing different notes of music. All the limestone marvels here are in process of growth, from little baby stalactites no bigger than pencils, to great hereulean pillars.

Other wonders succeeded, such as the Devil's Cauldron, Snow Avenue, Florence's Avenue, a beautiful black street a mile long, and Sampson's Pillar, holding up a world of rock above.

Imitations of oak trees in limestone led to the passing thought that they were petrified forest monarchs. Fibrous gypsum clusters ornamented yet another cavern. Vast music halls, with majestic resonant effects, succeeded low-roofed corridors where a stout man would suffer much penance. It is said that some of the caves have a chord of their own, and when the right chord is struck, wonderful music effects follow. This indeed is proved true in the Echo River Cavern of the Mammoth Caves.

There came another change in the scene. Again I was startled by the unexpected. After walking on the solid limestone floor I suddenly saw a lurid scene beneath my feet. I was standing on a grating of rock, and below it were vast chambers lit by fire. It was a truly Satanic sight, with the vibrating waves of shadows playing pranks with the eye. The guide had thrown strips of lighted tow into this lower tier of cavities, and I could quite believe his word that he always "hed folks skeered right smart by the ornery sight."

At last came the climax. Yet another down-stair trip, picking one's way with great care over the tumbled rocks. It seemed as if we never would reach the bottom, and the deeper we went, the steeper became the perilous way. But there was an end, and never before had I been so deep down into the bowels of the earth, outside of a mine shaft. I seemed to be standing in a valley of giants. Encircling it were rows of pillars of enormous girth and with exquisite carvings, where nature was the sculptor instead of man. Even then I had no conception of the dimensions of this tomb of darkness. Not until the guide, by means of a steel rope and an iron platform, raised the burning Bengal lights, did I comprehend something of the indescribable grandeur of the Colossal Dome. The effect was positively frightening as one felt how puny is man compared to such a chamber of night, one hundred and sixty-five feet high—sixteen storeys one might put it—with marvelous windows, alcoves and cloisters on every side. Bottle-shaped was the strange apartment. Massive curtains of alabaster hung from its lofty sides, gypsum decorations glittered far aloft, but more wonderful than all else was the giant yellow-white stalactite hanging for ninety feet from the dim black roof. Equally wonderful in degree was its companion stalagmite half as high and twenty-five feet thick. Such is the Colossal Dome—more marvelous than the mind can comprehend; more fearfully and wonderfully made than the most vivid imagination could picture.

Our trip through the Colossal Cave ended here. It only remained to retrace our steps and make an exit through the narrow and dramatic gateway of rock, to re-climb the natural stairs and to welcome once again the blue heavens and the blessed light, the green hills and the sailing cloud. Behind were the empty hills; above and around us the world of daylight.

## The Leader

EVERMORE toiling, ever accomplishing,  
Thus we struggle and strive to the end :  
Not without joying, not without sorrow,  
Unto our tasks our lives we bend.

Who is our master ? He who goes forward,  
Strong in sincerity, leading the way.  
His is our roadmark, his is our banner,  
Far in the vanguard at close of the day.

What are we thinking ? That which he taught us,  
What he was living in dull yesterday.  
Then we knew it not ; now 'tis our impulse  
Giving us firmness to work and to pray.

Where did he find it ? Not in the bookmen,  
Not in the mystical schools of the world.  
But in the woes of the people about him,  
And the dream—glooms of his thought upcurled.

Because he was masterful, followed the truth-road,  
Lived in the dream of the future and past :  
He saw the greatness, seized it and weighed it,  
Gave it to men in a form that shall last.

This is the leader, the prophet, the genius,  
Living the truth in the dull yesterday :  
Now we all see it, preach it, believe it,  
Forgetting the Greatheart who showed us the way.

*W. Wilfred Campbell.*

## Mother of Free Nations

JOHN LEWIS.



It is not surprising that there is difficulty in defining the position of Canada within the empire, for it is new, and is changing every day. The position illustrates the capacity of those who trace their ancestry back to the British Islands, to work out new forms of government in harmony with new environments.

At first the work was roughly done. Three hundred and sixty years ago those Englishmen who did not like the existing form of government, adopted the straightforward method of rebelling, cutting off the King's head, and founding a Republic. The Republic did not endure, perhaps because the method was too violent, the change too sudden. Popular government had to make its way more slowly. The more peaceful revolution of 1688 shook the belief in the divine right of Kings, and sowed the seeds of that system of responsible government, parliamentary government, popular government, which is still growing.

A century later, a community of the same race living in America, deemed that the progress of popular government in England was too slow, and resolved to set up a Republic. This seems to be the true explanation of the American Revolution. The notion that the colonists were oppressed, that they rebelled because of intolerable grievances, is gradually disappearing. Substantially, the American colonist enjoyed more freedom than the Englishman at home, for he had freer access to land in abundance, and boundless opportunities for improving his position in life. Even if he had been taxed without representation, he would have been no worse off than the great mass of his fellow-countrymen in the British Islands. Commercial restrictions formed a grievance of a more substantial kind. But in the court of history the real justification for the revolution was that it allowed those who preferred republican to monarchical institutions to indulge their preference. It was unfortunate that this could not be done without violence, but once done, it fur-





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nished a *modus vivendi* under which monarchists and republicans could live under the form of government they preferred, and live at peace with each other. The colonization of North America enabled that to be done by Washington which could not be done by Cromwell.

From this time liberty made progress in two different channels. In Great Britain the slow but sure broadening of freedom was found to be compatible with the maintenance of the monarchy—the throne was “broad based upon the people’s will,” and to-day we see the sovereign keeping a firm hold on the affection and loyalty of the people, amid a ferment of radical ideas.

A third form of government has resulted from the expansion of the British Empire—self government as we have it in Canada, in Australia, and in South Africa to-day. Seventy years ago such an arrangement was declared to be impossible. When Canadians asked for self government it was supposed at home that they really wanted separation. Some were for letting them go in peace; some were for holding them by force or kindness in a position of dependence. Few could conceive of such a relation as has actually been developing for sixty years—union with freedom, moving toward practical equality. The wisest and best of English statesmen were astray on this point, and confidently asserted the impossibility of that which now exists. Now we have freedom progressing, not in one or two channels, but in three, all tracing their origin back to the race who fought at Naseby. I do not ignore the progress of liberty elsewhere, but there is surely something worthy of thought in the fact that these three varying forms of democracy have had their origin in the British Islands.

In this little retrospect may be found a partial explanation of the present position of Canada within the Empire, and perhaps some light upon the future. The position of Canada cannot be defined in the terms used in the early half of the nineteenth century, because it is new. If it is asked whether Canada is a colony or a nation, the answer is—neither; and if a name could be devised that would suit all the conditions of the present day, it might be quite inapplicable fifty years hence. For the position of Canada and its relation to the Empire are changing

every day, changing whenever a bit of railway is built, or land is broken for a new farm, or a new schoolhouse is opened.

To-day we hear things said that would turn the heads of a vain people. Canada, we are told, is destined to be more populous and wealthy than the United Kingdom; then to Canada would naturally fall the leadership of the British Empire. The vision captures the imagination, but not the reason. As long as monarchy is the form of government, the monarchy will have its seat in England, where is its natural environment, social and historical. It could not be transplanted to Canadian soil. Where the monarchy is must also be the machinery of administration and legislation for the Empire. Leadership would not be determined by wealth or population, any more than it is now determined by square miles.

Experience seems to teach us to be prepared for still further variations in modes of government and in international relations. As sixty years ago colonial self-government was declared to be impossible, so it might have been declared that international relations such as exist between the British Empire and the United States were impossible. Between Canada and the United States are four thousand miles of unguarded frontiers. The same sense of security is shown by the withdrawal of the British fleets from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of Canada. Both powers act as if war between them were out of the question. Here is virtually a new form of international relation—a relation which, if it existed between the powers of Europe, would render Hague Conferences unnecessary. It is not a formal agreement for peace: it is peace itself, yielding the natural fruits and benefits of peace. It suggests the hope that not only forms of government, but international relations, may be further modified to meet the needs and desires of the human race.

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## What Love Remembers

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

**W**HAT Love anticipates may die in flower,  
 What Love possesses may be thine an hour,  
 But redly gleam in life's unlit Decembers  
 What Love remembers.

## Science and Literature

A. J. BELL, M.A., PH.D.



On opening my newspaper this morning I found my attention attracted to an article entitled "Education for Utility and Culture." Our new President has been commending our University and its courses to the members of our Board of Trade, and not unnaturally has added a warning that culture, not utility, must be the aim of the business man, as well as of the professional man, or, for that matter, of any man whatever "who has to make his living or play a part in the world." And by culture the writer means "a training in the art of discovery through long continued exercise of the faculties of observation, comparison, and inference." It is not the subject of a man's study that matters, but the spirit in which he deals with it; whether he is busy burdening his mind with information that is often only partially true, or in training his mental powers to discover truth in the subject-matter with which he is busied. Obviously it is the spirit of the student that matters, and not the subject of his study, whether that be "Greek, or chemistry, or finance, or a play of Shakespeare," the important point is to train the student to find the truth for himself. "Research is related to knowledge as antecedent is to consequent and as cause is to effect." This is true objectively; but surely to the student who deserves the name, research is related to knowledge as consequent is to antecedent and as effect is to cause. This should be our main reason for imparting to our students knowledge, or what seems to us to be so; it must serve as the starting point for future achievement, it must be the lamp to direct them to new and clearer light, it must serve to strengthen and refine the light it sheds.

But while the maintenance of the spirit of inquiry is of prime importance for a student, surely the subject-matter of his study is not without its influence on his mental development and outlook. Will it make no difference whether the student is taught to admire the work of Homer or that of Archimedes, the work of Shakespeare or that of Bacon, the work of Burke or

that of Herbert Spencer? The light that irradiates the human mind is not white light; it is colored by instincts for what we call beauty, majesty, nobility, and virtue. Is the mental outlook quite the same for the man who knows the world only through the work of Newton or Gauss or Cayley, and for the student of Plato, or Dante, or Browning? Those who have directed our education till now have felt the need of uniting these two lines of culture in our training; and to-day, when the triumphs of science show themselves not merely so great, but so useful to man, as to tempt us more and more to turn our attention mainly in that direction, perhaps it is worth while to consider for a little why it is well to emphasize the claims of literature as a constant and necessary part of the training of every student, no matter in what department of study he is anxious to become a specialist.

It is only of late that the material rewards offered to the student of science have become so great with us in Canada, that there seems to be some danger of their obscuring the greater intellectual advantages to be won in all departments of study. At the present moment the danger we must guard against seems to be not so much that of mistaking the memorizing of facts and information for culture as that of undervaluing the culture to be acquired in humane studies, in comparison with the wealth and material advantages offered to the scientific expert in the development of the resources of this new land. The question whether a man should devote his life to literary pursuits or to scientific studies is no new one, and in answering it, the first thing to consider is the mental constitution of the man with its special aptitudes, which will reveal themselves with greatest clearness to himself; so that we may, as a rule, trust a student with the decision of the question as to his course of study. But for the moment there does seem to be a danger lest the noblest rewards that scientific study has to offer be obscured by the material advantages which it now offers to the clever student, and lest many be attracted rather by the rewards of their achievements than by the achievements themselves. The attractive power of scientific discovery is in itself so great, and the range of attainment in literary achievement so restricted, that we can only wonder that scientific studies have not long ago drawn to

themselves all who have the opportunity of devoting themselves to higher studies of any kind.

It was just a hundred and sixty years ago that Voltaire weighed them against all else that the higher studies of his day had to offer; and perhaps the conclusion reached by the clearest head of the eighteenth century may not be without interest for us. In October, 1747, he had been visiting Fontainebleau with Mme. du Chatelet, and over the gaming table, where she had been losing his money as well as hers, had in his impatience stooped to whisper to her in English, "Don't you see you are playing with cheats?" Next moment he saw that the words had been heard and understood, and probably meant the Bastille for himself. He retreated with all possible haste to the chateau of his old friend, the Duchesse du Maine, and there spent over a month in a room with closed shutters, his presence being known only to the Duchess herself and to one or two servants. Every night about two in the morning a servant of the Duchess brought him to the Duchess' room, where during a little supper he listened to her memories of the court of the Sun-King, and in return read to her his work of the day. One of the stories read under these circumstances relates the adventures of Micromégas, a young student from a planet of Sirius' system, who in his "Wanderjahre" reaches our Solar system, and presently, accompanied by a native of Saturn—a dwarf in comparison with him—visits our earth. At first neither of them could discover anything living there; but a collar of diamond beads worn by Micromégas happens to break, and his companion, picking up one of the smallest, about one hundred and sixty feet in diameter, finds it an admirable microscope, and by its aid discovers a whale in the North Sea. This Micromégas' companion picks up with great care, and, putting it on his thumb-nail, shows it to the Sirian, who fails to discover any trace of a soul in the curious little creature. But next the microscope reveals to them a ship returning from the Polar Sea with a company of scientists and philosophers. Micromégas, after examining it on his thumb-nail, puts it in the palm of his companion. The company, for the visitors quite invisible to the naked eye, was revealed to them by the microscope. Interested in their movements, Micromégas believes he sees them in the act of speaking to one another, and

clipping a shaving from his finger-nail, he uses it as an ear-trumpet, and finds he can by its aid hear the murmurs of these animalcules. Understanding their French—for have we not said that Micromégas was a student? and what student could fail to understand the universal language?—Micromégas, with great precautions in modulating his tones, ventures to address the “invisible insects.” His size is too great for them to realize the speaker, and the dwarf from Saturn is needed as an interpreter. Him they can see, and in a few minutes the geometer of the company tells him his height, exactly to an inch. Micromégas has to lie down to be measured; for while he was erect, his head was too far above the clouds to be visible to the company. But when he offers himself in a recumbent posture, our geometer has his dimensions in a few minutes, and presently astonishes him further by telling him of the intelligence of bees, and of creatures which are in size to bees what bees are to men. On questioning the geometer further, Micromégas finds that he can tell him the exact distance from Sirius to the constellation of the Twins, the exact weight of their atmosphere, and other marvels, till the man from Saturn believes him a wizard. Micromégas is led to ask the wonderful insects whether they know what is within them as well as without, and at once all feel qualified to give him an account of the origin and nature of the soul—accounts far from clear or satisfactory to him, and in time a little creature in a square bonnet essays to set forth for him the philosophy of Aquinas, and begins by telling him that the universe and all that it contains has been created for man. In the convulsions of laughter which follow this, the ship unfortunately falls from the thumb-nail of Micromégas into the pocket of the dwarf from Saturn, from which it is recovered with difficulty. Micromégas gives the secretary of the company a book which explains the purpose of the universe, but on their arrival in Paris they find it blank.

It is clear from his story that Voltaire sets little store by any but the natural sciences, and indeed the magnificent results already attained by them in his day might seem to justify him in this. Copernicus’ proof of his heliocentric theory in the beginning of the seventeenth century had led to the theory of Newton at its close; and the most earnest work of Voltaire up



to this time had been directed to ensuring its acceptance with the French instead of the philosophy of Descartes. Throughout his life he seems to have been cheered by his consciousness of man's achievements in this sphere, a frame of mind manifest in him, when in his old age he resolved to see justice done to God, and erected a church at Ferney, the only one, he used to say, in the world dedicated to God and not to a saint. This, in an absent fit, he dedicated *Deo Solo*, an inscription which in a few days he altered to *Deo erexit Voltaire*. He is plainly satisfied with God and man, with everything, in short, except *l'infâme*. We may imagine how his satisfaction would have been enhanced could he have known, for instance, how the spectrum would reveal to us the chemical composition of Sirius. But by the time this triumph had been won a revolution had come upon the minds of men. Through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries man had exulted in his ability to overcome the obstacles presented by distance or minuteness; the telescope and microscope had filled him with delight and wonder. But in the nineteenth century, in the midst of triumphs even greater and more unforeseen, there settled more and more on the minds of men the consciousness of the insignificance and brevity of their existence; the idea that had caused Micromégas to shake his sides was lost in the consciousness of how small a rôle man must play in a universe so infinite. Considered from the physical side, how transitory is Galileo compared with the lamp in Pisa's *duomo*, whose vibration suggested to him the pendulum. Every visitor still sees it, and it will probably be seen and admired for centuries. But where is the brain and intelligence of the sage whom it inspired?

Not through physical nature, and not through his triumphs over physical nature, does man realize his relation to a higher sphere or a higher life. In this material universe, what place is left after death for him "who battled for the true, the just," but "to be blown about the desert dust or sealed within the iron hills." Man brings to his study of nature and what it offers not merely the skill to measure and compare, to deduce and to foretell, which have wrought such triumphs in science; he brings an instinct for the beautiful, for the right and the true, for God and for the infinite. Where are these instincts to find

their satisfaction? Where have they found their satisfaction in the past but in literature, which is the record of man's feelings in face of nature and its charms, of man and his deeds, noble or shameful, of God and immortality. Swinburne, who in his *Garden of Proserpine* is thankful that there is no immortality for man, that "even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea," when he comes to envisage the loss of his master, Landor, instinctively set aside the possibility of his annihilation by death. And what is our Bible, which we have taken as our textbook of God and of immortality, but the noblest and loftiest of literatures?

In literature, then, it seems to me, lies the value for the sense of insignificance and transiency which Science forces upon us; there we can discover the instincts of the human mind, to satisfy which we must transcend physical nature and the material universe. It matters not that but little progress to certain truth has been made in the sphere of these instincts, that but slow progress at best is to be hoped for here; nay, it is in the very nature of such instincts that truth in them should fail to appear clear and definite to beings so limited as we are. We cannot define the beautiful, the good, the infinite; "here we see as through a glass darkly." Man's facile and certain triumphs in the realm of the physical, the just boast of our era, have yet failed to satisfy what is noblest in him—

"If we trod the deeps of ocean, if we struck the stars in rising,

If we wrapped the globe intensely with one hot, electric breath,

'Twere but power within our tether, no new spirit power comprising,

And in life we were not greater men, nor bolder men in death."

In the satisfaction of these higher instincts lies the only lasting satisfaction for the spirit of man, and in literature we find their record and their best evidence.

More difficult to answer is the question, To which literature, then, is it best to turn? For there are many literatures; but best commended to us seems to me the literature of the Greeks, who have been our guides in things which pertain to beauty and art. Great, too, is the advantage offered by the Greek and Latin literatures in the very difficulties these languages present in form and structure; for hard must be the dust that is to polish the diamond. But while advance is slow in the satis-

faction of man's nobler instincts. I make no question but that there is advance in that sphere too, and that "the thoughts of man are widened with the process of the suns." The literatures of our own day should be able to teach us much for which we range the classics in vain. If the classics, however, are to have a place in our training at all, they must have an early place, when the mind is still plastic enough to assimilate them with some ease; and this mastering brings with it to the study of literatures of our day, moulded and shaped as they have been by students of the classics, such insight and delight, that we cannot afford to want it. While it would be absurd to frame a course for the higher culture of our youth, in which the study of the Greek and Latin classics had no place, it does not follow that our English literature, or the sister literatures of France and Germany, should be neglected for that reason. The study of Latin and Greek need not absorb all our hours: and the student of these languages will find himself amply repaid for the time and labor devoted to them in his enhanced appreciation of the literature of our own day.

### Telesm

HELEN M. MERRILL.

A GREY bird in the grass  
 Where warm winds pass,  
 And playful shadows rest  
 A thought's time on its breast :  
 Flower of the apple in bloom,  
 Filling with faint perfume  
 A world that is fair ;  
 Oh, never do wings of care  
 Brood in the hearts which behold  
 Wonders in leaf and flower,  
 Chalices brimming with gold—  
 Truth in the voice of a bird  
 In the springing sedges heard—  
 Hope in an arrow of light  
 Cleaving the pine wood's night—  
 Oh, never hath care a place  
 In my heart where the infinite grace  
 Of flower, and bird, and bee,  
 Hath might, and a thought of thee.

## Impressions of Canterbury

P. W. BARKER, '08.

“And specially from every shire’s end of Engeland to Canterbury they wend.”—*Canterbury Tales*.

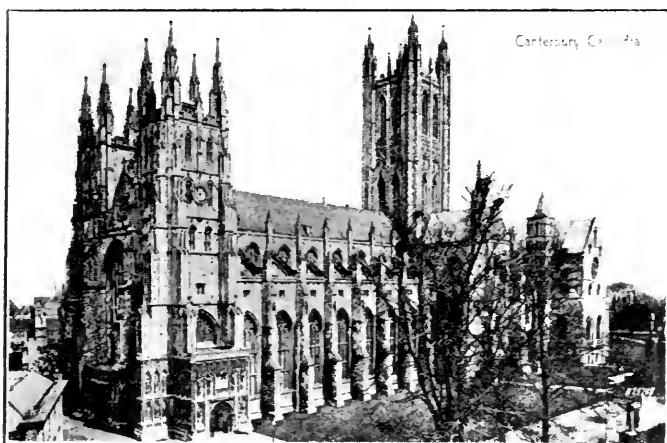


F Chaucer’s words were true in 1380 they are more significant to-day, for the charm of Canterbury of the present draws from a wider realm—from the “Engeland” beyond the seas, and from the whole world. Canterbury was an ancient city even in the far-off days of the father of English poetry; but Chaucer came more especially to do homage at the shrine of Thomas à Becket. To-day the limits of that resplendent shrine are only marked by the hollow worn in the pavement by the knees of countless multitudes of pilgrims.

Wherein lies the popularity of the old city to-day? It is not alone in the glorious old cathedral, rich with memories of the storied past; not alone in St. Martyn’s, the oldest church in England, nor in the other numerous points of interest, but in the indefinable and elusive charm, “the light that never was on sea or land,” that seems to tinge everything. To illustrate my point, let me call to my aid that great lover of Canterbury, Charles Dickens: “The venerable cathedral towers and the old jackdaws and rooks, whose airy voices made them more retired than perfect silence would have done; the battered gateways, once stuck full with statues, long thrown down, and crumbled away like the reverential pilgrims who had gazed upon them; the still nooks, where the ivied growth of centuries crept over gabled ends and ruined walls; the ancient houses—everywhere, on everything—I felt the same serener air, the same thoughtful, softening influence.” Even the most hardened American tripper, whom Marie Corelli so scathingly criticizes, could scarcely visit Canterbury without coming under its influence.

The city walls, parts of which are still standing, carry us back to the days of the ancient Britons. A mound in the “Dane John” or “Don Jon” pleasure grounds is also ascribed to our Druid ancestors. The Romans utilized these walls to make their “stronghold in the swamp,” and Canterbury became a prom-

inent Roman post. Christianity was introduced in the first century by the Romans, and St. Martyn's Church is probably, with one exception, in Dover Castle grounds, the sole remnant of their places of worship. Most of these churches were destroyed by our fierce Saxon ancestors, and the people of Kent became worshippers of Thor and Woden. Then over yonder Roman road from Dover, still defying man and time, came St. Augustine with his band of monks; and hymns of praise were again heard in old St. Martyn's on the hill. Here Ethelbert was baptized, and Christianity flourished till the hardy Norseman came. Fin-



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

ally the Normans appeared, and William of Normandy took possession of the old castle, now in ruins; and from that time on the history of England is wrapped up with that of the Archbishop, and is more or less familiar to us all. Standing in the quaint, old-fashioned streets of the city, it is not difficult to picture again the days of the brave knights of old.

But besides the history of the city, the grand old cathedral, towering over all like a great presiding spirit, and visible from all points, demands our attention. Its very antiquity lends a charm—for this is the mother cathedral, as Canterbury is the mother city of England. The cathedral was built on the foundations of a former Roman church, but as it now stands it was

begun by Anselm in 1096, and the nave completed in 1410. Thus it includes Norman, early English and perpendicular Gothic styles of architecture, all blended into one wondrously harmonious whole. The dimensions may aid one in grasping the size of this great pile—537 feet in length. The “Bell Harry” tower, so celebrated by Dickens in *“David Copperfield,”* reaches a height of two hundred and fifty feet, two and one-half times as high as the tower of the main building of the University, and is said to be the finest in Europe. The two west towers are



WEST GATE—CANTERBURY.

superb, and the delicate carving of the Norman tower is exquisite. The nave is lofty and impressive, especially when

“Through the long drawn aisles and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.”

The entrance and west end are set with statues of kings of England since King Ethelred, and each is over-arched with stone carving as delicate as lace work. The crypt, of Norman architecture, is, according to Dean Farrar, “the largest and loveliest in England, replete with every form of human interest.” The rounded arches are supported by pillars carved with hatchets, and the work is indeed worthy of those old Norman monks, whose labor was one of love.

But the chief interest to the student is not the architecture nor antiquity, but the associations of the cathedral. What a host of great spirits live again at our call as we walk about the cloisters and through the ivy-covered "Dark Entry" of the *In-goldsby Legends*! Here St. Augustine labored to convert heathen Kent. Here also King Alfred worshipped and Dunstan was enthroned as Archbishop in the old marble chair of St. Augustine, still shown to visitors. King Canute, making oblation of his golden crown to the cathedral, appears in our vision. The mighty Conqueror himself is one of the great company, for he granted compensation to the Archbishop for taking Canterbury Castle in 1067. Lanfranc and then Thomas à Becket come before us. The spot where à Becket fell is still shown. The story of his canonization and King Henry's penance are well known to us all. To-day all that is left of that great shrine is a single gold crescent, brought from the Holy Land by the Crusaders, and suspended on the vaulted, fair-tracied stone roof above. That arch destroyer, Henry VIII., obtained seven cart loads (on the authority of our guide) of gold ornaments and jewels from the shrine. Close to this once hallowed spot rest the remains of our loved Black Prince, while above his tomb hang his shield, his coat of mail, and his gauntlets. Near this tomb lie the remains of King Henry IV. and his Queen. Other noted tombs include those of Anselm, Lanfranc, Archbishop Temple, and Dean Farrar. And over all the "dim religious light" is shed by beautiful thirteenth century windows of painted glass, among the most priceless of early glass painting in all Europe. But we must reluctantly turn our backs on the old grey towers with the rooks circling round them, for other things of interest remain to be seen.

Naturally our feet turn towards old St. Martyn's, situated on a commanding elevation overlooking the city, and flanked by an old Dutch-like windmill, so common in Kentish landscapes. On our way we pass through the Dark Entry, past the famous King's School the oldest boys' school in England, and St. Augustine's College, also the first in Great Britain. Then we pass the "Little Inn," mentioned in *David Copperfield*, where Mr. Micawber "waited for something to turn up." St. Martyn's is one of those old churches with square, battlemented, ivy-

mantled towers, which are so frequently met with. The ivy trunk is so thick at the base that it looks as if it had clung to the tower even in St. Augustine's day. The interior is finished in rough



CANTERBURY—PRECINCT GATE.

stonework, like the outside, and traces of Roman work are evident. The Saxon font was used by St. Augustine and is still utilized for baptisms. One can almost hear the hymns of praise sung by St. Augustine and his monks in the midst of heathen England, when this church meant so much to Christianity.

True Protestants and lovers of religious freedom visit with reverence the Martyrs' Memorial, a shaft erected to the memory



of forty-one Kentish martyrs burned in Canterbury in Queen Mary's time. The names inscribed on the obelisk include eight women. On one side are the words, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and on another side, "Lest we forget." The writer was also privileged to stand before the complementary memorial to Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley at Oxford.

Space will not permit a description of the Dane John pleasure grounds: "Ye Old Chequers Inn," celebrated in *Canterbury Tales*; the buildings of the Canterbury weavers dating from Huguenot times, when Canterbury was a refuge for French exiles; or the buildings of the Grey Friars and White Friars. But an article on Canterbury would be incomplete without mention of its curious old gabled shops, its narrow streets, and its essentially Old World houses, "which seem to lean over as if to listen to what is going on in the narrow streets below." West Gate Towers, once used as a prison and chief gate of the city wall, is noted as the finest gateway in England. At its portals was focussed the trade of England to and from the Continent, and here the various Kings of England received the freedom of the city. It was at this spot that King Henry doffed his royal robes and put on his pilgrim garb to walk barefooted to the cathedral to do penance at à Becket's shrine. The writer was privileged to see this battlemented gateway illuminated at the French soldiers' celebration of the "Entente Cordiale" between the two nations, when tri-color and Union Jack waved side by side as if there had been no Trafalgar or Waterloo. His companion has vivid recollections of the same occasion, for near the West Gate Towers he received a continental salute on each cheek when the effervescing Frenchmen were saying their adieus on the way to the station. Canterbury contains a splendid art gallery, with paintings by Burne-Jones and other famous artists, and a fine museum, but space will not permit of further description.

In concluding this article, which constitutes, as it were, "wings which take me back and hold me hovering over those days," let me hope, as one of its results, that in your trip abroad, Canterbury may be one of the first and best places in your itinerary; and that your memories of it may be as pleasant as those of the writer.

## The University and the Fine Arts

J. W. L. FORSTER.



UTILITIES demand first place in our national schools of every grade, from the lowest to the highest. Any educational proposition that does not consider them may be promptly set aside as unsuited to our country and our times. While this is true, it is also not far from the facts that crafts and trades are supplied by apprenticeships only, and the courses of study in any College Calendar will be found to serve chiefly the professions. The interpretation of utility is, therefore, limited to a more or less narrow purpose. This limited application is found in every study, and for this reason many courses, with many more alternatives and options, are required to meet the needs of the various vocations served by study courses in our colleges. Amongst the professions, the one that has received the least assistance from the schools is that of the artist.

The place given to the artist in the courts of the civilized nations is in itself conclusive as to the prime place he should have in schools of learning; and, if a curriculum has not been provided for him hitherto, the time has arrived when such might well be considered. There are two or three ways in which this suggestion might be adopted, it seems to me; one is suggested by the Slade Professorship in Oxford, of which John Ruskin was the first to occupy the chair. This makes provision for twelve lectures on art, and a practical course in drawing and general art school work. There is The Fine Arts Course, as in Syracuse (N.Y.) University, with diploma on graduation, and there is the course in Aesthetics, as in the University of Paris. The universities quoted are by no means the only examples, but are named, that their respective calendars may be examined to see at once to what I refer.

It is not my intention in this article to discuss these several courses of study, but merely to introduce the general proposition of a place in the university for Art and Aesthetics. The artist has hitherto been personally more or less indifferent to the virtues of his craft, to the moral influence of his productions,

and to the respect, I may say esteem, accorded to his profession by common consent. He has been infatuated with the technique of his work, and forgetful of other paramount qualities. As a whole, the artists of to-day are well informed, but this is the result of desultory reading and an open mind. If to this was added a systemized course, how great the gain would be. Their greatest need is knowledge. I would ask for my profession the most scholarly instruction in art history to be had, a knowledge of what the art of the world, both ancient and modern, has had to do in influencing the domestic and social life of the nations, and how much of national history may be read in their art. The growth of style, of ornament and design, of the many decorative features that mark tribal kinships; the ethical side of art; the art impulse, its power and direction; beauty and the whole library of aesthetic literature having foundation in the art sense—all these are his birthright, and should be placed before him. One might commence at this point and take up the hundred forms of useful truth applicable to the artist and serviceable to his profession and daily life.

But it is not to the professional artist alone that this proposition appeals, although it should appeal principally to him. Artistic feeling is not confined to artists, but is present in a greater or less degree in the whole human family. Such a course of study commends itself, in a measure at least, to every intelligent man or woman who cares to think or who has a moment's leisure for the purpose. One of the desirable objects of the study of aesthetics is the right and best use of leisure.

The spirit of our continental American life is rapidly changing. The simplicity, the piety and the frugality of the Puritan and the Loyalist are passing, if not gone, and in their place has come the love of pleasure which has been caught from the continental European, who is with us in overwhelming numbers. Dr. Giddings, Professor of Sociology in Columbia University, speaking of this European influence, says: "We are feeling the contagion of his lightness of heart. By adopting his amusements—and his indulgences—we are fitting ourselves for the rational enjoyment of the leisure and the luxury which inevitably will be the heritage of the future American people." The problem of the United States is quite as much the problem of

the people of Canada. I cannot now discuss the part the home should play, and what the Church must do, but it is the concern of the educational system that an intellectual and healthy leisure be made possible for the millions who are said to toil incessantly, and also for the thousands who rest continually. It is not more life, but better life, we want. Even the recasting of creeds is less than the re-creation of ideals which are readjusting the relationships of nations, races, and society everywhere. Improvement in agriculture and other industries is touching the enterprise of many and the interest of all. In diet and home comforts the English-speaking peoples have at command more luxuries than Solomon, Croesus or Agricola. Whether this supply of wealth and luxury will tend to the aesthetic development of these great peoples or to their decay and degradation, as similar luxuries did for Babylon, Thebes and Athens, will depend upon the life ideals given to the youth of our country.

High ideals have already followed in the wake of scientific research, and have created improvements in enterprise, a remodelling of business methods, and a recasting of social codes and conditions. A broader system of ethics is emphasizing the claims of a man's neighbor and the rights of his brother. The great accumulations and the general distribution of wealth are now drawing the attention of thinkers to the problem of the right use of wealth, whether to feed the semi-barbarian affectations that lead indirectly to grossness and unwholesome indulgence, or to promote the culture of the finer graces of character by wholesome occupations of the mind. Shorter hours of toil and longer periods of leisure present the same problem. The conveniences of communication and travel, with leisure and wealth, are creating incentives to self-restraint, while liberating the impulses of an artistic nature. This is the field of the new adventure; and the colleges must follow the lure. They are supplying curricula for the miner, agriculturist, mariner, manufacturer, electrician, for statecraft, law, healing, morals, music, etc., yet they are barely beginning to consider Art and Aesthetics as fundamentals to the better modes of life.

Aesthetics have already received attention from many of the European universities, and the framing of a curriculum with



CLASS OF '08 EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM.

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Aesthetics as the basis would have many arguments to commend it to the young men and women of our country. It commends itself especially to those favored with abundant leisure (if such be a favor), because of the larger mental outlook it should give. It would suit happily the busiest men of great cities, whose brief snatches of leisure it is desirable most wisely and profitably to employ. For professional men it should have many attractions in the development of taste and in the appreciation of beauty, and to all of an artistic nature its appropriateness is sufficiently evident to make argument unnecessary.

To the women of the land who are homemakers the attractions of Art and Aesthetics might reasonably appeal, for all the elements of this most interesting and many-sided study seem brought into focus in the home. In the home sphere is to be found the soil for the most prolific and healthy growth of the aesthetic spirit. Everything responds readily to natures matured in such a school, for all the graces of being, whether of feminine perfections or the virtues of masculine character, thrive together in such an atmosphere. A place in the Calendar for Art and Aesthetics may be advocated as a blessing to the homes of our country, as an aid to the ideals of our youth, as a moral specific in our social and public life, and as the grace and crown of our national well-being.

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## Sorrow

II ISABEL GRAHAM.

SORROW, thy name is Wonderful :  
The blossoms of thy rod  
Fall gently on the stricken soul,  
Their incense borne abroad :  
'Tis through the medium of their tears  
Men see the thought of God.

## The World's Christmas

AGNES MAULE MACHAR (FIDELIS.)

### I.

#### DEATH.

**F**AST fades the light, still waning, waning;  
The world has grown cold and grey;  
Its brightness fled—death and darkness gaining—  
O'er the sweet light of day.

And the keen north wind drives the sere leaves flying  
From the wreck of the beauty dead,  
While in gloom and sorrow the earth is sighing  
For the light of a day that is dead.

Yet see, in the east, a rose-tint glowing  
Marks the place of the hidden sun,  
And it shall not fail till the dawn be showing  
The Christmas Day begun!

### II.

#### LIFE.

There's a life undying, ever at war  
With darkness and dull decay,  
Shining afar, in the Christmas Star—  
The herald of Christmas Day!

And leaf, and bud, and flower shall awake  
As the strong life-current grows,  
And the desolate lands into bloom shall break  
As the south-wind softly blows.



'Tis the breath of the Lord of light and life—  
The Child who to earth came down  
With the message of Peace to a world at strife—  
The Child with the Kingly crown!

'Tis the Spirit of Love and life that broods  
O'er the dark and sin-tossed earth.  
And bears, to its farthest solitudes,  
The Song of the Christmas Birth!

Its music swells o'er the busy marts,  
Through echoing arch and dome,  
And breathes 'mid the wilds, to lonely hearts,  
A soft, sweet note of home.

It brings to the sad, the sick, the poor,  
A touch of the Love Divine;  
It throws the light of its radiance pure  
To the depths of the darkest mine.

And it calls the slumbering Church of God,  
In stronger than trumpet-tone,  
To rise in her might, and ride abroad,  
To bring to the King His own;

To bring to the world that toils in vain,  
'Neath its burden of sin and wrong,  
The ransom from evil, and death, and pain—  
The King it hath looked for long!

And she musters her hosts for the great Crusade,  
And her banners stream far and wide,  
As she hastes to bear to the world He made  
The light of His Christmas-tide!

## The Home-Coming

JEAN BLEWETT.



THEY are mother and daughter one can see at a glance. The girl is fair, the mother has been; the girl's hair is shiny brown, the woman's has been; the girl's cheek is pink and round, the woman's has been; the girl is plump and dimpled and sweet, the woman has been. They are objects of interest to the rest of us from the time they take the train at Chicago, early in the morning, until they leave it at a little Canadian town in the dusk of evening.

The gruff old man in the silk skull cap nearly bursts a blood-vessel in a vain attempt to raise a window when the girl exclaims against the stuffiness of the coach; the tall college youth, on his way home for the holidays, presses the morning papers and a magazine upon them; the fussy passenger, the lady with the alligator bag, the chap who brushed his hair every five minutes, the woman across the aisle, and her friend with the bag of peppermints, the man with the asthma, the girl with the pompadour, the drummer—everybody, pays attention to the girl who is fair and the woman who has been—that is, everybody but the Englishman in the tweed suit. He keeps a wall of reserve and a newspaper between himself and his fellow travellers.

There is an air of goodfellowship in the way the girl looks at her mother, leans toward her, laughs with and at her. One feels that they have lived much by themselves and grown to be comrades. And they must have lived in big spaces, for they speak loudly. It is doubtful if the girl knows how to whisper. The little woman gets nervous and excited as the day wears on. Every half-hour she asks the girl, who carries a tiny watch at her waist, the time; she wonders if the train is not late.

"I know somebody that's getting tired," cries the girl.

"Not tired, Janie; restless like. It's getting so near home does it. Fifteen years is a long while to be away from kith and kin." Poor little faded woman! somehow you feel the home-sickness of the years touch you.

"You can't remember the old place, you were only a bit of a baby when we left it. You don't know how often I've

wished you had been older. If we could have talked together about it, things would have seemed easier."

Janie drew the woman's hand in hers. "Homesickness must be a mortal mean disease," she exclaims; "I've never had it."

"Homesickness"—a thrill of passion in her voice—"is the worst kind of starvation, it's being famished for something you know you can't get, no matter how hard you cry for it, and the more you know you can't get it, the harder you want it, till—" She breaks off and looks out of the window.

The man in the skull cap coughs huskily. The Englishman gives his paper an impatient rustle.

"Oh, you poor mammie, is it so bad as that?" cries Janie.

"Everybody allows it was the best thing your pa ever did when he sold his farm in Ontario and got that big place in Dakota. Maybe it was, but it was awful hard on me. I used to get so lonesome for a woman to talk to; not a neighbor within miles of us—think of it! Your pa is kind as the next one, but you can imagine how much sympathy I'd get from him, busy as he was. 'We came out here to make money, my girl, so why worry over a trifle,' he used to say when I'd carry on. It wasn't a trifle that I couldn't see father or mother, or your Uncle Tom. Oh, how I missed Tom. One summer we had a chore boy that laughed like Tom, and I nearly killed him with kindness, got him so fat and lazy he wasn't any good on earth, your pa said." She laughs a quavering laugh, which is echoed by Janie.

"Just supposing you were hundreds of miles away from me, and knew you couldn't get back to me, no matter what happened, you—"

"Oh, but I would," cried Janie; "I would, I would!"

"I used to fancy I heard the maples fluttering, and as for the old house, I could shut my eyes any time and see every knot in its boards, every pane in its windows, every hollyhock and morning-glory round its door. Lord bless you child! I hope you'll never have to go through what I've gone through. No wonder I'm old and faded." The tears of self pity stand in her eyes. "Fifteen years is a long time to be away from your own folks. I've been lonesome for the very hill we climbed on our way to school, for the green pump in the garden, the creek behind

the barn, the creaky old gate—everything. Got it in my head the sky didn't come near so close to the earth as it did in Ontario. Honestly, Janie, the ache never left my throat till you grew big enough to be a comfort."

Janie's arm is around the woman's neck. "Don't feel bad about it now," she urges; "we'll soon see it all. Tell me about grandma, that's a dear."

"I ought to have told you heaps about her, but as soon as I begin, the love I have for her kind of swells up and chokes me. I always leaned on her; it'll seem good to lean on her again, when—I declare, I keep forgetting that I'm not a girl any more."

The Englishman flings down his paper and gives his coat-collar an impatient twist. "Dence take these women and their sentiment!" the twist says plainly.

The little woman from the prairie is not thinking of her audience at all. She is going home, home, home. Exhilaration and nervousness make her garrulous. She has stored these memories in her breast for so long, so long; and now, with the welcome and gladness near, it is a joy to pour them out to Janie.

"One night I nearly scared your pa to death. You were sick; we thought you'd die before morning. My heart just broke as your little face got whiter and whiter. I ran outdoors and called 'Mother! mother! mother!' at the top of my voice. The cattle lifted their sleepy heads over the bars to look at me, the corn tassels rattled in the wind, and your pa—well, he made sure I'd gone out of my mind. I went back quiet as could be. I've wondered sometimes if God didn't take it as a sort of prayer, which it was, and answer by making a woman of me."

The tears are in Janie's eyes—and in ours. He of the skull cap blows his nose noisily; the asthmatic lady's breath comes in heavy gasps; the Englishman turns his back on the whole sentimental lot of us and gazes out of the window; the woman across the aisle empties every beloved peppermint in Janie's lap.

A silence falls on her as we cross the Detroit River and go flying through Canadian territory. It lasts so long that Janie grows troubled. "What is it, mammie?" cries the fresh, sweet voice. "You aren't surely—why, you're crying! Does your head ache, dearie?"

"No, I'm just thinking I'm afraid I'll look awful old to

the folks at home. Maybe if you were to put one of your blue ties round my neck. I used to wear blue. There, give me the hand glass. Take it off," brokenly, "I look a fright in it. Father used to say blue was my color, but I've got too old and bleached out for it. What if the folks wouldn't know me? When I left I looked a lot like you do now—oh, Janie!"

"Don't cry, mother; don't care. You look lovely to me, and if you don't look the same to the rest, why we'll go straight back west." Janie's fierce tenderness endears her to all.

"Hard work and lonesomeness brought the wrinkles and the grey hair. Tom and I used to laugh at old Aunt Ann's homeliness. I'm scared stiff that I look like her."

"Mammie, what's got into you? Nobody could be right down homely with eyes like yours," urges the girl, and the woman looks comforted.

The brakeman calls out their station. We all bustle forward to help them off.

"Allow me," says the Englishman, and to the consternation of the woman, and of us, picks her up and fairly carried her to the platform.

The light shines full on a white-haired man and woman. We all share a little in the joy of the home-coming. It is Janie, the girl with the wild rose bloom, and the gay, glad air, that the father gathers in his arms. Why not? She is more familiar than the woman, more like his girl, his pretty girl, who went away. But a mother makes no mistakes; her eyes

"Change not, not note a change."

And the faded little woman is gathered close, oh, so close, to the bosom where she rested as a child.

The train moves on, and all of us are very still.

## Our College---A Retrospect and Prospect

**Victoria---1829-1892**

A. L. LANGFORD, M.A.

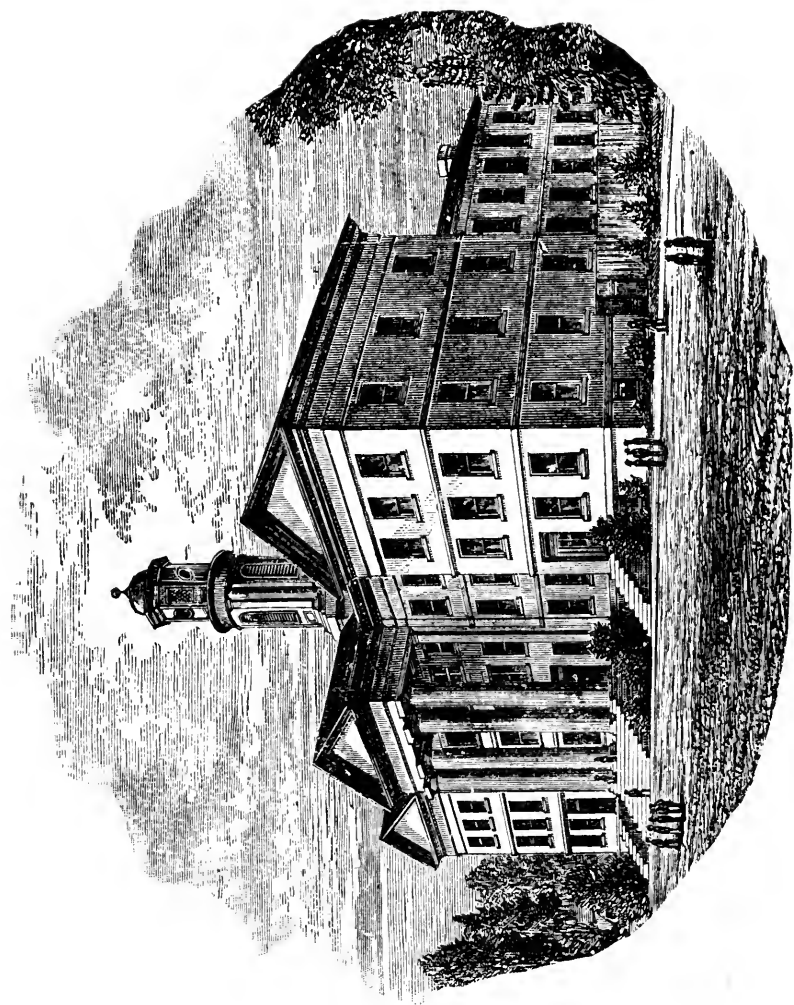


STUDENT of the educational events which occurred in the early days of this Province might very fairly wonder why it seemed necessary to the men of that time to found three Universities—Toronto, Queen's and Victoria. The duties of the early settlers was necessarily far removed from higher education, and only a small proportion of their sons could be spared for an advanced scholastic course. It would hence seem to us to have been the part of wisdom in those days to concentrate work and economize resources. What were the circumstances, therefore, that can be cited in justification of this seemingly needless extravagance?

The answer to this question will take us at once into the midst of contestants who, though their weapons were always keen, yet wielded them generally with courtesy. To understand aright the questions in the debates of 1820 and the immediately succeeding score of years, one must state briefly what had preceded this time of conflict. Governor Simcoe, the first Governor of the Province, arrived in this country with at least two definite ideas in his gubernatorial head for the betterment of its citizens, religion and education. By education he had in view not only the rudimentary schools, but also an endowed "University, which would be most useful to inculcate just principles, habits and manners into the rising generation." He further stated as his forecast for the proposed University in Upper Canada, that it might "prevent the youth of the Province going to the United States, and thus pervert their British principles." And again, the University "might in due progress acquire such a character as to become the place of education to many persons beyond the extent of the King's dominion." Governor Simcoe, besides thus starting the University question in this Province, brought to this country the man who for more than half a century did more, perhaps, than any other one man to keep the ecclesiastical and edu-

educational life of this country active. Dr. Strachan. After Governor Simcoe withdrew, in 1796, his proposed plan was "dropped and forgotten," or so it seemed.

But, thanks largely to Dr. Strachan's example and efforts, the University matter was not dropped, and in 1827 King's College was granted a charter by George IV. If, then, those in authority had not mixed with their excellent ideas on education some old world thoughts on ecclesiasticism, many subsequent educational puzzles would not have had to be solved. Dr. Strachan was the author and chief supporter of the charter, which contained "provisions which are calculated to render the institution subservient to the particular interests of the English Church." (Address of House of Assembly, 1828). Dr. Strachan regarded King's College as a "Missionary College," and held that a "further and more pressing reason for hastening the active commencement of the University will be found in the fact that our Church, in its present state, may be said to be struggling for existence." At the same time, the supporters of the University "hoped that it would be founded upon a very liberal scale, so that all denominations of Christians may be enabled, without any sacrifice of conscience or of feeling, to attend the prelections of the different professors." Dr. Strachan further showed his desire to meet the wishes of the "Dissenters" by striking out of the charter of 1827 the condition that professors should sign the Thirty-nine Articles before appointment; nevertheless he retained the requirement that they must be "members of the Established Church of England and Ireland." All the concessions made, which still left the English Church dominant, were not satisfactory to the House of Assembly and to the majority of the citizens. Petitions to the House complained of "ecclesiastical domination," and the House carried a motion "that whatever in said charter gives a sectarian character to said University ought to be done wholly away." In 1830 the House of Assembly stated that the "University as at present constituted is undeserving of public patronage." The same year a meeting of friends of Religious Liberty in York asked "that the charter of King's College be modified, so as to exclude all sectarian tests and preferences." All these protests were unavailing.



VICTORIA COLLEGE, COBBOURG.



Mid this very general opposition to King's College as then constituted, the Presbyterians and Methodists each made a move to supply what they deemed was denied them in the State College, the Presbyterians at Pleasant Bay, Prince Edward District, and the Methodists at Cobourg. The first mention of a Methodist College was at a Conference held in Ancaster in 1829, but "nothing decisive was done." Next year at Kingston, at a similar gathering, a "committee of seven devised and reported a plan for establishing Upper Canada Academy." Their report was adopted by Conference. In this report it is of interest to note that each preacher was "requested to use his best endeavors to obtain funds," and that the Academy should "be purely a literary institution. No system of Divinity shall be taught therein, but all students shall be free to embrace and pursue any religious creed and attend any place of religious worship which their parents or guardians may direct." "The object," as stated by Dr. Ryerson, "of this proposed seminary is not to compete with any College which may be established in this Province, but rather to be tributary to it." A committee was appointed to select a site, and at a meeting in Picton, Jan. 27, 1831, it chose the "village of Cobourg by a majority of 5 to 2." The places proposed were York, Cobourg, Colborne, Belleville, Kingston, Brockville. It will be seen that at this early date Toronto was already thought of as the home of Victoria, and that the move of 1892 was merely the carrying out of a proposal of sixty-one years before. At the following Conference, September, 1831, owing to the success attending the effort to obtain subscriptions, it was recommended "that the Building Committee at Cobourg proceed with the building." But the accomplishment of this was not so easily brought about. The utmost efforts of all concerned up to 1836 could raise only £4,000, leaving £2,000 for which the trustees had to become personally responsible to the bank in order to complete the payments on the building. With bankruptcy staring them in the face, and failure more than probable, the Legislature, in 1837, came to their aid and granted as a loan £4,150. (The actual payment of this money was attended with considerable difficulty.) That the leaders in the Legislature were adherents of the Anglican, Presbyterian and Catholic bodies made this generous aid all the more gratifying. This relieved the

promoters of the College from all immediate anxiety, but meantime "the formal opening of Upper Canada Academy" had taken place on the 18th of June, 1836, under the Rev. Matthew Ridley as Principal, with one hundred and twenty students, eighty of whom were boarders.

From 1836 to 1841 Upper Canada Academy played an important part in supplying a rudimentary education to the young men and women of the Province, and in some parts of it one can still find old pupils of Upper Canada Academy.

This, then, is the answer to the query at the beginning of this



VICTORIA COLLEGE

article, and with some such defence can the founders of Upper Canada Academy turn aside the charge of extravagance and wastefulness. While most of us in this day, irrespective of our Church and College attachments, may rejoice that the efforts of the Conservatives of 1800-1840 did not succeed, yet we may surely just as heartily acknowledge our great debt to them. The educational hatchets of our forefathers must be buried deep by this time, and doubtless Bishop Strachan and Dr. Ryerson, when they look out over the battlements, exchange angelic

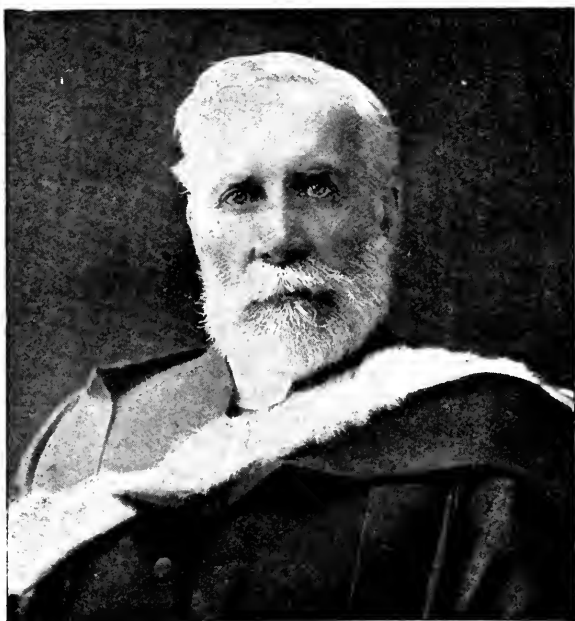
smiles as they see their intellectual descendants living together so amicably under the protection of the University of Toronto.

Between 1836 and 1841 the Academy had the usual experiences incident to such institutions, growing attendance, and in consequence deficits and shrinking funds. Still, owing to the efforts of the laymen and ministers, often at a very great personal sacrifice, the Academy was kept in operation and grew till 1841. Then, owing to King's College maintaining its sectarian attitude, an Act was passed by both branches of the Provincial Legislature, enlarging its powers to those of a University, with the name, Victoria College. At the same time a grant of £500 was made. Dr. Ryerson, in making application for the Act of Incorporation, stated that it was their "determination as far as possible to make the entire ministry of our Church as respectable for its scholarship as it is for its natural talent, practical knowledge, and self-denying industry and enterprise." Again, he spicily added that this "Ministry has been far and wide cultivating the moral wilderness of the Country, at a time when the more favored clergy of other Churches have been studying the Classics."

On October 21, 1841, the formal opening of Victoria College took place, with Dr. Ryerson as Principal. The staff consisted of: Dr. Ryerson, Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric; Professor Hurlburt, Hebrew and the Natural Sciences; Professor Van Norman, Greek and Latin; Professor Kingston, Mathematics and English; Mr. Crowley, Assistant in English; Rev. John Beatty, General Agent and Treasurer; Mr. Robert Webster, Steward. The salary of the Principal was \$800, and that of the Professors was \$600. The number of hours of teaching a day was six, and the Principal said he "did not propose to lessen their duties or to increase their salaries." The course was without any elections, apparently, and covered four years. The subjects prescribed were: Latin, Greek, English, French, Mathematics, Science, Philosophy, History and different subjects that may be grouped as Religious Knowledge. It will be noticed that there was no German. Modern Germany had not yet been discovered; Sadowa and Sedan had not yet been won. A move was soon made, however, to remedy this defect. The first graduates in course were: Oliver Springer, '46; W. Ormiston, '48; W. P. Wright, '48; Charles Cameron, '49; James Campbell, '49.

In 1850 the Rev. S. S. Nelles, M.A., was appointed Principal, and he at once set to work to increase the number of the faculties connected with the University. The Faculty of Medicine, in Toronto, was added in 1855, the Faculty of Law in 1860. When later the Faculty of Theology was added, Victoria could boast the four Faculties—Arts, Law, Divinity, and Medicine.

The next long step in advance made by Victoria was in 1871, two years after the Legislative grant was cut off. The Faculty of Theology was established largely by the generous help of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jackson, of Hamilton.



N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,  
CHANCELLOR VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

This meant an entire change of policy on the part of the authorities of Victoria. Dr. Ryerson had said, speaking of Upper Canada Academy at the beginning, "No system of Divinity shall be taught." Speaking later, when Victoria College was organized as a University he had stated that it was their object to make the ministry of the Methodist Church respectable for scholarship, thereby meaning, no doubt, general culture and information, not training in the special work of a Theological

College. Even Dr. Nelles, like many other distinguished theologians, is reported to have given a lukewarm support to the establishment of a theological department, thinking, doubtless, a ministry well equipped by a thorough Arts course was stronger than if trained in an inadequate Arts course succeeded by a special discipline in Theology. Still, times changed and views altered, and Victoria added Theology to her Faculties, with the present Chancellor, Dr. Burwash, as its first Professor, and later Dean. The Faculty grew and its work increased, till in 1891, the year before Victoria entered federation actually, the Professors numbered six and the students in Theology one hundred and ten.

The last matter to be dealt with in this statement of the crises in Victoria's history is the cutting off of the Legislative grant of \$5,000 in 1869. In varying amounts the Legislature had contributed to the maintenance of "Denominational Colleges." These Colleges had asked for this as a right, and the granting of this request had looked as if this right were acknowledged by the Legislature. It should be borne in mind, too, that Victoria at least, in accepting this money, had at the same time put herself under governmental inspection. Dr. Ryerson said in 1842: "The charter of Victoria College provides that the Speakers of the two Houses of the Legislature and the Law Officers of the Crown for Canada West shall be members of the Victoria College Board and of its Senate, and as such they have the right to visit and examine into the affairs of the College at any time. We have not asked aid from the Government without giving it ample supervision, and, if it chose, a paramount influence in the operations of the College." Till 1871-1872 some of these members of the Government are named in the Calendar as members of the Board and Senate. Notwithstanding this protection to the public interests, the Legislature overwhelmingly voted to cut off these grants. The motives back of this move of the Legislature were doubtless varied, but the following statements, made in a debate in the Legislative Assembly, December 2, 1868, might lead one to doubt the kindliness of their spokesmen towards denominational Colleges: "Make (money) grants (to denominational Colleges) conditional upon affiliation, and you will at once succeed (in bringing them in)." "Odiousness attached to denominational grants." "If the six

graduating bodies (other than the University of Toronto) were blotted out of existence (as graduating bodies), it would be a great boon to the cause of higher education." That the move was a wise and patriotic one on the part of the Government, and that the outside Colleges have been the gainers eventually, cannot now be doubted. Victoria, for instance, since getting rid of governmental aid and depending wholly on her natural friends and supporters, has made steady progress in equipment, staff, endowment and buildings. When this policy was entered upon by the Government after much discussion in 1868, and was confirmed virtually by the Federation Act, 1887, and succeeding similar Acts, the wonder naturally comes to one's mind why the late Government and the present one have gone back to the old policy of grants to denominational Colleges. It is to be hoped that educational policy and not stress of party warfare caused this reversion.

The old discussion of increased financial support for the University, and the claims of the outside Colleges upon the funds of the State for aid, brought the confederation movement and its results advantageous to all interested. That matter is too large for this article, and so must be left to abler pens and better equipped historians.

With now more than seventy years of honorable service behind her, and with prospects that seem to promise a much wider field of service in the future, why should not Victoria students and graduates feel proud and confident? *Conscientia facti satis est.*

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## The Faculty of Theology

J. F. M'LAUGHLIN, B.A., B.D.



BEVIOUS to 1871 Victoria University had no Faculty of Theology, but many students in preparation for the ministry had received instruction in the Arts course, taking their Theological studies elsewhere. Biblical History, Biblical Greek and Hebrew, Ethics, and Christian Evidences, formed a part of the Arts curriculum. For the special advantage of candidates for the Methodist ministry, classes were formed in



CONFERENCE THEOLOGY CLASS, EXECUTIVE, 1907-1908.

C. W. DOWD,  
*Association Capt.*

A. L. HIGGS,  
*Sec.*

H. S. JOSEPH,  
*Regiment Capt.*

A. F. QUIMBERG,  
*Pres.*

G. H. PURCHASE,  
*Inspector Band Capt.*

REV. J. W. GRAHAM, B. A.,  
*Chap. Pres.*

H. WILLIAMS,  
*Treas. Capt.*

R. R. STEPHENSON,  
*Treas.*

E. BRYCE,  
*Vice-Pres.*

M. WHITFIELD,  
*Leader Mission Study.*

E. McKEE,  
*Altar Capt.*





Wesley's Sermons and Watson's Institutes, and occasional classes also in Homiletics and Church Discipline.

In 1871 the Faculty of Theology was established largely as the result of the generous gifts made for that purpose by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jackson, whose memory is gratefully cherished in our halls. The Rev. N. Burwash, B.D., our present Chancellor, was made Dean and Professor of Biblical Literature and Theology. Associated with him were Rev. Chancellor Nelles; John Wilson, M.A., and Rev. A. H. Reynar, M.A. Dr. Burwash was formerly Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in the Faculty of Arts, and he continued for some years to occupy the dual position, giving instruction in Hebrew and Aramaic, Old and New Testament Exegesis, and Systematic Theology, in addition to his lectures in Natural Science. The other professors also held positions in the Faculty of Arts, yet they cheerfully undertook the additional labour now imposed upon them.

From the beginning a broad curriculum was framed, in which Biblical studies had a central and important place, and a high standard of excellence was sought. A course of four years was offered in Arts and Theology, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. This, however, was replaced in 1874 by a course similar to that now provided, requiring three years' study in Theology, at least two years of which must be taken after graduation in Arts. Instruction was also given in the subjects of the ordinary course prescribed for probationers. Then, as now, the close association of students in Arts and Theology, due to the intimate relationship of the two Faculties, was regarded as of the highest value in promoting a broad and truly Christian culture.

In the first year twenty-five students were enrolled in Theology. In 1874 the first class graduated, and the degree of B.D. was bestowed upon three candidates—Hugh Johnston, M.A.; J. R. Ross, M.A., and A. L. Russell, M.A.

In 1883 Rev. G. C. Workman, M.A., became Adjunct Professor in Theology, and in 1885 he was made Professor of Old Testament Exegesis and Literature, which position he held until his resignation in 1892. In 1884, upon the union of Albert College with Victoria, Rev. Dr. Badgley, formerly professor in Albert College, became Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Adjunct Professor in Theology. He continued a

highly esteemed member of the Faculty of Theology until his death, in 1905.

In 1887 Rev. Dr. Burwash became Chancellor of the University. In the same year Rev. F. H. Wallace, M.A., was made Professor of New Testament Exegesis and Literature, and subsequently Secretary of the Faculty. Upon the removal of the University to Toronto the Faculty was enlarged. The Rev. John Burwash, M.A., D.Sc., became Professor of Homiletics and English Bible, and Professor Wallace was made Dean. Dr. Wallace, who is a graduate of the University of Toronto, brought to his new position not only a fine reputation for exact scholarship, which he has amply sustained, but also a practical knowledge of the work of the ministry drawn from his previous experience as pastor of several of the most important churches in Ontario Methodism. The number of students enrolled this year in Theology, and under his care, is upwards of one hundred and fifty, in marked contrast to the small group of twenty-five which formed the first class thirty-six years ago.

In 1906 Rev. Dr. Blewett was appointed Professor of Ethics and Apologetics, in succession to the late Rev. Dr. Badgley, and Rev. R. P. Bowles, M.A., Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology. The present staff consists, therefore, of seven professors.

I cannot conclude this brief sketch without paying a warm tribute of respect and admiration to the four men to whose faith and courage the establishment of this Faculty was due. Two of those men are still with us, occupying honored places in the College and in the Church—the Chancellor and the Dean of the Faculty of Arts.

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## The University To-day---Its Progress and Its Problems

J. C. ROBERTSON, M.A.



N English writer, describing the Universities of Canada, has recently spoken of Toronto as "a group of Colleges founded by religious bodies in violent and bitter opposition to each other," but determined now "to repress these differences for the sake of the common good." Is it the whole truth, however,

to suggest that while the wound may have healed, a scar permanently remains? That, do what we will now, our University can never be so good as it might be, had Victoria and Trinity never had a separate existence? Or (to put the question in another form), now that sectarian strife in University matters has abated, is it at best only sentiment and loyalty to an honorable past that still keep Victoria and Trinity from complete absorption into the State University? Can their continued existence be justified, or is this simply a persisting and betraying scar?

Now, there seems good reason to believe that in this case, as often elsewhere, what has seemed to be evil has been overruled for good: that here, too, the wrath of man has been made to become praise and blessing. Two positive benefits, it may fairly be argued, have resulted from the long-drawn controversies of the last century. In the first place, perhaps no other part of our English-speaking world has so thorough an understanding of the conditions under which, in educational matters, Church and State may with advantage co-operate or supplement each other's proper work, while at the same time a solid basis of mutual respect and efficient co-operation has been laid between the various denominations, which has gone far to creating an atmosphere in which church union does not seem a mere Utopian dream.

And in the second place, it is doubtful if a happier constitution could have been devised by the united wisdom of those last-century antagonists, than accident or Providence has given us in our commingled University and College system. It is a commonplace that the constitutions which work best and last longest are not usually those framed by rule on even the profoundest of *a priori* theories, but those which have been shaped in the workshop of experience. Like the British Constitution, they may lack symmetry and may even be demonstrably illogical, but they work well, they fit the case. So our present University constitution may be complicated and anomalous, without being necessarily inferior to a more symmetrical and simple organization. In fact, so far is the existence of three separate Colleges, each with its tradition and its tone, from being a defect in our present system, that it is rather a question whether the Uni-



ROBERT ALEXANDER FALCONER, Litt.D., LL.D., D.D.  
President of the University of Toronto.

versity would not gain by having even more Colleges. For it is beginning to be realized that University College has grown too bulky and unwieldy for its members to secure to the full the many-sided benefits of student life. And it may safely be predicted that one of the changes time will bring about in the not far distant future will be the replacing of the present single State College by two smaller State Colleges. May it not be that Victoria, too, which was planned for about three hundred students, has reached the limit of profitable growth in point of numbers? We might do with better students (as we might do more for them); do we really want more students? Whatever be the shortcomings of Oxford, no one would seek to change its system of Colleges, and only one of these, it is well to remember, has as many students as Victoria.

This consideration is emphasized when we turn to present-day problems in the higher educational institutions of the United States. Repeatedly of late the unwieldiness of the huge Universities there has caused uneasiness. It is argued in many quarters that it is better for the average student to go to such small but efficient Colleges as Amherst, Brown, or Williams, than to the great Universities like Harvard, Columbia or Chicago. And in not a few of these large Universities, movements have either been instituted or are under consideration for breaking up the huge and unwieldy student mass into smaller groups for the better realizing of the aims of a University. In no case, however, so far as at present appears, is so happy a form of subdivision likely to be planned as has come to Toronto out of the turmoil and dissensions of fifty years ago.

The present generation of students scarcely realizes how rapid has been the growth of the University in recent years. Twenty-five years ago, when the present writer was an undergraduate in University College, of all the buildings which now throng the Queen's Park between College and Bloor streets, and between the residences on St. George street and those on the east side of the Park, there were then only three in existence—the Main Building, the Observatory, and the north wing of the School of Practical Science. The staff numbered about thirteen; English and History being covered by one man, who was also President (Dr., later Sir Daniel Wilson), the Natural

Sciences by three, Mathematics and Physics by two, Classics by two, Moderns by three, Orientals by one, Philosophy by one. Political Science, like Household Science, had not yet emerged. The number of Arts students in the University was slightly less than Victoria alone now has, and women students, who now form about one-third of the enrolment in Arts, were then unknown. Victoria was in Cobourg, with an attendance of about one hundred and twenty-five, a graduating class of twelve, and a staff of seven.

The advance has not been confined to the number of students, staff and buildings. The income has grown handsomely, in Victoria through the generosity of such friends as Wm. Gooderham, George A. Cox, Hart A. Massey, W. E. H. Massey, J. W. Flavelle, and others; in the case of the University, through the change from an unsympathetic to a sympathetic Provincial Government. New faculties have been added from time to time, so that now the University grants degrees (and either directly or through its affiliated institutions gives instruction) in Arts, Law, Medicine, Applied Science and Engineering, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Agriculture, Music, Forestry, and Education. In the Arts Faculty, moreover, which must always remain the central faculty of a University, not merely have new departments been established, but in the older and time-honored branches of study great changes are evident in methods and in aims. The most notable change is naturally in the various departments of Science (both pure and applied). Indeed, it is chiefly to the enormous demands for the building, equipment and manning of Science laboratories that the greatly enhanced cost of University work to-day is due.

Along with all these indications of a rapid development that has put the University of Toronto among the great Universities of America, there have naturally appeared problems that call for careful handling, and dangers or temptations against which the University must sedulously be on its guard. We have a new constitution; will it work well? For one thing, it has removed the University out of Provincial politics for the first time in its long history; it is devoutly to be hoped that both the Government and the Opposition will be content to leave it there. For the first time, too, the teaching staff has been given the place

it deserves in the management of the academical side of University business; it is highly desirable that neither the Board of Governors nor the President shall interfere with the carrying out of this wise provision. The new constitution has also apparently given the quietus to the fast-vanishing friction between the Arts Colleges, due chiefly to reluctance to accept, or inability to understand, the principle of a federation of Arts Colleges side by side with University College. Of this friction, no true friend of the University desires to see any recrudescence.

We have a new President also, whose choice, we all hope, will be fully justified by the way in which he will deal with the many problems that from time to time will face him—problems connected with student discipline, with the selection of new members of the staff, and the elimination of any inefficiency that may at any time exist, as well as with the wider aspects of University policy and administration. To the President chiefly one looks also for the solution of three problems of grave importance: how to create the right tone among the students of the University, so that the hall-mark "Torontonensis" shall have both distinctiveness and distinction; how to bring students and faculty into the most helpful intimacy; and how to influence the public opinion of the Province so that in educational affairs sound-mindedness and sympathy may greatly increase.

Other problems looming up are the right ordering of the University's system of tests and examinations; the question of co-education, which is too recent a problem for us to be sure the right solution has yet been found; and, more important still, such a development of post-graduate work that the long established and well-earned reputation of Toronto for the high quality of its undergraduate work may not be sullied by a cheap and inadequate course for the Doctor of Philosophy degree.

The University, finally, is busily occupied at present with the erection and planning of new buildings, and Victoria, too, is engaged with her new Library and the desiderated Men's Residence. It is most important, however, to realize that bricks and mortar never yet made a University. The real University is constituted of teachers and students, and any policy is short-sighted and ineffectual that subordinates brains to bricks. A staff that is undermanned or underpaid is proportionately ineffi-

cient and uneconomical. And a policy which, for the sake of increased numbers and increased fees, admits inadequately prepared students, or fails to discipline the indolent and dismiss the incorrigible, is a policy of injustice, first and foremost to the staff and the better students, but also to these defective students themselves, to their parents, and to the country at large.

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## College Societies and Activities

BY GRADUATES OF '05.



THE surpassing beauties of the lovely valley through which we journeyed, although dimmed into our ears by well-informed guides, were not sufficiently appreciated, because our attention was more directed toward the objective point we were striving to reach. Only after arriving at our destination and looking back over the route, were we able to see and remember the fulness of what we had enjoyed and gained. The value of College societies was probably not realized during the busy days when we were a part of them, but the retrospect is a revelation. What do we now see the student organizations to be? A definite and permanent factor in the culture work of the University.

In a recent talk to the University Women's Club, President Falconer emphasized the difference between education and the acquirement of information, and made a plea for a fuller recognition of the superior value of the former. In the same address was asserted the desirability of a graduate's devoting some time to the line of study in which he had specialized, and some time to desultory reading. May not this authoritative utterance be taken as a good word for that feature of our College life which did so much for the "drawing out" of what was in us, and which was also sufficiently desultory for all practical purposes.

Certainly Victoria student-organizations are more educative than informing. The impression that acquirement of facts is education results from premonitions of examination perils and satisfaction with mere examination standing. It is a work of charity to deliver the victim of this impression, even temporarily, from the hunted, haunted feeling that he must absorb,

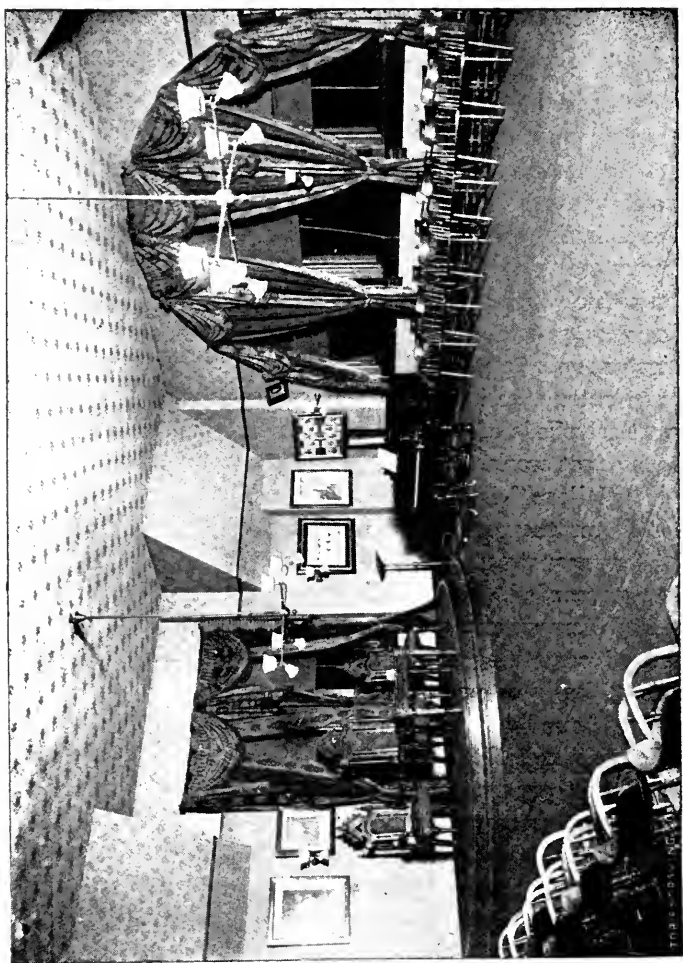


imbibe or engorge as much as possible. The society meetings drag the student from beneath the incubus of the examination-danger nightmare, and away from the contemplation of the greatness of examination success. From the glorious company of the ghosts of Alumni and Jackson Halls the examination obsession is excluded.

Moreover, the societies have a positive educative value. Education seems such a formidable thing since the Faculty thereof has come amongst us. It used to fit snugly into a triangular mould whose sides were knowing, feeling, and doing; now it seems to have more an all-round character. To prove, therefore, that what we claim for the societies may be defined as education, would be a heavy task. The meetings of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and of the Literary and Scientific Societies, provided a field for varied training. The religious meetings not only inspired and impelled us to seek the best in life, but were instructive in the great realities of Christian truth, in the practical needs of missionary effort, in methods of religious and benevolent work. In these gatherings we learned to really know our College friends, for we were allowed to catch glimpses of the gleams they were following. What these soul-linkings meant and mean to us will not be known till the last success or failure is recorded. In the Literary Society (I speak of the Women's Literary, and the same is doubtless true of the Men's), we learned something of speaking, listening, replying, and of methods of business procedure, which are useful to some of us every day of our lives. Where else would we have had this indispensable training? It is not in the curriculum—for Moderns, at least. Then there was the apprehension of what organization is in work, the discernment of what is duty and what is uncalled for in the sharing of responsibility—good discipline for service in a Dominion or University Senate or in the kitchen. The work was not of universal importance, perhaps; there were many mistakes, and we were just beginning to see how and what to do when we were ordered out into the field of action with a label that was wrongly interpreted as a certificate of competency. If some of the mistakes had not been made, and been corrected by a sympathetic Critic, imagine how much worse would be our frequent blundering. How splendid those little Critics were, they were so

often small bodies. And the Critic's table was small, too; perhaps that is why the rebukes did not hurt so much as do others, later and less candid.

I find I have lapsed into the past tense, the weakness of an



ALUMNI HALL.

ancient. The societies are still performing their important function as one of the truly educative features of University life.

With reference to the other point of the President's address, a graduate's reading, may we not ask, is not the Literary Society a good starting point for a following of that advice? The lit-

erary and musical programme frequently calls upon the individual for something from the work in which he is most at home, and the society at large has interest created in various topics which will be further explored in later desultory reading. I wonder how many years it takes for a graduate to exhaust the reading courses planned, as a result of specially interesting meetings in Alumni Hall!

Let us rightly value the unselfishness through which these benefits are secured. It is not with the object of personal advantage that the student attends religious and literary meetings and takes part in them. He does not realize that when he is giving his time and interest and work for an organization he is doing the best thing for himself; he does it for "College spirit," for loyalty to the organization, to oblige somebody. But in this lies, probably, the highest value of the effort. This phase of College life is unselfish, and is thus the character-building which constitutes true education. May the College societies at Victoria be as helpful and inspiring in the future as they have been in the past!

"The future moves attended

With all of brave and excellent and fair

That makes the old time splendid."



Although athletics at Victoria was usually provocative of discussion and debate, yet I remember there was one point on which most of us were agreed, that in the athletic world we counted but for little; and even the most hopeless "bookworm" was confident that "something ought to be done" to improve our standing on the campus. We could point to but few trophies of our prowess on the field; our teams were not often found in the "finals," and altogether we were, in an athletic sense, "in a bad way."

And yet, looking back from my vantage ground as a graduate, I, for one, am not so sure that athletics (at Victoria) was not serving its purpose and serving it effectually. Of course, in this matter a man's judgment will depend largely upon his theory of the relation which athletics should bear to the rest of College life. If it is accepted that men attend College primarily to develop brawn and muscle, and only incidentally to attend to the intellectual, then we were indeed without hope; but if—and this is

now generally accepted in theory at least—it is the first aim of every College to develop in men the power of wholesome thinking, then we were not so low in the scale as some among us thought.

Professionalism, neither of money nor of method, had any foothold in Victoria. No “husky” young fellow could be carried through his academic course on the strength of his athletic prowess, accumulating money as he went, and then find some choice instructorship awaiting him in a preparatory school, where he in turn would train up other “husky” young fellows to come to College and do as he had done, thus completing “the vicious



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO—MAIN BUILDING.

circle.” That was a foreign type, and had no thriving among us.

The old classical motto, “mens sana in sano corpore,” was the ideal of the College, and its realization was sought in many ways. By variety in the forms of exercise, men were encouraged to take part, and the frequent contests between the various years and classes demanded that nearly every man at some time in his course should uphold some corporate “honor” on the field. There was indeed room for improvement, but speaking impartially, athletics then, as, I believe, now, was in the truest sense of the term in a comparatively wholesome condition.

Then, too, Victoria was always strong in emphasizing the importance of the religious side of a man’s life—something that

was to be expected from the presence within her walls of a strong and virile Faculty of Theology.

Let me say here, however, as an aside, and at the risk of being thought tiresome, that Victoria University is not a "Theological College." It were just as apt to call the Provincial University a "Medical School." And yet this designation, false and misleading, exists in minds otherwise well-informed, sometimes within the very walls of the College itself. Early in the present term one of the Professors in the Theological Faculty called the attention of his class to the fact that a leading newspaper of Ontario had referred to Victoria, with her registration of nearly 500, as "one of the leading Theological Colleges in America." To his utter amazement this misleading statement was heartily applauded. "The Arts men wouldn't applaud that," was his only comment, and the lecture immediately began.

The presence of this Faculty made itself felt in many ways, and the religious life was always most active. In this sphere the Y. M. C. A. was the most powerful factor, and Jackson Hall stands associated with precious memories—memories that do not easily fade, for it was good to meet each Wednesday afternoon and consider together the deep things of life. Nor was the Y. M. C. A. alone in this high ministry. The Missionary Society, the University and College Sermons, the Evangelistic Bands, and the practical work in the needy parts of the city, were all formative elements in the composite religious life of the College.

What impressed me more, however, at the time, and even now, remains deeply imbedded in my memory, was the general atmosphere of the College—a certain indefinable aether, as it were, which one could never crystallize and say, "lo, here" and "lo, there," but which produced a total impression as strong and effective as it was hard to analyze. Coupled with a high moral tone was a readiness to oblige, a willingness to assume one's share of work, and a quiet unselfishness which was fine air to the man who had but newly come, and it was not long before he would swing into line and begin in earnest the upward march.

Such are my strongest impressions of the athletic and religious activities at Victoria University as they were a few years ago, and I have no doubt that they are substantially the same to-day, doing in a quiet, unostentatious way the transforming work they have so long performed.

## The Hoosier Poet



**H**ILE America looms large on the world's horizon, and year by year increases in prestige and power, it has as yet done little to add to the world's literary wealth. The genius of the American people is pre-eminently materialistic; they are too near their work, too feverishly interested in the fight for the dollar, to be able to put the aesthetic side of life in proper perspective. Whether this be the cause or no, the fact remains that America has given to the world no great poets. Yet beneath all their utilitarianism and materialism there lies the primal hunger for romance and sentiment.

“ His hands are black with blood, his heart  
Leaps like a babe at little things.”

In response to this demand there has arisen a long list of minor poets, who have gone straight to the hearts of the American nation, taking its common things, its every-day scenes, its childhood and youth, and painting them in vital passionate colors. This it is that has given these minor poets such a hold on their countrymen. They speak of the romance of youth, of boyhood friends, and scenes of the past. Few men are impervious to the glamour of this far country, for all men were born there, and it is well for some to sing of home.

It is to James Whitcomb Riley, perhaps the most original and gifted of the group, that we wish to draw special attention. His early life was not uneventful. Following his very meagre schooling came several years in which he was by turns a sign-painter, cobbler of plays for a theatrical troupe, peddler of patent medicines, and journalist. During these years efforts to get his verse published met with but little success. Such work as did appear was mercilessly slated by the critics, who as a body seemed to be in arms against this sign-painter from a back country State, who thought he could outrage every tenet of their craft with impunity. In a fit of pique, to even up with one especially attentive and venomous critic, Riley wrote *Leonainie*, a poem in imitation of Poe, and published, ostensibly as the work of that eccentric genius. To his immense enjoyment, it was loudly praised by all those who had so persistently discouraged him. But hardly had he ceased smiling over the success of his plot

when such a storm of abuse arose on account of the plagiarism as almost to swamp his little craft.

However, in literature, as in many another walk of life, it is at least *more profitable* to be "infamous than not famous at all," and so in 1875, in the hey-day of his youth, he found that the public had begun to take an interest in that much-advertised young scoundrel, who could write verses near enough to the style of Poe to befool even the most competent critics. Soon curiosity deepened into appreciation, and appreciation into love.

Riley is professedly a home-keeping, home-loving poet; he draws his inspiration from the old home folks, the common sights and sounds, and he handles his themes in a way distinctly his own. His forms of verse were native with him, and of the simplest kind. All he strives for is sincerity:

"To paint the thing as he sees it  
For the God of things as they are."

"Most of the Americans," he says, "are so afraid of being found lacking in scholarship that they've allowed themselves to be found lacking in creative work. They've been so very correct that they've imitated."

Riley had no patience with the pedant or the *poscur*, and is forever bursting out into tirades against them:

"Tell of the things just like they wuz,  
They don't need no excuse,  
Don't tetch 'em up as the poets does  
Till they're all too fine for use."

And again: "I'm against the fellows who celebrate the old to the neglect of their own kith and kin, so I was always trying to write of the people I knew, and especially to write verses that I could read just as though they were being spoken for the first time." "I don't believe in dressing up Nature—Nature is good enough for God, and it's good enough for me." Throughout he was voicing the love that was in his heart for every living thing, and trying to make it real to others as it was to him. As he whimsically says: "I'm only the 'willer' through which the whistle comes." Riley knew intimately that of which he wrote; he was a keen observer and indefatigable in seeing that he made no mistake. Once a farmer's boy took him to task for the way he had represented a rooster as crowing in one of his poems: "You are right, my boy," Riley remarked, after some thought, "and no rooster of mine shall crow like that again."

Like Burns, Riley was a lover of the human and the simple, a lover of green fields and blowing flowers, and like Burns, he was far more at home, more easy and felicitous, in his native dialect than in the finer forms of verse. For he was using the medium he knew, and speaking of that which was his life.

There is a rhythm and melody about the poems of Riley that is most intoxicating. The forms are not lyrical, and yet there is a swing, a verve, a thrill about them that sets one's blood dancing.

" Oh the days gone by ! oh the days gone by !  
 The music of the laughing lips, the lustre of the eye ;  
 The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring—  
 The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything.—  
 When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,  
 In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by."

With this lyric touch there is another part of the more mechanical work of his art—his extreme sensitiveness to impressions and his manner of crystalizing them into art; the power of ease of language, of making the word fit his subject. Bliss Carman says of this: "He has the power of making his most casual word seem inevitable, and his most inevitable word seem casual."

Riley's poetry is absolutely free from the unhappy spirit of the age. Here is one who dares in the teeth of the times to look up and laugh the phantoms of doubt, dejection, cynicism and sensuality out of his world. He is full of the sweetest vitality and soundest merriment, the robust, hearty gaiety of artlessness and youth. Some may cavil and say that his humor is mere foolishness; let them howl! "Anyone can make the people cry," said a great actress; "but it takes a genius to make them laugh." Who dares jeer at a man who dons the motley that a tired world might laugh? For many a man has served God well in cap and bells.

But it is no far cry from laughter to tears, and so we would turn to his more serious poems. Here are some of his verses that give one a strange thrill, a catching at the heart-strings. They are so very human, so very near to the life of us all, so filled with the little heartbreaking tragedies of our daily lives. There is a piercing pathos about this little poem, *Our Own*, that is hard to describe:





YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1907-1908.

- |   |   |  |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|---|---|--|
| Miss H. C. Partow, '08,<br><i>Gen. Program Com.</i> | Miss E. L. Hubbard, '08,<br><i>Gen. Membership Com.</i> | Miss J. L. Kravco, '11,<br><i>Treasurer</i>  | Miss M. S. McDonald, '08,<br><i>Gen. Sec. for Y. W. of Canada</i> | Miss H. L. Ford, '08,<br><i>Gen. Mission Study Com.</i> | Miss E. A. Laird, '08,<br><i>Gen. Bible Study Com.</i> |
| Miss M. H. Stevens, '09,<br><i>Gen. Room Com.</i>   | Miss S. A. Smith, '09,<br><i>Secretary</i>              | Miss C. E. Thwait, '09,<br><i>Fin. Pres.</i> | Miss L. Greenback, '08,<br><i>Pres.</i>                           | Miss E. C. Jamieson, '08,<br><i>Gen. Extension Com.</i> | Miss C. E. Brewster, '10,<br><i>Treasurer</i>          |



“ They walk here with us hand-in-hand ;  
 We gossip, knee-by-knee :  
 They te'l us all that they have planned—  
 Of all their joys to be,—  
 And, laughing, leave us ; and to-day.  
 All desolate we cry  
 Across wide waves of voiceless graves  
 Good-bye ! good-bye ! good-bye ! ”

Or who can fail to be moved by the quiet charm of “ *Little David* ”—

“ The mother of the little boy that sleeps  
 Has blest assurance, even as she weeps :—  
 She knows her little boy has now no pain—  
 No further ache, in body, heart or brain :  
 All sorrow is lulled for him—all distress  
 Passed into utter peace and restfulness—  
 All health that heretofore has been denied—  
 All happiness, all hope, and all beside  
 Of childish longing, now he clasps and keeps  
 In voiceless joy—the little boy that sleeps ”

Those of you who are familiar with the poetry of Charles Kingsley will find a joy in the work of him of whom we speak, not that they are alike in outward form, for they are not. But there is a certain softness, a something indescribable that marks them both. Perhaps it is that simplicity derived from the love of children that formed such a large part of the life of each. The soothing, crooning melody of the guttural sounds, and the soft music of the words—

“ Out of the hitherwhere unto the Yon !—  
 Stay the hopes we are leaning on—  
 You, Divine, with your merciful eyes  
 Looking down from the far-away skies,—  
 Smile upon us, and reach and take  
 Our worn souls Home for the old home's sake—  
 And so amen,— for all seems gone  
 Out of the hitherwhere into the Yon. ”

So while we in these modern times turn wearily from the wild passions and sensuality of a Swinburne and the artificial nothings of Alfred Austin, we can forget it all for a moment, and love and laugh with the people's poet. He who has sent his message of good cheer ringing out amid the turmoil of our restless lives, to leave the world

“ The better for the sweetness of his song. ”

J. L. R., '07.

## The Lure of Little Voices

R. W. SERVICE.

**T**HERE'S a cry from out the Loneliness—Oh listen, Honey, listen !  
     Do you hear it, do you fear it, you're a-holding of me so ?  
 You're a-sobbing in your sleep, dear, and your lashes how they glisten—  
     Do you hear the Little Voices, all a-begging me to go ?

All a-begging me to leave you. Day and night they're pleading, praying ;  
     On the North-wind, on the West-wind, from the peak and from the plain.  
 Night and day they never leave me ; do you know what they are saying ?  
     “ He was ours before you got him, and we want him once again.”

Yes, they're wanting me, they're haunting me, the awful lonely places ;  
     They're whining and they're whimpering as if each had a soul ;  
 They're calling from the wilderness, the vast and god-like spaces,  
     The stark and sullen solitudes that sentinel the pole.

They miss my little camp-fires ever brightly, bravely gleaming  
     In the womb of desolation, where was never man before ;  
 As comradeless I sought them, lion hearted, loving, dreaming,  
     And they hailed me as a comrade, and they loved me evermore.

And now they're all a crying, and it's no use me denying  
     The spell of them is on me and I'm helpless as a child.  
 My heart is aching, aching, but I hear them sleeping, waking,  
     It's the Lure of Little Voices, it's the mandate of the Wild.

I'm afraid to tell you, Honey, I can take no bitter leaving ;  
     But softly in the sleep-tide from your love I'll steal away.  
 Oh its cruel, dearie, cruel, and it's God knows how I'm grieving,  
     But His Loneliness is calling, and He knows I must obey.

—From “*Songs of a Sourdough*.”

## Victoria Regina

KATHERINE HALE.



HAVE always said that my cousin, Victoria Greene, could write as thrilling a Christmas story as any journal ever published, if she only would. For it is all so true—so dramatic: and those two qualities do not often combine. It was the realization of a veritable fairy dream that we two should come to be adrift on the little lake of Como last December, and that Fate should take us both in hand—especially Victoria—and send us to the gates of Rome on that particular Christmas Eve.

But Victoria is strangely modest of late, and seems to want me to write about it, instead of giving you an opportunity to admire her own original style.

The story really began much nearer home than Bellaggio, on whose rosy steeps we came face to face with Maurice. It began right here in Toronto, for, as Professor Raymond always said, "Character makes circumstance."

And certainly Victoria has character.

She is my first cousin, is just my age, and looks and sounds exactly like her name. When Victoria makes up her mind to anything, no matter what, that thing is already *un fait accompli*.

Now, it had always been the ambition of both of us to spend Christmas in Rome,—but especially the ambition of Victoria. When we were both sixteen, in a private letter to be opened when we came of age, she had written:

"Although at the age of sixteen we are now no longer children, much may be accomplished in five years. For myself, I hope that by the time I am twenty-one I shall have mastered the pipe organ, visited St. Peter's Cathedral on Christmas Day, and given to the world at least one good book."

We had surreptitiously opened this letter last summer, a year before the time, and here was Victoria, a month before her birthday, with not one of the three conditions fulfilled.

True, she had sought to master the pipe organ, and had taken lessons for two years from Mr. Stickney, a very thin and

proper young man (whom really no girl *could* like), and at the end Mr. Stickney said that Victoria had "encouraged" him by letting him go skating with her, etc., and he was most unhappy. So was Victoria. She doesn't mean to encourage people, and just because her eyes sometimes contradict her manner I am sure there is no occasion for certain people to be so stupid. Aunt Alice was very much annoyed, however, and it simply knocked all organ playing on the head.

I must confess that the book didn't go much better. Victoria should have been able to do more with her subject. At our age one knows a good deal of life, and in the affair with Mr. Stickney, Victoria had just added that touch of "the bitter-sweet of romance," as Professor Kingston puts it (he gave us lectures on Browning), which seems to draw away the veil from the inner meaning of life. Divorce was Victoria's theme in the story which she offered to the Syndicate Publishing Company. She gave what I consider one of the most thrilling exposes of certain phases of "our modern fevered existence," to quote her own words, that I have ever experienced. I use the word "experienced" rather than merely "read." And she took it herself, to the Syndicate. She had met Mr. Morton, who was the leading Reader for the company, and has published several books himself, and as she had been rather nice to him at dinners and dances once or twice, she felt that there was a pretty good chance.

So, as I say, she took her MSS. herself, and, looking perfectly ducky in a new grey suit and huge bunch of violets, went to see this Mr. Morton.

He was very busy, but made the time for her, and she dashed right into the denouement of the story, reading him the chapter where Mrs. Ebbsmith, falling in love for the second time with her divorced husband, makes her strong appeal to his young wife—who is also divorced.

And—I can hardly write it—when she looked up, this Mr. Morton was laughing—laughing!

"Almost audibly," Victoria said.

There was no scene at all. Victoria is too much of a lady. But I can fancy how her eyes flashed. She simply rolled up her MSS., drew her furs haughtily about her (an elegant new grey

fox stole), and left the room. Her violets, she told me afterwards, had fallen at her feet unheeded, and she did not even stoop to pick them up.

The next day she received a long letter from Mr. Morton, telling her how much her friendship had meant to him, and that he wished she would talk over her literary plans with him at length, and would she appoint a time?

But Victoria was too hurt (they really had known each other quite well); she simply ignored the letter, and the very next month the unexpected happened, and we sailed for England.

"At any rate," said my cousin, "if the Fates do combine to prevent my playing the organ and expressing myself in this story, which I still believe, shall always believe, is the Utmost Me up to the present, they shall not stay my visit to Rome. Dorothy," she said, "London is only the first step."

But no sooner were we settled in England than Aunt Alice got bronchitis most fearfully. The doctors said the climate would certainly kill her, slowly but surely, so she had to return to Canada by the next steamer, after promising to leave us in England for a month. Rome, she said, was out of the question, unchaperoned as we were.

And alone in London we stayed, under the eagle eye of Miss Mifflin, who kept the pension, to await the coming of the Gregory-Smiths of Ottawa—unbearable people, whom Aunt Alice loves. "We shall leave for Italy this month, my dear," said my cousin.

"Oh, Victoria," I answered: "however will you manage it?"

With Victoria nothing is impossible. Our letter of credit was large, and we soon located Cook's and looked up maps and tickets. Only one stone remained unturned. We could not go without a chaperone: to that fact even emancipated Victoria bowed. We confided the situation to the clerk, who was most sympathetic and helpful. "Nothing easier, young ladies," he said; "middle-aged persons with first-class letters are always leaving cards with us. I have in mind at present a Scotch lady, Miss Annabel MacKay, she was here only to-day. If you give me your address, she will call."

Miss MacKay called, she was middle-aged and respectable. We engaged her on the spot, and Victoria cabled immediately to Aunt Alice, "Rome, excellent chaperon, cable yes."

Two days later the answer came: "Yes, be careful."

The next week we left London, three days later we left Paris, and after an icy rush through Switzerland, came down the greening mountains, came past the first white houses, saw the blue and grey olive groves, and emerged into Italy.

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And that is how we three sat upon the deck of "La Bella," the tiny, tiny steamer, and moved—enchanted voyagers—up the mystic lakes on that December morning.

Oh, it was a dream: it was the poetry, the youth of one's whole life speaking in the magic mirror of that little lake.

This was two weeks before Christmas, and an off-season at Como. No tourists, except one commercial traveller, with whom Miss MacKay conversed. She always conversed with anyone she could find. It was Sunday morning, the air was like September in Canada, the lake like glass, set deep in the enfolding hills. And the hills were violet and green, all capped with snow. The tiny villages along the shore were intoxicatingly like our dreams of Italy, and they were so near together that the chime from one church had not ended before we heard the next.

We decided to spend the morning at Bellaggio, and so we stopped there, and peered along the arcades of the dear old town and slowly mounted the steep and winding path to the Villa Serbelloni, on the height above.

"The Villa Serbelloni is one of the most famous of all Italian hotels," said Miss MacKay, just like a guide book.

"Good morning, Pliny," said Victoria.

That was just the difference. She had been thinking all morning of the glorious past of Italy, and we had been talking of this famous promontory, which is supposed to have been the site of Pliny's Villa of Tragedy.

We went up and up, and with us seemed to climb an eternal company of roses; roses of every hue and kind and perfume in the world. They trailed the old stone walls and urged us on and on, until, leaving the big hotel behind, we climbed at last to the highest nook of all, on the very brink of a crag, with the meeting place of the water far below.

Down we went on the grass, Victoria and I, silent in the utter contentment of it all. Above we could see the pure sap-



phire sky; below, through fairy meshes of the leaves, the sapphire lake. And the branches swayed in the breeze.

Our thoughts went back and back to the days, in the middle ages, when the Romans fought some of their bloodiest battles in this lovely place. Then, nearer our own time, when in the seventeenth century, gentlemen and artists—Arcadians of Rome—used to come here to read their Sonnets and Epigrams on mid-winter mornings such as this.

“Pliny’s little rose of Como,” murmured a lazy voice nearby.

With a start, we all three turned to where, half hidden in the grass, lay a grey-coated Tourist—evidently talking to himself.

Victoria’s eyebrows went up; but we pretended we hadn’t heard.

“How exquisite are those purple hills,” said my cousin, addressing me pointedly. “they are like no other in the world.”

“This one reminds me of the mountain at Hamilton,” returned the tourist, pointing.

We stared, first at one another and then at him. He turned abruptly. And there stood Victoria’s publisher.

“Miss Greene, I am more than glad to see you,” said he, advancing.

“I am more than surprised to see you,” she returned.

“I’m supposed to be getting material for an Italian story,” he ventured.

“I travel upon the same quest.”

“Ah, but you are probably going farther,” he rejoined. “You take your work more seriously than I do. I’m after very silly stuff myself, the merest trifles, light as air. Only thing I’ve got the head for. Been wondering why on earth those old duffers ever came here to write Sonnets; the roses are enough for me, and the clouds, and that fine old lake below.”

There was nothing for it but general introductions, which Victoria gave very stiffly, in a way that reminds me exactly of Aunt Alice on occasions. But the air was so lovely, the day so young, that we, even we who felt years and years older than silly Miss MacKay, and Mr. Morton, who turned everything into a joke, could not help being as frivolous as the little baby roses that

seemed to ripple and twine all over everything. They got into our hair, and we let them stay there, and Mr. Morton said that he felt like old Pliny when he invoked Sylvanus, reposing on the grass beside the fountain and listening to the birds.

We stayed in our grassy nook for a long time, and then we went to the big veranda of the hotel and had a most delicious lunch, and Mr. Morton told us that the ugly lady at the table next us, with the red hair and wrinkled face, was a Grand Duchess travelling incognito.

He really was very interesting, and I could see that even Victoria warned to him a little during the day, although her eyes still took on that rather haughty stare that seems to say, "Thus far shalt thou go" to anyone whom she really wants to snub.

Of course, we did not tell him our plans, but Victoria admitted that she had a "pressing engagement" to meet in Rome on Christmas Day. "An important step in my literary career," she said.

And Mr. Morton bowed his head in silence.

(I should say at this point that his first name is Maurice, and Victoria wishes me to bring it in as much as possible, though I really seem to get very little chance.)

After a while we looked at our watches and gazed down through the network of foliage at the lake and the little boats with their brown sails set, and we knew it was time to catch our prosaic steamer.

Victoria extended her hand to Maurice Morton gravely; and yet—dramatically.

"May I know anything of your future movements?" he said, "of your address in Rome?"

"I shall be too busy," said my capricious cousin.

"Then I am not forgiven."

"Why should you be?" she replied.

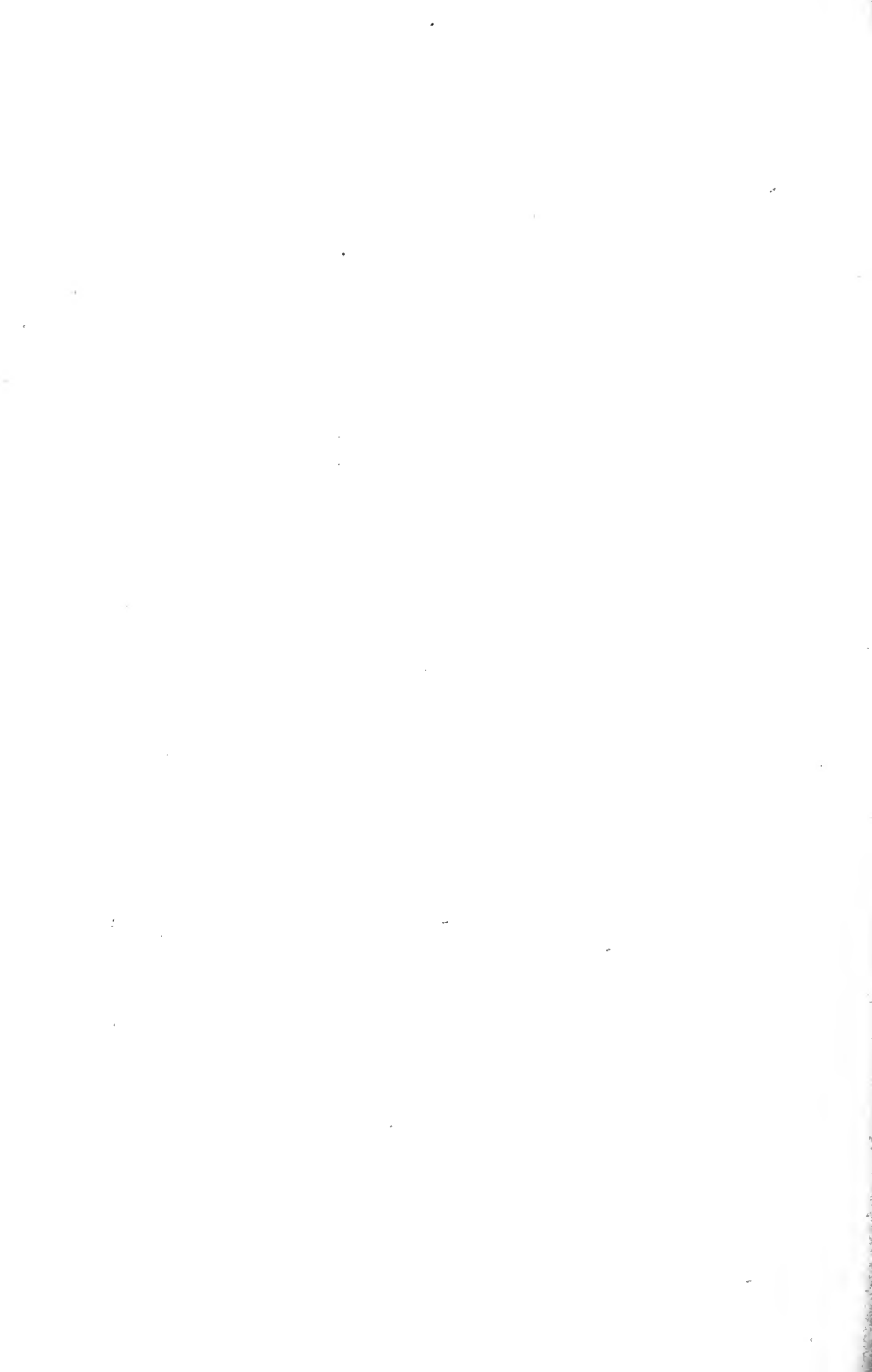
I called Miss MacKay's attention to a brown bambino on its mother's back. I wanted to give them a chance.

But Victoria's voice came decisively: "I can give you no address, but at high noon on Christmas Day we shall be in the Square before St. Peter's at Rome."



GLEE CLUB, 1907-1908

T. H. Todd, A. L. Smith, E. E. Hollington, J. E. Brewster, H. W. Wilson, W. G. Shaw, W. H. Buckham,  
 G. I. Stephenson, C. S. Appleby, H. E. Manning, H. G. Manning, J. L. Kirby, W. E. MacNiven, C. M. Wright, E. G. Meyer, C. G. Washington,  
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 L. V. Macchia, J. P. Birnie, A. L. Bird.



He bowed again. And so we left him, and went down the winding path to the edge of crimson Como.

That was on the 10th, and fourteen days afterwards we were ready to leave Florence and take the night train for Rome. We stood at the very threshold of our quest. Milan, Venice, Padua, Bologna, had all passed in the vivid, marvellous hues of actuality, and Christmas, Christmas was with us everywhere. Never at any other Christmas, never in the "tender, dear, dark land" of the North, shall the bells ring across the snow without the thought of those days in the south.

And it is so in those world-old cities this year as it was the last. In the great Arcade that leads out to the Cathedral at Milan, the arches are gay with evergreen and the pavements alive with the moving toys that fakirs wind all day to make the little black-eyed bambinos laugh: in Venice they are mooring home small Christmas trees on the black-curtained gondolas: in Bologna they sell the Yule-tide sweetmeats below the Leaning Towers: and in Florence, ah! in Florence, where every peasant woman looks like a Madonna, every balcony and façade is eloquent of the past, where the eternal feast of Art never ceases, there, too, we bought the festive laurel wreaths, there we saw the Christmas candles burn.

It was six o'clock as we drove through the dark, mediæval streets on our way to the big station. The people were thronging into Mass as we passed the great Douma.

"I cannot bear to leave it all," said Victoria, as we rattled along: "we've been living with Dante and Beatrice, haven't we? It's been better than "the rose of Pliny." But we're going to something better still: we're going to the heart of the world, Dorothy, on Christmas Day. We're going to the Eternal City on Christ's own day. Somehow, all my life I have been living in the thought of this night, and Rome itself has reached out to me often, Dorothy, like something great and shadowy, like a dream, until I felt it—felt it coming near."

She was so lovely as she leaned over in the lamp-light that I thought of the little song, "Thou'rt like unto a flower," and I wondered if Miss MacKay did too.

But no, she was all impatience for the cab to stop and let her see about the luggage.

Luggage in Europe is one's greatest cross. Miss MacKay rushed off to the baggage-room; I stood guard by the waiting train with our hand bags. "Slow train," said an English voice near us: "we may not get into Rome until early morning, and no buffet."

I looked at Victoria, and she at me. We had had no dinner. "Keep our compartment and I'll get some biscuits," she said, and flew off.

The people came, the people went; it was five minutes to train time. No Miss MacKay, no Victoria. I began to be horribly nervous. It was the only train to Rome that night. Surely, surely the Fates were not in league again, at the very last moment, against my cousin's quest. I refused to believe it. But why didn't she come? The huge station mocked me with its myriad lights and faces.

Suddenly I saw a little red-winged travelling hat I knew. But who came limping, limping between two burly porters? Surely not Victoria! And, as I looked, the crimson wings went down, down, and, as quick as a flash, a crowd of people were around her prostrate form. Oh, was she dead! I flew to her. The porters, in a lingo half French and half Italian, bade me away. "Mademoiselle is dead—is dead," they shouted in horrid chorus.

I pushed through them, and reached her as her eyes closed in a dead faint; but not before I caught her whisper: "My ankle—Rome."

"Pick her up! pick her up!" I ordered in French-Italian-English. "Non, non, Signorina, non, non," they protested. "La Signorina est morte—morte." And they smiled serenely, happy to the heart at a scene.

"Will no one help me?" I wailed loudly.

And, at the moment, out of the thickening crowd, swiftly came the grey-clad figure that I believe I had half expected all the time.

It was Maurice.

Without one moment's par lance he picked her up; her hat fell off, but we did not heed; her combs flew out, but it did not matter; there was the little train giving its last despairing toot, and—in the distance—Rome.

I don't know how we did it, but we threw ourselves into the moving train, and there we were, all bundled in a heap together—Maurice, the fainting Victoria, and I.

I never saw a man so wonderful; he knew exactly what to do, and he did it. He put down the windows and took off her collar, and produced whiskey from his flask and poured it down her throat.

And she awakened as from a dream, and smiled on us both. "Where am I?" said she; and then, staring at me, "Dorothy, you do look *too* funny!"

It was too much. After all the fright, the agony, the uncertainty, to be so greeted by one returned as if from the dead. Even a worm will turn.

"Victoria," I sobbed; "it's funny for you, perhaps, to kill yourself like this; but I tell you I don't see the joke, and you'd never, never, never have reached Rome except for Mr. Morton. He's taking you—not me."

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I draw the veil over much that followed. The explanations especially. It is hard for the proud spirit to bow, and surely Victoria's was bowed to the earth during that first hour. Not only must she accept Maurice's assistance in every way—whiskey, biscuits, his handkerchief to bind up her foot, but our very railroad tickets, for Miss MacKay had the purse. And the handbags—oh, where were they? Decorating the Police Station at Florence, as we supposed.

As for Miss MacKay herself, we never thought of her at first, and then Mr. Morton paid a simply fabulous sum to the guard to telegraph from the next station to our hotel at Florence to find her, and send her on to Rome.

After this was over, the anxiety and fright of it all began to tell on me, and I found myself in my corner of the carriage, getting sleepier and sleepier. Station after station flashed by, the lights got dimmer, the night darker, the two on the other side of the carriage seemed to fade away.

Then, with a start, I woke and looked across at them. What, what, did I behold! Victoria, whom I had left propped up by pillows, with the hurt foot stretched over the improvised rest of steamer rugs, my proud Victoria, drooping like a lily, her hand

in the hand of the Publisher, her head securely ensconced against his coat sleeve.

I started towards her, then saw that she was asleep, and fell back. "Don't speak," whispered Maurice, tenderly, "I want her to rest."

And so the hours wore away. It was, as the English traveller had said, the early morning before we skirted the Campagna, grey like a ghost in the dawning, and slid into a great cavernous place.

"Roma, Roma," called the guards.

Victoria awoke.

We were quickly transferred to a cab, and soon, in the early, early light, could dimly see the modern streets through which we passed.

It was all silent in the chilly, grey dawn lights. Victoria, in the jolting cab, was half fainting from the pain. Then suddenly, like a far-off voice, there floated the sound of a bell, and before it died away another and another caught it up. Mysterious, unseen clamor, coming from we knew not where, filling all the air about us with vibrations as strong as sunbeams. It was the myriad voice of Rome, the Ancient and Eternal, bidding us welcome, we of the far, far north, on this the day of Christ.

And we all leaned out towards this mighty Rome to answer her, in our small way.

"A Merry Christmas, dears," said I, as our three hands met beneath the travelling rug.

A little tear slid down Victoria's cheek, she was almost too tired to speak, but she looked out upon the city of her dream and smiled through the tears.

And Mr. Morton—Maurice, I should say—tucked the rug closer about us both. "I shall have more to say to you anon, dear Madame Rome," he said, in his nice, droll way. "At present we want breakfast for three, and I have a toast to propose later on; one to the happy ending of all quests. For we are here, and Rome is here, 'tis Christmas Day—and 'Victoria Regina!'"

And the bells rang on and on.



## Book Reviews



**A**FTER an absence of over a year, in which I did not hear much about Canadian literature, I may be permitted to give a brief retrospect of Canadian literature since my last annual review. Authors have not been idle, at least in prose, though few volumes of poetry of striking merit have appeared, if we leave out the names of Mrs. Blewett, Rev. A. W. Eaton and Vernon Nott as well known. Three new writers have made their bow: Conybeare, in "Lyrics from the West," Miss Coleman in "Songs and Sonnets," and R. W. Service, whose "Songs

of a Sourdough" contains some strong work. I hear that we shall soon be favored with a volume of tragedies by Wilfred Campbell, which will be welcome news to all lovers of good Canadian work. Another venture in this field of literature, so rare for a Canadian, will be "The Key of Life: a Mystery," by Rev. F. G. Scott, soon to be published by William Briggs.



PROF. L. E. HORNING, M.A., PH.D.

In the field of the novel we have had new works by Norman Duncan, Sara Jeanette Duncan, A. Stringer, whom I am very sorry to see developing sensation-wards; Basil King, whom too few Canadians know, and Roberts, in a very cordially welcomed book of animal stories,

where the author "has few equals and no peers," as one

would-be statesman put it. W. A. Fraser's "Lone Furrow" has been very highly praised, and Rev. R. E. Knowles, in "The Undertow," has seemingly retained his popularity. Marian Keith produced "The Silver Maple," and Ralph Comor gave us "The Doctor." Newer names in fiction are Frank L. Pollock, with "Treasure Trail," he was already known by short stories; and Avison North, whose "Carmichael" is said to be good. New in fiction is Wilfred Campbell, whose "Ian of the Orcades" is a romantic tale of "intrigue, love and adventure" which has received good words from many critics. Arthur Heming is well known as an illustrator, and now comes forward as a novelist in "Spirit Lake." Still another new name is Arch. McKishnie, whose book is reviewed below.

This brief and incomplete list of better names in our poetry and prose literature gives ample evidence that, as in other directions, so here Canada has been growing.

*An Irish Saint: the Life Story of Ann Preston ("Holy Ann").*

By HELEN E. BINGHAM. Toronto, 1907: Briggs, 155 pp.

The story of a very simple life, well known to many of Toronto's citizens, with an introduction by the late Dr. Potts. There are few such stories possible to-day.

*The Toiler.* By WILLIAM J. FISCHER. Toronto, 1907: Briggs, 167 pp.

Dr. Fischer had already published "Songs by the Wayside," and is therefore no 'prentice hand. But we could wish for his own sake that he had cut out at least one-half of the poems in the book and have used the knife on some of the others. His muse lacks cheeriness, as can be seen by a comparison of "October Days" with McLachlan's "October," which is afire with the glory of the Canadian autumn woods. The gray mist, the dull, rainy day and the murky night, seem to hold him in their spell. In his language, too, there is a constant recurrence of "O," "Oh," "so wearily," "so silently," etc., that one becomes saddened. Moreover, some of his lines are prose cut off in lengths, as in:

"Some may prize diamonds, treasures fair,  
Unto life's weary end,  
And never own that jewel rare—  
The heart, that's in a friend."

And there are other examples. On the other hand, there is a fine lilt in "A Song of Drowsy Town":

"Sweet ! sweet ! hear the swift feet,  
The spirits are calling from Drowsytown ;  
Voices sing loud to thee,  
Clear bells ring out to thee,  
Fairies bring shout to thee,  
Over the lonely hills, silent and brown,  
Ah ! little angel mine !  
Sail thro' the dancing Rhine,  
In thy dream-fashioned light ship up and down !  
Oh ! to set sail with thee !  
Kisses I'll mail to thee,  
For thousands are drifting to Drowsytown.  
So rest ! rest ! peace, tired heart,  
The night breaks too soon into morning !

*Joseph Vance.* By WILLIAM DE MORGAN. Toronto, 1907: Henry Frowde. 509 pp.

A most delightfully garrulous style, taking the reader into his confidence from the very first and making him see the scenes in all their carefully wrought details—such is *Joseph Vance*. It is not a book to read through at a sitting by skipping lines, paragraphs and pages, but a book to read by chapters, so as not to miss the witty and confiding style, and have time to think and reflect upon them, with a consequent increase of enjoyment. An old-fashioned style by an author who makes his debut at sixty-seven years of age. One is tempted to think, as a result of reading this work, that novelists and specialists, especially medical, should be chosen from writers and scientists of large experience and genial views of life. Joe Vance is first-class, and the way the father was able to bluff his ignorant way to wealth and higher society is well described. And there is *Lossie*, who tires you a bit, but is a good sketch. The Chapters are given detailed headings, and both the editor and the publishers have explanatory postscripts, of good length, too. Wouldn't "straight-flung words" and fewer be an improvement? And yet the book has great charm.

*Alice-for-Short.* By JOSEPH DE MORGAN. Toronto, 1907: Henry Frowde. 563 pp.

The life story of Alicia Kavanagh, Alice-for-short, told in even more prolix style than *Joseph Vance*, but with the same

thoughtful air and trust-compelling manner, so that the reader can all but see the haunts of old London, which are the scenes of the story. The book is not so good as its predecessor, but will sell well. The lack of haste, so prominent in these two works, is a splendid antidote to the hurry and bustle of some modern romances. The chapters have the same long headings as in Joseph Vance, and an addendum in place of a postscript. Of plot there is in neither much trace. Charles Heath is full of reminiscences of the author himself, and the house is also said to be the portrait of a real house.

*The Weavers.* By SIR GILBERT PARKER, Toronto, 1907. Copp, Clark Co., 532 pp.

"Dost thou spread the sail, throw the spear, swing the axe, lay thy hand upon the plough, attend the furnace-door, shepherd the sheep upon the hills, gather corn from the field, or smite the rock in the quarry? Yet whatever thy task, thou art even as one who twists the thread and throws the shuttle, weaving the web of Life. Ye are all weavers, and Allah, the Merciful, does He not watch beside the loom?"



SIR GILBERT PARKER.

A striking quotation, the text, if you will, of the best book Parker has written since *The Right of Way*. The hero is David Claridge, a young Quaker and the real Lord Eglington, sitting out a sentence of three months for some very manly offences and then answering the call of Egypt, and by simple goodness, straight dealing and mystic influence helping that poor country on the road to wealth and prosperity. But

the actual Lord Eglington, a younger half-brother, as Foreign Secretary, does not aid in extremity, so that Claridge Pasha

all but meets the fate of Gordon, who has sat for David's picture. The plot is old, there is rather plenty of Egyptian coloring, and the presence of Thomas Tilman Lacey, of Chicago, is not necessary to the story, except that he comes down handsomely at the necessary time. Of course there is a woman in the case, Hylda, whom David rescues from insult in the Khedive's palace, and who, though in love with David, is carried off her feet by the brilliant wooing of the false Lord Eglington, and marries him. But he dies at the convenient moment, and, though we are not told, it is quite evident that David and Hylda become one. An old plot and an old story, but told in such a way that we read along to the end without criticism. It seems to me that Canadian Quakerism has contributed to the picture of David and of the meeting house. I can remember just such characters and scenes in my native county, and Parker's birthplace was not far from another strong settlement of the same religious body.

*The Last Robin.* By ETHELWYN WETHERALD. Toronto, 1907: Briggs, 198 pp.

According to the prefatory note nearly one-half of the poems in this volume are new, the rest selections from previously published volumes. Having only "The House of Trees" before me, I cannot pick out the new work, but have chosen as among those which please me, *The Fireweed*, *My Orders*, *Irony*, *A Rainy Morning*, *The Wild Jessamine*, *Earth's Silences*, *The Prairie*. Miss Wetherald is a pleasing, careful singer, with few high notes, but with few prosaic lines. She seems to sing "because she must."

*The Lady of the Decoration.* By FRANCIS LITTLE. Toronto, 1907: Musson Book Co., Limited, 236 pp.

This is a very breezy description of the joys and trials of a young widow, who, after her seven years of married sorrow, went to Japan as a kindergartner and teacher. The time was just before and during the first part of the Russo-Japanese War. Incidentally much light is thrown upon the trials of the foreign lady missionary, and one is not sure but that the right solution was found when the original first lover turned up very unexpectedly and carried the missionary off to a happy western home.

*Songs of a Sourdough.* By ROBERT W. SERVICE. Toronto, 1907: Briggs, 82 pp.

Here we have some of the strongest work Canada has produced. This Yukon bank clerk has been to school to Kipling, and has some work quite worthy of the master. For instance, the first poem, "The Law of the Yukon"—

"This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain;  
Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong and your sane.  
Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I harry them sore;  
Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the core;  
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,  
Sired of a bull-dog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.



ROBERT W. SERVICE.

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones;  
Them will I take to my bosom; them will I call my sons;  
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat;  
But the others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under my feet.

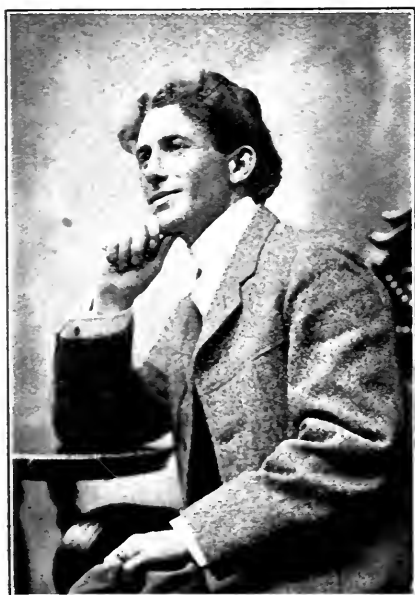
This is the law of the Yukon, that only the strong shall thrive;  
That surely the weak shall perish, and only the fit survive.  
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and slain,  
This is the will of the Yukon—Lo! how she makes it plain!"

Other good poems are "The Spell of the Yukon," "The Call of the Wild," "Grin" and "The Rhyme of the Remittance Man." Service knows whereof he sings, and if, as in Kipling's case, the language is strong and elemental, so are the characters and passions described.

*Gaff Linkum.* By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE. Toronto, 1907: Briggs, 255 pp.

A new author here makes his bow with a work that gives evidence of some ability, even if it does skim along the surface

and lack condensation. Gaff Linkum is a foundling, left by Gipsy Pete on a doorstep in the Village of Talbotville, near Lake Erie. He grew up with Buz and Mollie, but never knew who his mother was until the plot thickens in an attempt to kidnap him. Then it is found that Di, a rather mysterious woman in the camp of the gypsies, is the lost mother, who for twelve years had stayed with them to get back her husband's will, which was to prove her wealth. There are some very good passages



ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE.

in the book, especially the nature parts, but there is a lack of grip and careful sketching. We hope that the author's next attempt will be more compact and well-knit.

*A Lady at the Court of King Arthur.* By SARA HAWKS STERLING. Toronto, 1907: Musson Book Co., Limited, 262 pp.

A charming bit of book-making, in which various motifs of the Arthurian legends are woven together into a fairly interesting story for girls.

*At the Sign of the Beaver.* By SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS. Toronto, 1907: Briggs, 225 pp.

As in the case of the author's earlier book, this is a collection of prose and verse without much merit. Why such a sensational bit as "The Sparks Fly Upward" was included, I cannot guess. Even if founded on fact, such stuff had better be left out of what professes to be an attempt at literature.

*The Intelligence of Flowers.* By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Toronto, 1907: Musson Book Co., Limited, 179 pp.

The famous Belgian author has given us here one of the fruits of his hours of recreation, just as he did in *The Life of the Bee*. The book is most charmingly written, gives evidence of very close and loving observation of both beautiful flowers and common, ugly weeds, and draws most inspiring lessons from his labors. It is a book for every flower-lover and should also inspire others to love and watch "the flowers of the field." The decorations by William Edgar Fisher and the illustrations are worthy of the subject matter.

*The Modern Reader's Bible.* By RICHARD G. MOULTON. Toronto, 1907: The MacMillan Company, 1733 pp.

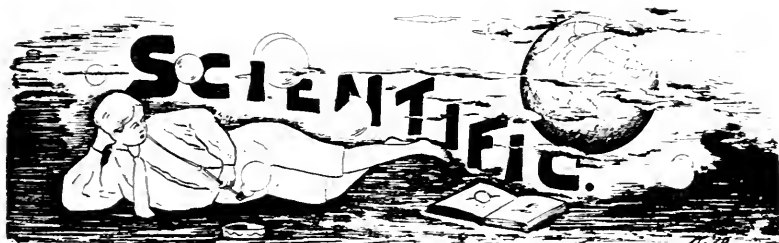
This is a re-issue in one volume, on thin paper, at a moderate cost, of the various volumes which have from time to time been issued separately, and which have taken up only parts of the Old and New Testaments. In this form the book will have a wide sale, for it will make a capital Christmas gift.

*Camp and Trail.* By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. Illustrated. Toronto, 1907: Musson Book Company, Limited, 236 pp.

This book, by the author of "The Blazed Trail," etc., is the outcome of an offer made in *The Forest* to send information about tents to inquirers. In self-defence, the generous traveller wrote this book on camping outfits, personal equipments, horse packs and all other packs, all advice the result of his own experience, and as far as I can judge, evidently *common-sensible*. The book can be heartily commended to all would-be campers and explorers.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "E. Hornung". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, stylized initial "E" and a long, sweeping underline.





## The Faculty of Forestry

B. E. FERNOW, LL.D.



HE soil is, in the last analysis, the basis of all national life, industries and commerce, for food materials are the prime necessity of life: and in the end that nation must become the most prosperous which commands the largest farm area and the best-arranged soil culture. It is true that for a time a nation can thrive on commerce alone by supplying its needs of soil products through importation, like Great Britain, but, finally, as export countries become settled, the soil, as the basis of national prosperity, will assert itself, and the purely commercial superiority vanishes.

Next to food materials, the most important products derived from the soil are not the minerals, although the producers of minerals are prone to think so, but wood, the most universally used and most indispensable material among all industrial nations. The fact that Great Britain, famous for its iron industry, but importing practically all its wood materials, pays a larger annual bill to other nations for the latter (\$125,000,000) than the annual output of her iron industries (\$120,000,000), goes far to substantiate this assertion.

Food and wood—note the close verbal similarity!—being both derived from the surface of the earth, which is limited, a sub-division of the available space between the two uses of the soil for food and wood production becomes necessary. Farm and forest must divide their heritage.

In wooded countries like Eastern Canada the forest is the natural condition, and, indeed, at least sixty per cent. of the

habitable world is forest land. Here the farm area must be laboriously wrested from the forest—forest destruction, to make room for field and pasture, is the first requisite of a civilization. But, with the increase of population and civilization, and consequently increased wood requirements, the work of the axe is extended beyond the limit of the farm soils. Forest destruction, albeit for legitimate uses, progresses far beyond the limits of the settled country, and, moreover, carelessness, bred by plenty, leads to unnecessary destruction by wasteful use and fire. The time comes when the balance must be struck, when supply must be balanced with consumption—a complicated calculation in which increase of wood growth, increase of population and increase of consumption due to growing civilization, are factors.

The fact that wood is not only a natural product of the soil, but, unlike the field crops, is satisfactory and ready for the use of man without artificial improvement, as in the case of fruits and cereals—this fact apparently makes effort on the part of man in the direction of wood production unnecessary. But Nature is everywhere the most wasteful husbandman; she takes no count of time or space; she has no knowledge of man's economic needs; she grows weeds as readily, indeed, more readily, than useful materials; she has all the time there is at command, and all the soil for any purpose which the fortuitousness of conditions dictates.

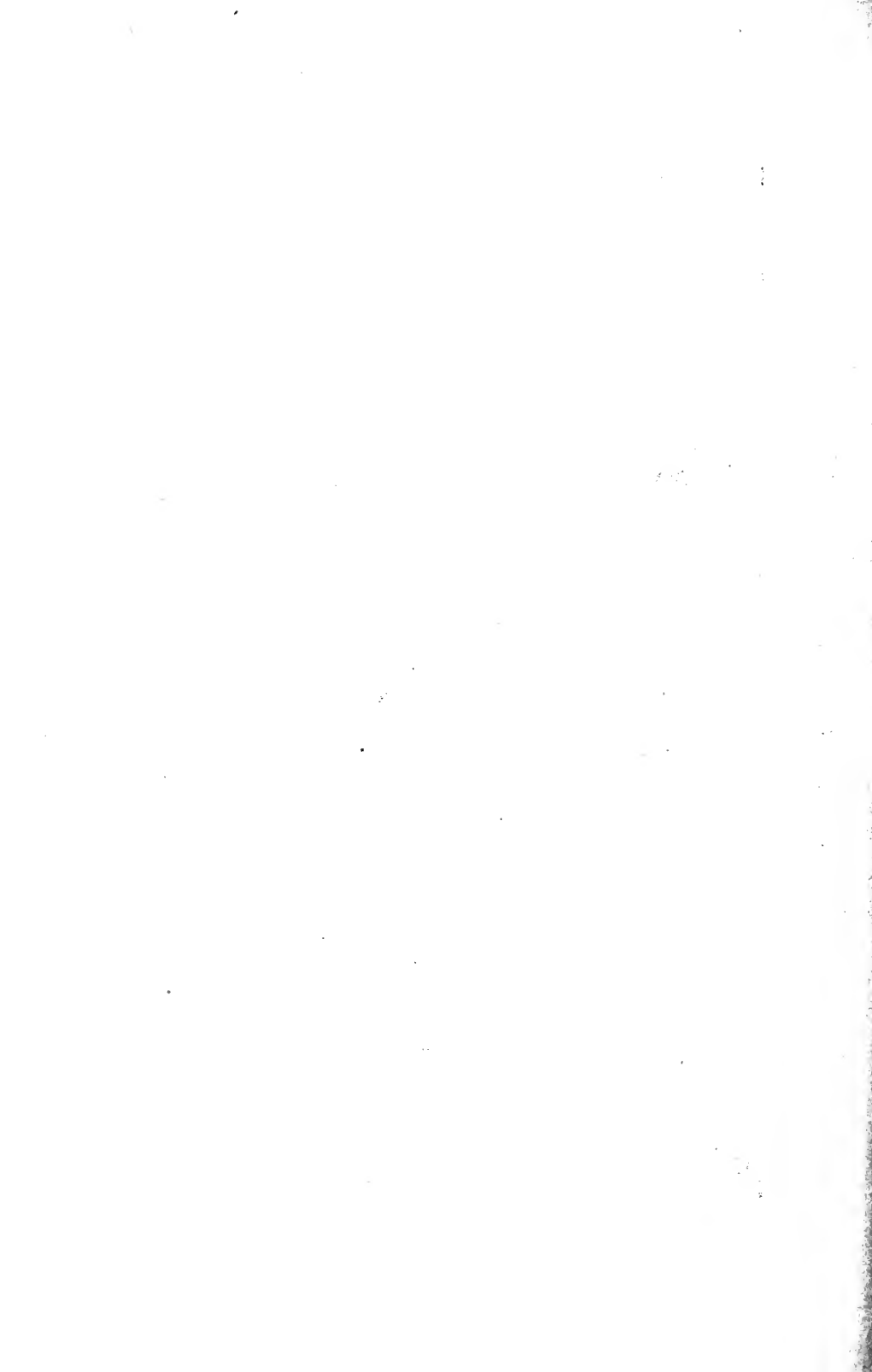
Finally, then, man must interfere and introduce economic thought into wood production; he must learn to make time and space more effective, to force Nature to produce in shorter time more and possibly better material per acre—the time for the forester has arrived.

When this time is at hand depends on a complication of economic conditions. Great Britain, with easy accession to timber supplies from other nations, has not yet awakened to a realization of the waste of paying out vast sums for a product which could more advantageously be grown, all or in part, on her waste lands. Germany, on the other hand, more densely populated, less advantageously situated as to imports, and more thrifty (due to her relative poverty), has for centuries paid attention to the conservative use of her forest resources, and for more than



## ATLANTIC UNION EXHIBITS, 1907-1908.

H. E. Hemmingsway, '09; W. A. McArthur, '08; H. S. Lovering, '10; M. Green, '10; E. G. Sanders, '08; C. B. Kelly, '08; R. K. Swanton, B. A. W. J. Cass, '08; J. E. Lovering, '08;  
and Your Reps., C. P. Reys, '07; *Yankee Rep.*, B. D. Reys, '06; *Highly Rep.*  
R. P. Stockton, '08; *Troas*, Prof. A. E. Lang, M. A. Hull, Pres., H. L. Morrison, '09; *1st Year Proc.*, G. Rathjens, '09; Sec'y,  
W. N. Courting, '08; *Josiah Rep.*, J. H. O'Brien, '08; *Hooked Rep.*, R. Gandy, '10; and *Vice Proc.*



a century has adopted rational policies as regards soil division, and has developed the most perfect forestry systems. All the other European nations have within the last five decades taken steps towards the same end.

Canada, with a vast forest area and a scanty population, has as yet hardly realized the need of a forest policy, although voices have been heard for thirty years foreshadowing the need. She is still exploiting her forest resources, without thought of the morrow. Whatever has been done to regulate the use of her timber lands for greater economy and for future needs has so far been feeble. Indeed, if it were possible to surround the country with a Chinese wall, to prevent the population from growing, and to stop exports, mere exploitation could go on for hundreds of years without exhausting her forest resources, and without need of foresters and forest policies; but if we consider Canada as a part of the world at large, she has already passed the time when rational policies in the disposal of her timber domain should have been begun, with due regard to the future rather than to present fiscal results.

To educate the men who are to help in formulating and carrying out such policies, the new Faculty of Forestry has been established. Following the usage in the University, merely a four years' undergraduate course has been inaugurated; but, considering the almost unplowed field, the absence of an established profession, with its differentiation into graded positions; considering that the graduates will have to create the demand for their services, and must be men not only of academic attainments, but also of good, practical judgment, so that besides knowing how to apply their technical knowledge in the woods they may be able to impress the value of their services upon would-be employers, it will be admitted that a broader education than such a four years' undergraduate professional course can give will be to the advantage of the forester. Although, eventually, simple woodcraft, with slight additions of academic knowledge, may be sufficient for the practical woodwork, only the broadly educated men will become leaders in the new field.

B. E. FERNOW.

## The Development of Wireless Telegraphy

L. N. RICHARDSON, '07.



HERE is nothing in scientific research so typical of the speed and spirit of the age as the development of wireless telegraphy. Scarce nine years have passed since the first actual application of Hertzian waves, yet in these few years a practical system of wireless telegraphy has been evolved, not indeed complete, but yet such as to warrant its installation in the armies and navies of many of the leading powers, and its success, commercially, seems to be assured. The nine days' wonder of those early days when Marconi captured the enthusiasm of press and public by his wonderful experiments, and sober men prophesied the speedy relegation of copper wires and gutta percha insulators to the museum, has indeed subsided, but popular interest has never wavered in its loyalty to the intrepid inventor in his persistent efforts to bridge the Atlantic with wireless communication. Indeed, public appreciation is always vouchsafed to the practical inventor who carries science forth from the laboratory and applies it to some useful commercial enterprise; but very often those who have worked patiently in humble laboratories, with little knowledge and great faith, who have seen the visions of these great possibilities and made it possible for others to enter the promised land of discovery, are not accorded their share of public praise. But time is the judge which justly accords to each his proper place in its annals, history.

So even the barest outline of the development of wireless telegraphy is incomplete without reference to the great work of Clerk Maxwell and Hertz, which lies at the basis of the theory of wireless telegraphy. Maxwell revolutionized the current Newtonian theory of matter and electricity, and showed the theoretical connection between light and electricity, while Hertz gave the first practical demonstration of the existence of electrical waves in the transmitting medium. From Hertz to Marconi we have a host of scientists and experimenters striving with more or

less success to apply these new principles to the transmission of signals without connecting wires. Crude and unpractical as were these experiments, they at least pushed back the horizon and extended the bounds of knowledge—the greatest good science can do. Some of these, such as Righi, Lodge, Slaby and Preece, succeeded in telegraphing short distances without the medium of connecting wires, but Marconi was the first to attempt anything like long distance wireless telegraphing. Marconi's first successful experiments were made across the Bristol Channel in 1897, a distance of about four miles. Soon after, the Marconi



WILLIAM MARCONI.

Company was formed, and wireless communications were soon installed in many lighthouses, where it proved much more efficient and less expensive than the old cable system. Many of the merchantmen and war vessels are equipped with "wireless" instruments. By this means they can keep in touch with their haven for a certain distance, and can receive the daily weather reports from land, so that they can compile their own weather maps and statistics, thus materially lessening the dangers of commerce.

The question around which popular interest centers at the present time, of establishing wireless communication across the Atlantic, has not been so easy to solve. To this Marconi has been directing his energies for some years. The first experiment was in December, 1901, when the letter S was transmitted from Poldhu to Signal Hill, Newfoundland, a distance of 2,200 miles. Later, in 1902, the famous message of congratulation from President Roosevelt to King Edward VII. was transmitted, and the Marconi Company announced that the long desired trans-Atlantic communication was established. But a breakdown in the apparatus suspended operations, and for several years there were no new developments of a commercial nature. Recent reports, however, of Marconi's achievements seem to indicate a decided improvement in the practical working of his system. On October the 18th, fourteen hundred words were transmitted across the Atlantic with the average speed of three words a minute, and since then the operations have been meeting with success.

But there are many serious obstacles yet to be overcome before wireless telegraphy can meet the exacting demands of commercial competition. In the first place, a system that has a capacity of only three words a minute cannot claim to be of very great commercial value. Added to this is the frequency of atmospheric disturbances, especially in the summer months, which seriously interferes with the reliability of wireless operations. Thus the saving in expense for wire and connections is offset by the lack of speed and reliability. The lack of secrecy is another drawback. The message is sent out broadcast, and secrecy can be secured only by secret codes. For commercial purposes, life-saving and danger-warning, some universal code is desirable, but for warfare different navies will adopt secret systems.

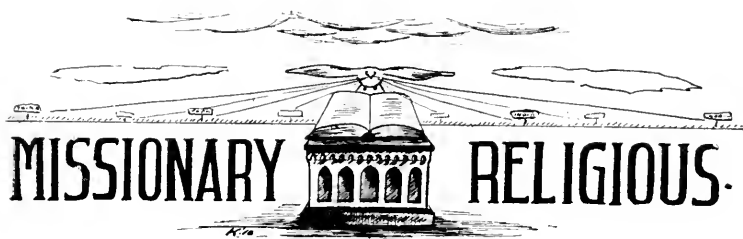
There are many different systems of apparatus in use in different countries, but the same general principles underlie every system; and a general description of the system might be outlined as:

- |                       |   |                              |
|-----------------------|---|------------------------------|
| The Sending Station   | { | 1. Source of energy.         |
|                       |   | 2. The transmitter.          |
|                       |   | 3. The antenna ( <i>a</i> ). |
|                       |   | 4. The air and ether.        |
| The Receiving Station | { | 5. The antenna ( <i>b</i> )  |
|                       |   | 6. Receiver.                 |
|                       |   | 7. Earth.                    |



The source of energy was originally a primary battery. Now Marconi uses a two hundred and forty horsepower steam engine in his trans-Atlantic stations. The transmitter is the mode of generating sparks. The formation of sparks is the fundamental principle of the system (indeed the Germans call it spark telegraphy). A spark is a sudden transformation of energy produced in an air-gap when broken down by excess of voltage. Thirty thousand volts are required to break down an air gap of one-quarter inch. Lightning is a spark due to many millions of volts. The spark throws the electric system into vibration, and trains of electric waves radiate off from the antenna through the ether. The antenna was at first a single wire, supported by a tall mast, now an inverted pyramid or network of wires is used, the height depending on the distance to which communication is carried. The ether, disturbed by the antenna, radiates in electric waves the energy from the antenna, and a small fraction of this is picked up at the receiving station. These waves are of two kinds—electromagnetic and electrostatic—which move at right angles to each other and to the direction of propagation. They vary in length from one hundred to three thousand feet. The maximum strength of signals is got by tuning or regulating these waves so that they are of the same form and frequency. The receiving antenna is the electrical counterpart of the sending one. The receiver has many different forms. The earth completes the circuit. Dampness is essential, and thus communication over water gives more satisfactory results than over land.

There is still much room for improvement in the system. The great desideratum is the discovery of some method for the propagation of the electric waves in the desired direction, instead of radiating them in all directions, thus increasing their intensity and limiting interference. The Hertz parabolic reflector supplies the need for short distances. It is also essential that some means be devised to eliminate the effects of atmospheric disturbances before the trans-Atlantic communication is at all satisfactory.



## **The Canadian Colleges' Mission**



In the early days of University College a Young Men's Christian Association was formed. At first the meetings were held in one of the class rooms, afterwards in a building known as Moss Hall, which stood on the site of the present biological building. The conviction became prevalent that a separate building was required, and steps were taken to secure it. Under the able leadership of the late A. J. McLeod, every member of the Y. M. C. A. was set to work, and soon success crowned these united efforts. It is well to recall these beginnings, for at the present time we are confronted with a similar problem. We have outgrown our building, and however much it may be prized for its historical associations and as being one of the first College Y. M. C. A. buildings, new and enlarged accommodation will be the imperative demand of the near future.

Among those who came to speak in the newly opened College Y. M. C. A. building were the Studd brothers. These young Englishmen had dedicated themselves and their wealth to the cause of foreign missions. They intended to go out at their own cost, and in their own way strive to do something for their brethren abroad, and they were eager to stir up other College men to do likewise. But the young men in Toronto to whom they spoke had not the independent fortune enabling them to copy these fine young types of the best in English aristocracy. Nevertheless there arose the Student Volunteer Movement, aiming primarily to secure willing workers who would be ready and zealous to go, and it was believed that means would be found.

In University College these young enthusiasts did not simply wait for churches or wealthy individuals to furnish the means. They decided that they would band together and out of their limited means make a beginning at least. They chose Jas. S. Gale,

B.A., as their representative, and sent him in 1888 to be one of the first to enter the "hermit nation" of Corea, then tardily opening the door to Western thought and enterprise. The students in the medical faculties also quickly followed up this beginning by sending Dr. R. A. Hardie and his wife to undertake medical missionary work in Corea. Soon afterwards, in 1892, Mr. Gale was transferred to a denominational Board, and the Arts and Medical students united to support the medical mission in Corea, at the same time so organizing as to invite other institutions to co-operate. Very soon the movement spread from west to east, and from Toronto to Halifax educational institutions co-operated. After Dr. Hardie's medical mission was transferred to denominational control and support, in 1898, the students decided to concentrate their efforts on Y. M. C. A. work in India, and contributed to the support of J. Campbell White, B.A., and later J. W. Farquhar, B.A., in Calcutta.

McGill University grew strong and independent enough to undertake on their own account to support a representative abroad, and the young women of the Canadian Associations, who had at first contributed to the General Fund, eventually decided to do likewise, sending Miss A. C. Macdonald, B.A., to Japan. Besides these two strong and aggressive organizations that sprang from the original society, a good work was accomplished in calling the attention of the churches to the advantages of having representatives abroad who were intimately and specially connected with some church organization at home, so that instead of giving in a vague way to support missions in general, these churches should have a close personal and vital interest in the work done for them by their foreign representatives.

The student movement also prepared for and initiated the present great movement to get the laymen, particularly the business men, to assume more responsibility and take more direct and vital interest in the home and foreign enterprise of their churches; and the former representative of the C. C. M. in India, J. Campbell White, B.A., has been led to this glorious work of organizing the laymen in the churches everywhere as the students had been organized in the Y. M. C. A. into a live and aggressive mission band.

The C. C. M. at present has slightly simplified its organization. The confederation of the several College Y. M. C. A.'s into

a University Y. M. C. A. unites at once in one Missionary Committee a large number of societies that were previously quite separate, or bound together only by the C. C. M. The C. C. M., however, is still required to form a combining agency and executive to connect the large central group with the students in High Schools and other educational institutions, and with the old guard of graduates and friends of the students who have all along supported, advised, and in every way assisted the younger students in this enterprise. It is indeed noteworthy that a large proportion of the graduates who pledged themselves to support Mr. Gale in 1888 are still contributing to the C. C. M., and business and professional men whose sympathies were enlisted with the struggling but enthusiastic students, have never flagged in their interest and support.

The C. C. M. has a double work to do, at home and abroad, to awaken, quicken and direct missionary zeal. We need the foreign mission work because of its own intrinsic significance and value, but perhaps we need it quite as much for its tremendous reflex influence on the home mission endeavor. Those who will not look beyond are usually blind to what is at their doorstep. A little publication called *The Canadian College Missionary* is issued monthly by the C. C. Mission.

May the new demands that meet the students of to-day, to extend the Y. M. C. A. accommodation at home, to upbuild the Christian life in our Colleges, and endeavor to carry the light into the dark regions beyond, be twice blessed to those who receive and to those who give.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "J. Hume". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large loop at the end. It is positioned above a horizontal line.

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### Notes

The Canadian Colleges' Mission contemplates sending a representative to the foreign field. The confederated group of Colleges forming the University of Toronto have pledged themselves



# Y. M. C. A. EXECUTIVE, 1907-1908.

W. E. Galloway, B. A.,  
*Devotional Com.*

G. E. Kenney, '08,  
*Bible Study.*

A. O. W. Foreman, '08, Sec.,  
*Music.*

J. B. Lamb, C. T.,  
*Publ. Campaign.*

F. H. Langford, '08,  
*Membership.*

B. E. Nicholson, C. R.,  
*Evangelist.*

H. E. Graham, '08, Treas.,  
*Y. M. C. A.*



to unitedly furnish \$1,200 for his support. Our College Society has accepted responsibility for \$125. It is hoped that a selection will soon be made from the many volunteers who are ready to go to the front.

The Annual Missionary Conference will be held in the College on January 17-19. Some of the speakers secured are Rev. Robt. Emberson, from Japan; Rev. Dr. Adams, from China; Rev. Jas. Allen and F. C. Stephenson, from the Mission Rooms, and our own Mr. A. P. Quirmbaeh. These names give promise of a more than usually interesting conference.

Again Victoria College has been favored by a special course of afternoon lectures by the Rev. Bishop Vincent, LL.D. Both city ministers and the students were present in good numbers each day. The following were the Bishop's topics:

Nov. 25.—The Meaning of a Voice.

Nov. 26.—The Making of a Voice.

Nov. 27.—The Voice of a Man.

Nov. 28.—The Voice from Heaven.

---

## Youth and Age

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

**B**ENT over some heroic book,  
*In nights gone by, his boyish head*  
*So filled with eager dreams, he took*  
*Them with him to his bed.*  
*The splendid strife, the rush of life,*  
*The tramp of fame, inspiring, strong,*  
*His heart so stirred he scarcely heard*  
*His mother's slumber song.*

*But now the glowing book of life*  
*Is falling from his nerveless hand;*  
*Gone are the splendors of the strife,*  
*The conquering hopes—a daring band;*  
*No plaudits pierce those aged ears,*  
*No tramp of fame, though loud and strong;*  
*He only hears across the years*  
*His mother's slumber song.*



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# *Acta Victoriana.*

No. 3.

## EDITORIAL STAFF, 1907-1908.

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J. G. BROWN, B.A., Missionary and Religious.

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J. H. ARNUP, '09, Personals and Exchanges.

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ACTA VICTORIANA; business communications to J. E. BROWNLEE, Business Manager  
ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

## Editorial

### Christmas



“SOMEONE has said that Christmas makes children of of us all; and it is so. For a time, at least, we stop in our feverish rush for wealth and power, and our thoughts turn from material things to that great Event of nineteen hundred years ago. We may not fully understand it, but our hearts are touched, our minds subdued, and as the universal feeling of gladness and joy breaks down our egotism and reserve, we yield ourselves to the influence of the Christmastide with the happy abandon of a child. In the joys of family reunions, in the little sacrifices we make for our friends, and in our general feeling of good-will, we approach nearer to the heart of the Christ-child who brought

“Peace on earth, good-will to men.”



## **The Museum**

It is a source of gratification to know that at last we are to have a museum in connection with our University. The authorities have completed arrangements as to plans and specifications, and purpose the erection of a suitable building on the corner of Avenue Road and Bloor Street next spring.

The University of Toronto formerly possessed a good collection of curios and relics, but it was completely destroyed by the fire in 1891, and until recently no steps were taken to replace it, when, thanks in no small measure to Victoria's offer to place at the disposal of the University her already considerable collection, the matter was taken up and vigorously prosecuted, under the direction of Mr. C. T. Currelly, M.A.

In 1870 Victoria began to take serious steps toward the establishment of a museum, when the late Dr. Taylor collected a large number of Egyptian antiquities. With this nucleus the work was continued, chiefly through the efforts of Dr. Crosby, the late Mr. Annis, and Professor Odium, until by 1902 there was no mean collection of Egyptian, Indian and Japanese relics. In that year Mr. Currelly, through an apparently fortuitous chain of circumstances, secured a position under Dr. Petrie with the Egyptian Exploration Expedition. During the next two years he made large and important additions to our archaeological collection. At the end of that time the matter was taken up by the University, and appropriations, supplemented by liberal private subscriptions, enabled Mr. Currelly to pursue his work still further, so that to-day she possesses a remarkably fine collection of Egyptian antiquities, about one-third of which were lately on exhibition in Wycliffe Convocation Hall. Mr. Currelly has recently been appointed to the staff as Director of the Ethnological Department, and will henceforth devote his whole time to that work.

The erection of a museum will satisfy a long-felt want, and will be hailed with joy, not only by the students, but also by the city and the Province at large.

## College and University

Though it is perhaps invidious to particularize, we desire to direct the special attention of our readers to the series of articles on the College and University, which appear in another part of this issue. We are beginning a new era. With a new President, a largely increased attendance, and a more widely diffused and intensive interest in higher education throughout the country, the outlook for Toronto is bright indeed, and at this particular time it is fitting that we should pause for a moment to consider our development in retrospect and prospect.

Victoria's place in the University and the educational world has too long been misrepresented and misunderstood, even by some of her friends; and while the articles in question were not written with a view to self-glorification, nor inspired by a narrow sense of pride, a careful consideration of them will correct some of the erroneous opinions extant regarding our position and function in the educational realm. In the first place, Victoria was not an interloper. She was not founded in opposition to any existing non-sectarian State College, but her genesis was the direct and well-nigh inevitable result of the narrow sectarianism of King's College, which was being made a purely Anglican institution, supported by the State. We are often charged with narrowness and exclusiveness. If it be exclusive to refuse to merge our identity in that of University College, we frankly plead guilty, for we believe that by so doing we are remaining true to the basic idea of the college system, and thus promoting the best interests of the University at large. But if it is meant, as some would have us think, that Victoria has been a clog on the wheels of university progress, that she has stood aloof and been self-centred in her ambitions, we deny the charge. In the charter granted to Upper Canada Academy, provision was made for Government supervision, and a measure of Government control, which disproves the allegation that she was intended to exist solely for, and be governed by the Methodist Church.

Victoria has ever consistently opposed the divorcement of education from religion, but that her denominationalism has prevented her from being in the van of educational progress and reform, history absolutely disproves.



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*Inst. Mgr.*



Another erroneous and all too prevalent opinion is that Victoria is a purely theological college. With all due respect to the theological faculty, we believe this to be prejudicial to our best interests, and such is not merely our own humble opinion, but that of the guiding minds of our College, both in the past and at the present time. It should be unnecessary to state that Victoria is not merely a theological school now; but, more than that, it never has been. As a matter of fact, in the beginning there was no theology taught at all. The Faculty of Theology came later, and while it deservedly holds a high position, Victoria is, after all, primarily an Arts college, and such we hope and believe it will remain.



### **An Acknowledgement**

We wish to express our gratitude to all who have contributed to the success of this number, as well as to others whose contributions arrived late and had to be held over for future issues. ACTA's friends have ever been loyal and faithful in time of need, and this year the responses to our requests have been unusually liberal. Words but feebly express our thanks, but we trust that their consciousness of a service rendered may bring to them our wishes for a Merry Christmas.





# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

'05



MISS EDITH DWIGHT has been appointed librarian at the O. A. C., Guelph.

Miss Margaret Hamilton is teaching in the High School at Stirling, Ont.

Miss Carrie Jickling is also teaching in the High School of her native town, St. Mary's.

Miss Ethel Patterson has charge of the Modern Languages Department in the Sarnia Collegiate Institute.

Miss Edna Smith is at her home, 14 Park Road, Toronto.

Mrs. Geo. Sparling (nee Switzer) is on her way to Chentu, China, where she and her husband expect to teach the heathen Chinese.

Miss Wenonah Spence is teaching at Jarvis St. Collegiate, Toronto.

Miss Susie Van Alstyne is at her home, near Napanee.

Miss Marion McLaughlin has a position in the Civil Service at Ottawa.

Miss Edith Wallace is carrying on missionary work at Foo-chow, China.

Miss Alice Wilson is engaged in clerical work at the S. P. S.

Miss Edna Walker is registered in the Faculty of Education.

J. S. Bennett is attending lectures at Oxford University. (Address 141 Woodstock Road, Oxford.)

R. H. Clark is still in Leipsic, Germany.

W. S. Connolly is engaged in missionary work in Japan. (Address 16 Tatsnoka Cho, Hongo, Tokyo, Japan.)

H. H. Cragg is preaching on the Hallowell circuit. (Address Chisholm, Ont.)

J. A. M. Dawson is Associate Editor of The Journal of the American Chemical Society, at the University of Illinois. (Address 605 Chalmers St., Champaign, Ill.)

G. A. Cruise is studying law at Osgoode Hall.

J. R. Davison is in business in Wetaskiwin, Alta.

A. E. Elliott is preaching at Belle Plaine, Sask.

A. L. Fullerton is with the Central Canada Loan and Savings Co., 26 King St. East, Toronto.

J. H. Gain is in business in Winnipeg.

W. F. Green is in the Mineralogical Department, University of Toronto. (Address 219 Robert St., city.)

F. A. E. Hamilton is assistant to the General Superintendent of Wm. Davies Co.

C. M. Hincks is a house surgeon at the Toronto General Hospital.

C. P. Holmes is in Japan, engaged in missionary work. (Address c.o. Rev. A. C. Borden, Kofu, Japan.)

Clyo Jackson is back at Vic studying theology.

W. E. James is preaching at Springvale, Alta.

J. F. Knight is stationed at Dawn Mills, London Conference.

F. W. Langford is preaching at Embro.

A. D. Miller is on the staff of Mt. Allison University.

E. W. Morgan, H. D. Robertson, and W. E. Sibley are engaged in missionary work at Chentu, China. (Address c.o. Canadian Methodist Mission, Chentu, Chuen, China.)

According to latest reports E. V. Ruddell is still in Europe.

W. J. Salter is Classical Master at Woodstock Collegiate.

J. A. Spenceley is taking Theology at Vic.

E. W. Stapleford is taking advanced work in Theology at Oxford University. (Address 141 Woodstock Road, Oxford, England.)

W. A. Walden is stationed at Camlachie, Ont.

If any omissions or errors occur in the above, kindly notify the President, J. A. Spenceley, who is also Secretary pro tem.

(Several of the above items have lately appeared in Acta, but we thought it best to publish the complete class list.—Ed.)

Mention should have been made earlier of the conferring of the degree of Ph.D. by Toronto University upon Rev. F. L. Barber, '03. Mr. Barber is, we believe, the first Methodist minister to receive this degree from Toronto. We gladly correct the omission and extend congratulations.

J. E. Hughson, '02, of Lethbridge, Alta., while in Toronto recently paid a visit to his Alma Mater.

If a few Vic graduates do not soon get married, join a Polar expedition, enter public life, or perform other deeds of heroism worthy of a place in our monthly chronicle, and duly reported thereto, the Personal Editor must soon go out of business. Then please liven up, gentlemen, unless you would force him to go out and prepare a few cases for obituary notice, for news we must have. Friends and relatives of grads will please accept this intimation.

Victoria recently suffered the loss of one of her distinguished graduates, in the person of Geo. S. Beane, Ph.D., whose sudden death occurred in Los Angeles, Cal., on Nov. 1. Since his graduation as a medalist in the class of '85 Dr. Beane has had an eminently successful career in educational work. His last position was that of Professor of Physics and head of the Department of Electrical Engineering in the University of Southern California, a Methodist institution which professes to owe its present standing in no small measure to the work of Prof. Beane. Another Victoria graduate, Rev. Dr. Healy, conducted the funeral. To the family and friends, Acta extends sympathy.



## Exchanges

Each of the many exchanges which reach our desk has one or more features of peculiar excellence. One is notable for the strength and weight of its discussions, another for the high literary standard maintained in all its contributions. Here is a weekly in which the College news and comments on recent events at the seat of learning give it a particular local interest. Next to it comes one of monthly or quarterly issue, much more pretentious in appearance, and appealing to a wider constituency by articles of a more general nature and the discussion of questions affecting University, or even national life. A few are able to publish some real poetry, and even wit is not unknown, though still more rare. No one magazine attempts to display all these virtues, and it would appear that no two are identical in their



aims, hence the hopelessness of attempting anything like a fair estimate of their comparative worth.

For possession of the maximum number of these excellences rather than for unique distinction in any one respect, we very, highly commend the November 15th number of *Queen's University Journal*. Its appearance is improved by a couple of cuts of such excellence that one wishes there were more. The first article, "Expansion and the English Drama," displays a literary quality which ranks it with the best current magazine literature. Vigorous editorial discussion of several such questions as "The Annual Rush," "Queen's and the Church," "The Q. and the Purpose it Serves," shows that the Journal is trying to be a real force in the life at Queen's. The departmental divisions of Arts, Science, Medicine, Divinity, Ladies, Athletics, Alumni, Exchanges and Music enable the Journal to present a more accurate reflection of the whole University than is possible in most college magazines. Whether or not we agree that writing comments on current events is a necessary part of college journalism, it is indisputable that the strong and ably written articles in this section are very interesting as an expression of the views of university men on present day conditions and needs. A report of the recent conference on Church Union, several book reviews, and the usual De Nobis page complete a magazine number that for comprehensiveness and general excellence is hard to equal.

*The Oracle* is the rather ambitious title of a new twenty-four page monthly journal published by the High School, Neepawa, Man. With a neat and attractive cover design, appropriate headings, and well arranged matter, clearly printed on splendid paper, in point of appearance *The Oracle* leaves little to be desired. The contents, which are of student production, range all the way from literary interpretations and historical sketches to limericks and the latest remarks of the ubiquitous Funnyman. Altogether, *The Oracle* would do credit to any collegiate, and cannot fail to be of service to the school in general, besides affording to its staff valuable training for the field of college journalism. We cannot do better than wish our newest exchange success commensurate with its early promise.



OR the last few weeks the atmosphere about Victoria has been heavy with receptions. The two Literary Societies, the Sophomores and the Freshmen, have all been holding forth in various kinds of festivities, all of them, we venture to say, more or less enjoyable, principally more.

At the open meeting of the Union Literary Society on Friday, November 15th, several novel features were included in a very interesting programme. E. H. Ley, '08, made his first appearance this year, and he was welcomed with a vigorous round of applause, and his solo enthusiastically encoored. The "Musical Inquisition" was another contributor to the programme. One of the novelties was introduced in the way of impromptus; the President drew from a box ballots bearing the names of members of the House, and as each ballot was drawn, the owner of the name thereon was obliged to "make a speech, tell a story, recite a 'poem,' or sing a song." Unfortunately, a feeling of shyness seemed to impede the flow of wit, on which this procedure should have acted like Moses' rod to the rock. The Kids' Korner showed good sense and good management, and the business session of House was fairly interesting and not too lengthy.

#### AT OPEN LIT.

President (reading a ballot)—"Mr. G. C. R—"

Leader of Opposition—"Mr. R—, 'abest.'"

President—"Some of the members, not having been working on Dago gangs during the summer, do not understand."

Opp. Leader—"Mr. R— is *Miss*-ing."

In the Treasurer's report one item was: "Saturday Night, \$2.25." Some protests were entered, but the Treasurer cleared his reputation by explaining that the item referred to a newspaper subscription.

O-k-y. '09—"After those speeches. I think the windows might be opened." (Hear! hear!)

A certain member was called upon, and after some searching, he was found in the "Annex"!

"Promissory Notes"—before the quartette started to sing.

"Protested Notes"—after they commenced.

President—"Mr. Hemingway has the floor."

From the Korner—"Spare the floor."

C—, '09 (called on to sing, recite or tell a story —Mr. Speaker, ladies and gentlemen. I am very glad to have the privilege of addressing you this evening—and now I've told a story.

Mr. P-r-s-n (looking hard at Mr. M-r)—"Some people do not need to be on the floor of the House every minute to make their presence felt."

In the Critic's report, J. L. Rutledge's ambiguous remark that he had "suffered something in the nature of a partial eclipse" has kept us guessing whether he did not refer to the copious bonnets in front of him, rather than the Secretary's neglect. The Critic also said that vocalist of the evening had improved during the summer, although he did not know under what influence.

Telegrams received during the session:

To J. V. Mc—:

Your contestant in the walking competition reports herself quite prepared. Will expect you, her trainer, an hour before the race.

(Signed) "Star."

To E. G. S—:

Call up N. 2924 at once. Very important!

(Signed) X. Y. Z.

The evening following Open Lit. '09 "had a party" in the celestial regions over the road. Decorations and refreshments were not lacking, and the time was pleasantly whiled away with games and class songs.

AT THE '09 LADIES' RECEPTION TO THE MEN.

D—n (in the cloak room, looking for his hat—"Where's my peg?")

H—t—"Do you expect to have your name written there?"

C—lly—"When saying good-bye, I held the Dean's hand for quite a while. Now, that was rather nice."

Anonymous—"I don't call one dish of ice cream true hospitality."

Alphabetical Messages—"Get Honey in June."

M—r—"No, I don't sing, but I mean to try."

Miss B—"Really, I think it better for the development of your aesthetic nature that you should listen to others."

Miss G— (washing dishes afterwards)—"Goodness! I'm glad no more came."

(The Ed. thinks there were no more to come.)

Miss T—."What ever should we do without Latin keys!"

R—ge—"I wonder! I tell you what, the first man I shall shake hands with in heaven will be Kelly!"

The open meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held Thursday, November 21st, in Alumni Hall, before a large audience. The principal feature of the evening's entertainment was a debate. The subject was, "Resolved that the present examination system of the University of Toronto ought to be done away with and that the standing of the student ought to be determined in the first three years by his professors, and in the fourth by an oral examination." The affirmative was upheld by Misses Spence and Hewitt, '09, while the negative was championed by Misses Parlow and Mason. The debate was keenly contested, but the decision was given in favor of the negative. Thus the secret hope of '09, that she should carry the laurel for a third year, was destroyed. '08 now goes forth with hopes for final victory, since she has succeeded in worsting her ancient foe, '09. The final debate will be between '08 and '10, '10 having been successful in her debate against '11.

Mr. Currelly's exhibition of Egyptian curios in Wycliffe Convocation Hall was greatly appreciated by the entire student body, and none are louder in their praises than the members of the graduating class at Victoria.

On Tuesday evening, November 19, in response to the invitation of Dr. Edgar, the Faculty of Victoria, with their wives and a strong contingent of our sedate and sober Seniors spent a very pleasant hour with Dr. Edgar, Mr. Currelly, and the said



UNION LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM, 1907.

C. E. KIMMY, '08, *1stst. Critic*. W. E. McNEIVEN, '10, *Asst. Treas.*. J. K. GARDNER, '09, *Treas.*. R. L. JONES, *2nd Vice Pres.*. C. A. BRIDGEMAN, '10, *Rec. Sec.*.  
 E. G. SANDERS, '08. C. M. WRIGHT, '08. PROF. R. P. HOWES, M. A. B. D., Hon. Pres. G. A. STROUD, '08, *1st Vice Pres.*. E. C. MOYER, '09, *Leader of Oppos.*  
 A. L. BUEL, '10, *Treas.*. R. D. SMITH, '08, *Curator*.



Egyptian curios. When each had secretly decided which article he or she would have endeavored to carry off, were it not for the presence of the burly policeman at the door, the entire company adjourned in instalments to the home of Dr. Edgar for the promised "piece of cake." For several hours there was the usual flow of wit and wisdom, in which all participated, from the Chancellor down to the meekest Seniorette. All too soon, Dame Propriety bade us be gone, and the feeble expressions of thanks which fell from our lips was only a slight indication of the gratitude which we felt in our hearts to Dr. and Mrs. Edgar for "another evening well spent."

#### ECHOS FROM THE DEBATE.

Miss S—, '09—"Some students fail on their examinations because they do not look at things from the same point of view as their examiners.

Miss H—, '09—"We claim that one-half hour is long enough to thoroughly examine a student, orally, on any one subject. Indeed, numbers assert that they could tell *all* they knew in less time than that.

Miss M—, '08—"The great question is, the metallic where-withal—and we haven't got it."

Miss M—, '08—"Do our opponents purpose that our professors shall give each student a personally conducted tour through College?"

Miss S—, '09—"Cramming has been defined as "the accumulation of undigested facts and second-hand theories, to be reproduced on paper, handed over to the examiner and forgotten forever."

#### AT THE DEBATE, '10 vs. '11.

Miss D—f—, '11—"Chinamen are needed for lumber."

Voice in the audience—"I presume they must be block-heads."

The First Year reception, on Friday, November 22nd, was one of the most attractive of the season. The Freshies worked hard, and the decorations, etc., showed the result. Their efforts to make this the best reception of the year were fully appreciated by the College. The entrance of the President of the

Year, later on in the evening, was an involuntary departure from the regular custom.

Freshman (at the reception, as the ladies came up the stairs)—“The very air changes.”

Freshette—“I always used to wish I were a man, so I could be a minister: since that is impossible, my ambition now is to be a minister’s wife. (B.D.’s beware!)”

Miss M—er, ’11—“I had a promenade with a D. T. the other evening.” (And she wondered where the laugh came in.)

Langford, ’08—“A wonderful thing happened this morning. I made a joke to the Chancellor and he laughed. What do you think of that?”

Quirnbach—“I should say two wonderful things happened.”

Miss C—.—“Who was in that carriage?”

———: “Why, couldn’t you see?”

Miss C—.—“No, I couldn’t distinguish the countenances. All I saw was a blending of smiles.”

Dr. Reynar (at lecture)—“Few men have any sense!”

Guide (on the “Seeing Toronto,” pointing to Annesley)—“That is the place where they train girls to be Methodist ministers’ wives.”

“Will you have some more chicken, Miss C—?”

“If you please. I’m in a very receptive mood this evening.”

We must discount stories that come to us of the fare at the Ladies’ Residence. For instance, one resident remarked that “she didn’t think it right to make them eat *pills* for dessert.” And it was merely tapioca pudding!

M—l—r, ’09, entered the lecture room a little late and took a seat beside a grave Theolog. The Theolog. leaned over and said solemnly: “We shall sleep, *but not forever*.”

After the usual controversy the members of ’11 have received their class pins. Many assert that at a distance they resemble an automobile. They admit themselves that you can hear them coming.

Miss St—us, ’09—“My highest ambition is to keep out of the Christmas Acta.”



Miss H—g. '11 (being asked to join the Y. W. C. A.)—"Oh, I scarcely think it necessary. We have family prayers every morning."

D—n. '11 (at class meeting)—"How many shall we have on this committee? Two of each?"

(Two of what? What does the boy mean?)

Mr. Auger (reading from "Romeo and Juliet")—

"The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place—"

I suppose conceit doesn't give you any trouble!

Juniorette—"The Victoria Volunteer Band is going around to all the churches next week."

Freshette—"Oh, has Victoria a band? A brass band, is it?"

Red—n. '11 (in Religious Knowledge class)—"Dr. Burwash, I have known ministers to shine their shoes on Sunday; don't you think that is wrong?"

———. '11—"I'm glad we tapped Green. He stood there, looking so miserable and frightened."

Miss G—. '09—"How many were there of you?"

———.—"Oh, about forty or fifty. (Noble six hundred!)"

Miss McD—. '08 (having just met Mr. Auger)—"That Mr. Auger is quite an addition to our year. We don't often have fresh Seniors."

Dr. Reynar—"There are some places we may not go to, even for gems."

A small voice—"The Ladies' Study!"

Freshette (reading aloud)—"From Opium Fiend to Local Preacher"—Quirnbach! "I didn't know he used to be an opium fiend."

W. H. Hiles, B.A. (at Ethics lecture)—"The surest proof of the existence of a Deity is the epistymological—"

Ockley, '09—"How do you spell the gentleman's name, please?"

Quartette of naughty-niners at Open Lit. (Tune, Doxology):

"Oh! we were d— near onety-naught,

But thank our lucky stars we're not," etc.

Those who were lucky enough to be in the College or on the Campus on Saturday morning witnessed a very fair example, on a small scale, of an old-fashioned hustle. The scrapping commenced in the basement, where the water flowed freely for a while, until personal interference by the Chancellor, then drifted gradually over to the Athletic Building, and some more water flowed. Freshies and Sophs mixed it indiscriminately for a while, but with the exception of an odd hat or coat, no real damage was done. "A little water is a good thing." (The Local Ed. knows that.) The scrap ended in good style, with an all-round handshake.

The Freshies claim that the score in tapping was 8—3 in their favor. The beauty of these playful little scraps is that they always end in a drawn battle, and leave the victory open for considerable debate on both sides.

Which will you have, Freshie; hot or cold shower?

Miss Mason (at debate)—"I haven't time to number my points, but I have twenty-nine slips of paper in my hand, and on each slip is a point."

Prof. H—ng (at the end of an afternoon tea)—"Now I'll go home and get something to eat."





## Association



THE hoodoo that has followed Vic. in athletics for so many moons has at last been broken, and we have won something—the intermediate championship in the Inter-faculty Association series. The boys played two hard games to decide the finals, and in addition went up to Galt, where they managed to defeat such a crack team as the holders of the Hough Cup. This shows the good results of concentrating on one Association team and not trying to win both intermediate and senior.

The history of the winning of this championship is the most pleasant task that has fallen to the lot of a sporting editor of Acta since the winter we won the Jennings Cup and lost it on a technicality. The series commenced with a win from Knox by default, and then another win a week later from Pharmacy by the close score of 1—0, although our lone tally might have been doubled or trebled. Then came the two really hard games of the series. Vic bucked up against Senior Arts in the final contest, and the game ended in a draw, 1—1. Captain Courtice and his stalwarts wanted to continue the contest till a decision was reached, but the Varsity men were quite plainly “all in,” and wished to delay the final struggle till another day.

So the two teams met on Wednesday, November 20th, on Varsity campus. Vic elected to defend the south goal in the first half, and started things with a rush. The forwards, particularly Courtice and Gundy, were after the ball every minute, and came near scoring several times. Finally Courtice put a shot in that eluded the Arts goal-tender, and when the first half ended the score was one to nil in favor of Vic. In the next half the play was more in the centre of the field at first, but finally worked down to our goal. One of the Arts men kicked the ball behind the line and then out again, and then took a shot

on goal, the ball passing between the posts. The referee allowed this fluke tally. But our lads took a brace, as they were evidently much fresher than their opponents, and in a few minutes Reg. Gundy made a successful shot. This ended the scoring for the game, and won the championship for Victoria.

All through the games the consistent defence work of Jewett was particularly noticed and praised by the onlookers. He seldom missed a kick, no matter whether the ball were high or low. He was well seconded by Davidson. The half-back line and all the forwards played a hard, aggressive game throughout the series.

The team that represented Vic was as follows: Goal, Sanders; backs, Davidson, Jewett; half-backs, Domm, Vance, Moorehouse; forwards, Cass, Courtice, Rumball, Gundy, Taylor.



### **Hough Cup Defenders Beaten by Vic.**

Galt was rather rudely awakened Saturday morning, November 23rd, when the C. P. R. train from Toronto pulled in and thirteen Victoria men announced their arrival by V-e, V-e, V-i-e. Here, Victoria. Intermediate Inter-faculty champions, were to meet the heretofore invincible Collegiate champions, and winners of the Hough Cup. The speedy Galt eleven were in good form, and being strengthened by three of the Galt senior team, hoped to pull off an easy victory.

Victoria came strong on the start, and soon had Galt on the defensive, and by half time the score stood 2—0 in Vic's favor. However, the Collegiate boys were not dismayed. They entered the second half with such vigor that the play for some time was centered in front of the Victoria goal, but owing to the splendid work of Victoria's defence they were unable to score until near the end of the game, when the Galt forwards made a pretty combined rush, scoring by a swift shot from the right wing. This ended the scoring, although the play was strenuous until the whistle blew for full time.

The line up: Goal, Sanders; backs, Jewett, Davidson; half-backs, Wren, Vance, Wilson; forwards, Courtice, Gundy, Cass, Williams, Rumball.



VICTORIA COLLEGE ATHLETIC CLUB EXECUTIVE, 1907-1908.

- |  |  |  |  |   |
|--|--|--|--|---|
| Miss G. W. McLaren, <i>hon.</i><br><i>Ice Hockey Capt.</i> | Miss K. F. Baerman, <i>hon.</i><br><i>President.</i> | Miss A. E. Spencer, <i>hon.</i><br><i>Field Hockey Capt.</i> | Miss G. L. Grange, <i>hon.</i><br><i>3rd Year Rep.</i> | Miss L. Denno,<br><i>basket ball Rep.</i>             |
| Miss J. McConnell, <i>1st Year Rep.</i>                    | Miss M. P. Davidson, <i>2nd Year Rep.</i>            | Miss H. Graham,<br><i>Hon. President.</i>                    | Miss F. Crane, <i>hon.</i><br><i>Secretary.</i>        | Miss P. J. Mason, <i>hon.</i><br><i>4th Year Rep.</i> |

## Jottings

The last Rugby match of the season was played November 12th, when we journeyed up to Guelph and played a return match with O. A. C. We fared but little better there than in Toronto, although we played a weaker team, and came back defeated by the score of 13—2.

Joe Rutledge organized a second team a couple of weeks ago and gave the first team a good practice game, the final score being 22—6 in favor of the firsts. If we had a few more of these matches before the Mulock Cup series it would prove of incalculable benefit to the team.

This year O. A. C. cut out Association football entirely, and devoted all their energies to Rugby, as they thought they could not with any degree of success support both games. It might be a good idea if Vic concentrated on either one or the other. This year we have come out victors in the Association. Next year we might play nothing but Rugby, and see if we couldn't annex that heirloom of the School's—the Mulock Cup.

It will afford a good deal of satisfaction to Vic that the Rugby team that beat us in the initial game by the close score of 11—8, and at that on a fluke, finally won out in the series. They won their second game easily by the score of 36—0, and their final one from First Year School, by 30—8.

After their final Association game, the victorious Vics went down to the St. Charles' Cafe, where they had a most enjoyable banquet.

The Rugby enthusiasts met November 29th and elected the officers for next year. Lester Green, '10, will make a popular captain, and the other officers are: Hon. President, Dr. Horning; President, J. C. Lovering; Secretary, Jack Birnie; Manager, "Cassius" Ockley; Manager of Second Team, "Pat" Miller.



## The Rink

A charming freshette has asked the Sporting Editor if it is true that we won't have any rink this year. This same rumor has arisen about the end of November for several years past, and has just as much truth in it as it ever had—none. The



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM, 1907-1908.

W. Carter, *G. Half*; O. A. Jewett, *L. back*; E. G. Sanders, *Goal*; W. Moorhouse, *R. Half*; E. R. Boone, *R. Half*; W. M. Johnston, *R. back*;  
 H. Williams, *Forward*; R. P. Stockton, *Manager*; W. N. Converse, *Captain, outside back*; J. M. Whitcomb, *L. A.*; W. E. S. Taylor, *Outside L. F.*;  
 J. Kimball, *Inside Right*; J. R. Gandy, *Centre*; W. J. Cress, *Inside Left*.

rink will be conducted along practically the same lines as in previous years, and Arthur is said to be fully as expert in the art of manufacturing ice as Jerry was.

The Rink Committee for this winter is composed of the following men: J. E. Lovering (Secretary), W. W. Davidson, R. P. Stockton, J. H. Oldham, W. A. McCubbin, C. B. Kelly, G. C. Rutledge.



## Tennis

The winners in all the events in the Tennis Tournament were given in the last number, except in the Ladies' Handicap. This was won by Miss Grace McLaren, '09. Miss Ada Spencer, '09, was runner up, the score in the final match being 3—6, 8—6, 6—0.



## Alley

The Freshmen won out in the inter-year alley, going through their five games undefeated. The standing at the close was as below:

	Won.	Lost.
'11.....	5	0
P.G.....	4	1
'08.....	3	2
'09.....	2	3
'10.....	1	4
C.T.....	0	5

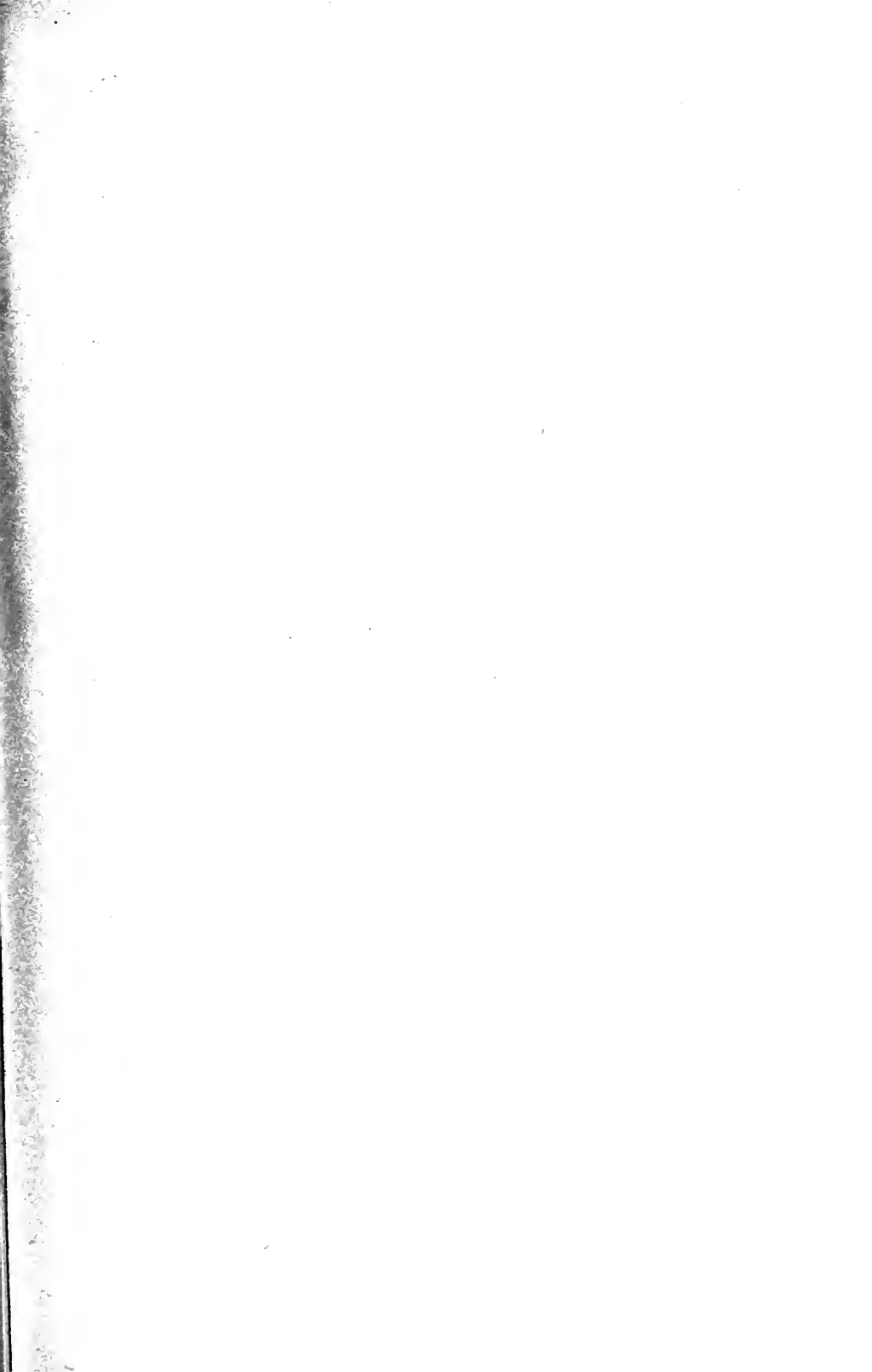
The '11 team displayed fine form in their final games, and easily disposed of the P. G. team, the runners-up. During the games many close finishes were made, and much interest was exhibited throughout the schedule.

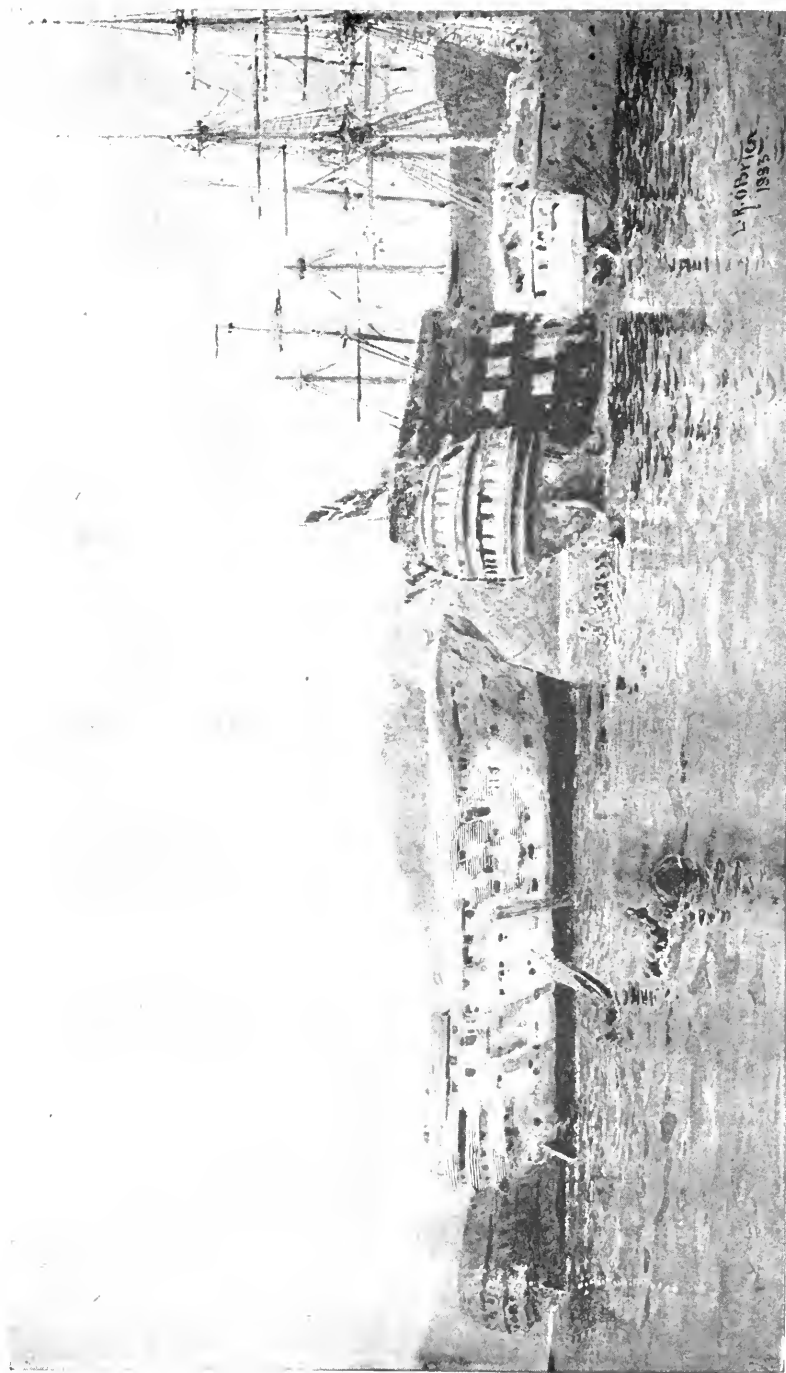
The Inter-college series resulted as follows:

A SERIES—Won. Lost.		B SERIES—Won. Lost.	
St. Mikes.....	3 1	St. Mikes.....	4 0
Dents .....	3 1	Den's .....	1 3
Victoria .....	0 4	Victoria .....	1 3

Owing to these games being played under different rules, and with a larger ball than Victoria players have been accustomed to, they had difficulty in "killing the elusive sphere," while their opponents, especially St. Mike's, excelled in this, the winning phase of the game.







**A REMINISCENCE OF ENGLAND'S NAVY OF THE PAST**

L. R. O'BRIEN, R.C.A.

# Acta Victoriana



Published monthly during the College year by the Union  
Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto

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## An Idyll

THE twilight softly, slowly steals away,  
The sweet reminder of the dying day;  
The timid stars now gently ope their eyes,  
So tender to the light of upper skies.  
But kindly Night soon casts her cloak around,  
Of velvet deep and pure, and every sound  
Is steeped in silence bound as by a spell,  
Which in the darkness seems to grow and swell.

But lo! pale Cynthia breathes a calm repose  
Upon the weary world with all its woes.  
How gently do the wings of Sleep delight  
And soothe the world upon the breast of Night!  
And, sweetly closing each reluctant eye,  
Give lightest Fancy scope to roam and fly!  
Oh, would sweet Sleep repose within my breast,  
And softly hush my weary soul to rest!

A. L. B., '10.

## The Call of the State

HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER, M.P.

THE call of the State comes to none with greater force and aptness than to our colleges and universities, and to those who enjoy their advantages. By virtue of the fran-



HON. GEO. E. FOSTER, M.P.

chises, protection and material assistance of the State these institutions exist, and to their cultural processes are entrusted each year a small but potential minority of the State's citizens. The colleges and universities repay in part the obligations thus created by maintaining a high theoretical and practical standard of efficiency in the arts and sciences they teach, by furnishing the future citizens that pass under their influences with the best possible equipment of intellectual and moral power, and the highest ideals of

scientific and professional pursuits. Thus the altar fires of high truth and noble learning are kept continually burning within the State, and each year beholds a select and gifted proportion of its sons pass out from their glow to become, each in his chosen sphere, a cultured factor in the State's general development.

But all is not yet done that should be done. If these select ones aim only at making themselves approved clerics, good doctors, excellent engineers, first-class captains of industry, and such like, the State, whilst being enriched in its individual, social and professional life, may yet be cheated of its just due.

For the State is an organized entity, and needs more, and calls for more, than this. Medical skill and its application

results in vast improvements in the health and sanitation of both individual and community, technical and scientific knowledge in its application raises the quality and efficiency of all our industrial processes, and like results may be attained in of world-life sweeps onward, deterioration in the State may be suffering in health and retarded in development and actually retrograding in its ideals, its policies and its administration. The State must have its eliminated truths, its correct ideals, its wise policies, and its improved processes of development and administration entirely over and above those of individuals and guilds. Unless these exist and are being continually tested, improved and purified as the great current of world life sweeps onward, deterioration in the State may easily go hand in hand with individual and social improvement, till national decay results in national death.

The point I wish to enforce is this: that regnant and persistent, as of the highest and most essential moment, we must keep and strengthen the idea that no man's work ends with his profession or calling, that his whole duty is by no means done when he has completed his professional or servile work. A man is to be a good doctor, or engineer, or teacher, or workman, but he is to be more than that. He is to be withal a good citizen of the State in which he lives, and to do it willing and loyal service, in no neutral or passive way, but in a sense of real, practical, self-sacrificing duty thereto.

Ours is a democracy, and in a democracy the result depends on the average efficiency and activity of its units. This average is susceptible of great enhancement by the superior equipment and motive power of the widely distributed units which pass out from our higher institutions of learning.

Herein, then, lies the opportunity of the university and college, and the urgent responsibility as well. Nor will they discharge their full obligations to the State, until by appropriate stimulus they fire every student's imagination, and fill his heart with an intense and dominant patriotism, which will lead him to recognize the claims of his country to a part of his best service and impel him to conscientiously bestow that service, and until they furnish him with a generous knowledge of the principles and methods of state service. How to die in defence of country we all know; how to live for it we all

more need to know. And if the sacred cohorts of chosen youth that yearly graduate from the colleges and universities of Canada could go forth to their country's service fired with high enthusiasm and armed with correct methods, it would not be long before the public life of Canada would be lifted into great vitality and splendid effort. The call of the State is urgent, persistent, almost piteous; whence better can it recruit its reserves, and where more naturally should it meet with more generous response?

Who to-day are doing the work of the State? Roughly we may divide the workmen of the State—its special guild—into two classes, the legislative and the executive. The legislative work is done by one Federal and seven Provincial bodies. These comprise in all about six hundred men. In so far as general policy and lines and methods of administration are concerned, they are all embodied in enactment and regulation by this handful of the population of Canada. But dominant in these are eight cabinets or ministries, composed of some threescore men, who under the party system, each one in its own legislature, overshadow and practically direct the work of the six hundred legislators. Theoretically these are committees or servants of the six hundred representatives of the Canadian democracy, but it is a moot question if in reality and in practice they are not, during their time of office, its actual masters.

Under these legislators, and subject to their directions, are the multiplied grades of executive workers, each having its scope and limits, who carry out the vast network of activities included in the country's services. Our judges sit and decree justice, our great Departments administer State affairs on sea and land, construct our works, supervise and regulate our great productivities and utilities, and expend our moneys, working through and by the tens of thousands of officials and employees, who carry out instructions to the minutest detail.

To this little band of legislators and this not much larger band of public servants are entrusted the momentous work of the State. The security for property and life, the order and peace of the community, the trend of trade and development, in fact all the national interests of a great people, depend on the wisdom, the integrity, the efficiency and the industry of

this small working service of the State. For good or ill, for better or worse, we find here the head, heart and arms of the State.

A single moment of serious thought teaches us, too, what depends on the equipment of this service—its ideals, its methods—and of the intimate relations it holds to the vast mass of our citizenship. Theoretically a creature and committee of the mass, it has its own separate existence, activities and ideals. Of what supreme importance, therefore, that it be formed of the best, equipped with the best, dominated by the best!

But it so happens in practice that for this, the country's service, the least special preparation has been thought necessary and has been provided. For the teacher infinite pains of selection, of training, of classification, thorough knowledge and the highest standards. For the physician all that special colleges and the accumulated knowledge and experience of the healing art can give. For the engineer severe courses and years of close practical training. But for the legislator? Picked up from the farm, the store, the office; here to-day, away to-morrow; dependent on the accidents and incidents of party combination and popular favor; the majority untrained and unread; stealing time from a calling they understand, to do intermittent duty in a sphere which requires the best possible equipment of mind and heart, where is his school of training, his study and testing of the standards? Were it not that in practice it so happens that some few better endowed or more thoroughly equipped retain in the parties a position of comparative permanency, develop in the practical work of years, standards and traditions tending to efficiency and skill in statesmanship and continuity in policy, we should be much worse off than we are. Every year the work of the State is becoming more complex and difficult, and calls for special gifts and trained thinkers and observers. From the colleges and universities Canada rightfully asks a contribution of their best; and to the well-equipped and strong-souled, who answer, she offers wonderful opportunities for glorious careers in hard and self-sacrificing service in her behalf.

Lives have been freely given and glory has been grandly gained upon the tented field, in every age of the Empire's

varied history, and who does not thrill as the roll of her heroes is called? But no service has been so useful, and none more truly glorious than that rendered by the men of the State, warriors of peace, who followed and nobly fulfilled the call of duty in the great field of legislative and executive work. And where is there a more urgent call for such than here in Canada to-day? Unto you, young men, we call, because you are strong.

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The wide world heard as she sang so clear,  
Too happy was I to care or repine;  
For in tones so low that *they* could not hear,  
My Love's heart sang to mine.

—Anon.



FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.

“PERE LE JEUNE IN THE FOREST.”



## Roberts' Country

ETHEL G. CHADWICK, '07.

HE who would truly love the poetry of Chas. G. D. Roberts must travel eastward to a wind-swept spot where the turbulent Bay of Fundy drives its tempestuous waters up into Chignecto Bay, and thence forces them between the red clay banks of the Tantramar River. Here, on the side of a hill, with the rugged crests above and the rancous river below, and the green grass meadows round about, are the remains of the early home of the poet. Here lived his father, the clergyman of the parish, whom he has described in his novel, *The Heart that Knows*, and his mother, who ruled the household with her law of love. Here were spent Roberts' early years, when he



CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS

breathed in with the breath of life a love for every phase of the changing scene.

Along the banks of this tidal river, and stretching away for miles, are the marshes of Westmoreland, "tranquil meadows, grassy Tantramar, wide marshes ever washed with clearest air." There was "heard the song of the glad bobolink, whose lyric throat pealed like a tangle of small bells afloat." There the mottled marsh-hawk pounced upon its prey, the sand-piper came in from the sea, and the field-mice played among the vetches, while the strange, unquiet waters, with their daily ebb and flow, left their impress on the poet's heart.

There is something very fascinating, even to one not born among them, in these marsh lands, stretching in long, flat reaches which lure one on. Bare and empty are they, save for an occasional stunted tree and the weather-beaten marsh-hay barns thickly dotted about. Over all hangs the blue canopy of sky, while the low hills in the distance reach up to caress

the sky, crowned as they are with the soft blue haze of the distance.

Winding in and out through these meadows flows the river, with its wide red flats, above tide-mark, pale with the scurf of the salt, and with great rents in the banks, seamed and baked in the sun. Then comes "the orange flood, roaring in from Fundy's troughs and tide-worn caves," slowly but inevitably advancing, while the banks seem to open wide to receive the tawny monster and close in around him as he advances and fills up the space. A muddy, seething mass it is, with here and there a fleck of foam borne in from the infinite ocean; but, "when the tide is full, and stilled a little while the seething and the hiss, and every tributary channel filled to the brim with rosy streams," over the surface comes a silvery sheen. The great mass of water rests like a mighty giant who has proved his might and strength, and then lies down in his cave to rest. Soon the restless tide must ebb down to mother ocean, carrying with it the tall, slim, grey-masted barquentines which have been waiting to ride off upon the bosom of the waters.

So the ships pass away and out to sea, and all else seems to suffer change, all except, to the poet, the rushing and the ebbing tide, the red clay banks, the green grass meadows, the distant hills and the brooding sky.

"Hands of chance and change have marred, or moul'd or broken,  
 Busy with spirit or flesh, all I most have adored;  
 Even the bosom of Earth is strewn with heavier shadows,—  
 Only in these green hills, aslant to the sea, no change!

More than the old-time stir this stillness welcomes me home.  
 Ah, the old-time stir, how once it stung me with rapture,—  
 Old-time sweetness, the winds freighted with honey and salt!  
 Yet will I stay my steps and not go down to the marsh-land,—  
 Muse and recall far off, rather remember than see,—  
 Lest on too close sight I miss the darling illusion,  
 Spy at their task even here the hands of chance and change."

## Some Pictures in English Galleries

HAROLD F. WOODSWORTH, '07.

FIRST impressions are rarely of any interest outside of a comparatively small circle, and when paraded before strangers are likely to prove a source of endless weariness,—not that the impressions themselves lack value, but because there are so many more like them in the world, and so many better. However, immature as they may be, the true lover of the subject under discussion will not altogether despise them, knowing that, like childish things of all kinds, they will be put away one day, and be replaced by truer ones. Thus, when I was asked to tell about some of the pictures which I had seen on a recent visit to Great Britain, I felt that it would be folly to attempt any formal criticism of works of which I knew but little. The thing which I have endeavored to do, therefore, is to write in a perfectly informal way about some of the pictures which I liked best. Needless to say, the limits of space have forced me to pass over certain ones which are as much or more impressed upon my memory than some which I have mentioned.

In the way which I have chosen these favorite pictures there is a strange lack of consistency. Like the Oxford student who did not love the immortal Dr. Fell, I have no reason to give for my likes or dislikes. The Old Masters I have almost omitted, though not because they failed to appeal to me; but they seemed to speak to all, and like great living personages, could not give a word to each individual. They offered the great lessons of all the past and all the time to come, but somehow in their vastness seemed to pass over the joys and sorrows of to-day. But there were other pictures, which were usually painted by modern men, and these seemed so close that their message was not lost amid the immensity of the ages. It is Longfellow and his Sublime Bard over again,—a confession of loneliness and of weakness.

One of the painters in whom I was most interested was Dante Gabriel Rossetti. I had read about the man, knew some of his poems fairly well, and the peculiar fascination of

his pictures had taken hold upon me. May I add that this fascination did not leave me, but rather grew with every picture of his that I came to know? *Dante's Dream*, which is perhaps his greatest picture, hangs in the Liverpool gallery, and is the first of his which I saw. It is a beautiful work, and carried with it an air of sadness such as few pictures possess. Every line is a thing of grace: the drapery of the women, the droop of the veil, and the flowers on the floor are all one harmony. Beatrice herself, with her long, fair hair and her beautiful, pale face, is such a being as deserves an angel's kiss. But, for all the beauty, it is the wistful face of stern Dante which holds us as we look and haunts us as we go. There is no picture which I know, save it be one or two of Christ himself, which brings to me the same feeling of being impotent to help a sorrow which I cannot understand. If Rossetti had painted no other picture, that one face would hang in our memories as a memorial of him forever.

But there are many others of his which are, I think, truly great, and one of these is *Proserpine*, in the gallery at Oxford. The picture is that of a woman, and the wonder of it is the look in that woman's eyes. You see there all the pain of a bitter, hopeless present and the haunting fear of eternal memory. Eve might have looked thus if she had passed out through the gates of Eden without the hope of one day being the mother of many peoples, and thinking only of the lost Paradise.

Much as I would like to speak of some of the other pre-Raphaelite painters, I must turn to another name which can never be quite disassociated from that of Rossetti. If I were not stealing a phrase which I wish to use again, I would call Burne-Jones "The Faultless Painter," not that he lacks faults, I suppose, nor that I wish to convey a note of Browningsque disapproval, but because his work is so fine and rich and splendid that I had not the heart to do aught but admire. This feeling is associated especially with his picture, *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*. The word "pleasing" has been so prostituted through use as a weak adjective that I am loath to use it, though it most accurately describes this work. The story in itself is such a pleasant one, and the picture is like the story, only much richer. The beggar maid with her

wondering eyes is so innocent and fair that I had seen the picture several times before it occurred to me that she was dressed unlike a queen. All that one can do is to gaze with submissive admiration, feeling that, were he king, he, too,



F. H. Calderon, R.A.

RENUNCIATION.

would step down and place the crown at her queenly feet.

Another painting in the Tate Gallery which I would like to mention is Lord Leighton's *Psyche*. For pure grace of outline and delicacy of coloring it is surpassed by no picture

which I have seen. It is as beautiful as life itself—or, at least, as beautiful as pagan life can be. But beside it hangs another picture by a lesser artist, who has caught a greater idea. It is *Renunciation*, by Calderon, and shows a nun as she is making the sacrifice of the world and all that it stands for. To me the two pictures seemed the two ideas of life which are as wide apart as the poles, and between which men of all ages have vacillated in their vain search after rest for their wearied souls.

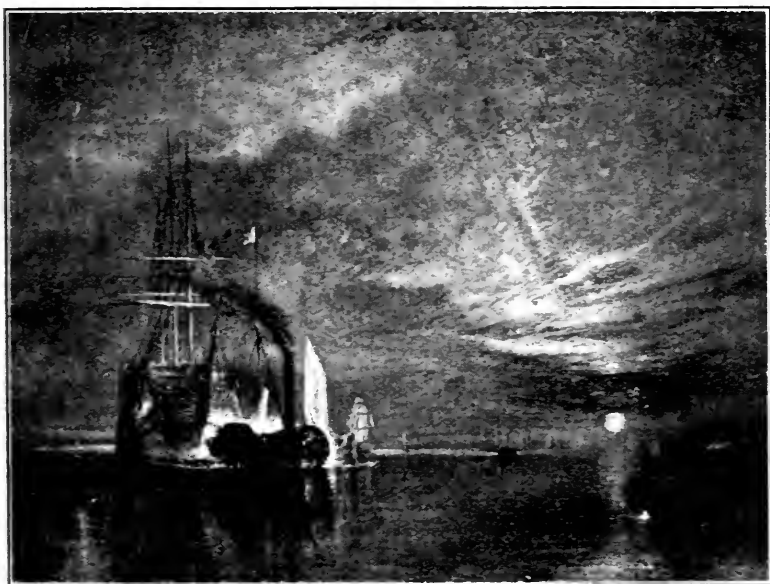
Though Landseer did not appeal to me very strongly, I would not entirely omit his name. Of course, I liked his work; in fact I fail to see how anyone could do otherwise. It brings back that happiest of all feelings—the feeling of simple, unperplexed childhood. We always leave his pictures smiling and content, and untroubled by the doubts and hopes that make us men. But I cannot forget the impression which Landseer made upon one of my friends—a popular young undergraduate of Victoria. After gazing some moments upon that delightful production, *The Shoeing of the Bay Mare*, he turned to me with: “Well, Landseer has ’em all skinned to death!” Though not quite agreeing with his verdict, I could not but sympathize.

To Turner I came, prepared to commend, because, I may frankly confess, Ruskin had done so. For, after all, it is no great crime to form one’s opinion in some degree along the same lines as those who are great in the world have done. To independent, intellectual persons this may seem slavish, but surely it is only the attitude of the true disciple. As long as you have faith in your master, why should you not strive to see the same beauties as he saw? Striving to see them, you will probably find them there, and finding them, be content. Unhappy the man who, seeking, does not find, for either he is blind to the beauty, or, worse still, the master was untrue.

But returning from this digression, what of Turner? Some of his pictures were more beautiful than I ever guessed, and some, I fear, rather resembled Mark Twain’s description. The one which I liked best—better, even, than the defiant *Ulysses*—was *The Old Temeraire*. The grand old boat which was second in Nelson’s line to the *Victory*, is being towed by a tug to the dock to be broken up. The sun is setting, and the

atmosphere of sadness about these inanimate objects—about the very sky and sea—is profound.

It is the rarity, I think, with which we see Turner's strange color effects in nature that makes us think them unnatural. But there are times when they do appear, and then we know that he was no fantastic dauber, but a painter in truth. Only the other night I saw a cloud of black factory smoke blowing across the face of a full moon, and I felt then as if the beauty were not mine, but his.



THE OLD TEMERAIRE.

Turner, R.A.

Let me tell of but one more picture—this time one of the Old Masters. It is by Andrea del Sarto, and is supposed to be a portrait of himself. Everything is there as Browning reads the character of "The Faultless Painter," and your sorrow for it all increases as those fine eyes follow you. It might be another painting of the Rich Young Man whom Jesus loved, and who went away sorrowful. The picture might have meant little to me if I had not known the poem. Do you remember the lines?

“ The last monk leaves the garden ; days decrease  
 And Autumn grows, Autumn in everything.  
 Eh ? The whole seems to fall into a shape  
 As if I saw alike my work and self  
 And all I was born to be and do  
 A twilight piece.”

So, one by one, these dreams of the poets and painters enter into our lives and there unite into a more perfect whole. There is so much beauty in the world, but so much of it seems placed beyond our attainment that we must live out our sombre lives encompassed by the hard, straight lines of duty. But even though we may long in vain for these fine things which we, having seen, love, yet their message is an abiding one. It teaches us to see the beauty in the everyday things of life. It teaches us that the men and women who walk our streets are not less artistic than those idealized by Rembrandt, or by great Raphael himself. Best of all, it teaches us that the truest art is merely the outward and visible sign of a spiritual beauty which pervades the whole of life.

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### **Mors Aeschyli**

PAUL M'DOWELL KERR, '03.

Sub sole calvus dicitur Aeschylus,  
 Quodam otioso cui esse placet die,  
 Sedisse fessus iam relictis  
 Moenibus e quibus ambularat.

Splendore miro capta aquila involans  
 Testudinem uncis quem pedibus tenet  
 Inludit huic saxo quod videtur:  
 Immeritum ac miserum peremit!



## Book Reviews

*Autumn Leaves.* By M. A. MAITLAND. Toronto, 1907: Briggs. 16 pages, with portrait.

A kindly face looks out at us as we open this little booklet which contains her joyous soul outpourings. They run smoothly and sweetly, if not strongly, and are carefully wrought. One, "The Voice of Winter," has a more rugged strength, as the first verse shows:

"I come, I come from the frozen north,  
From the home of the ice and the snow ;  
And I leave my track on the good green earth  
Wherever my footsteps go.  
I roam at will over dale and hill,  
And I care not for high nor low ;  
All hearts I thrill with my sceptre chill,  
For I'm king of the year, you know."

The "Cradle Song" is delightful in lilt and clever in combination. And here is a stanza from an unusual subject:

"The girl who yield's with ready will  
Her own for others' pleasure ;  
Who is, a other's cup to fill,  
Content with stinted measure ;  
Who guards the wayward feet that roam,  
Nor deems her watching *bother*  
Oh, she's an angel in the home—  
The girl that helps her mother !"

*The Adventurer.* By LLOYD OSBOURNE. Toronto, 1907: Musson Book Company, Limited, 396 pp.

"A brief record of the Voyage of the Landship 'Fortuna,' with Observations and Notes relating to the Ancient Ruins of Cassaquari, together with an account of the author's captivity among, and subsequent escape from, the Piapoco Aborigines, with some General Remarks on the Flora, Fauna and Anthropology of the Mid-South American Region." The adventurer is said to be the precursor of the book with the above title, and tells how the last commander of this Landship, Lewis Kirk-

patrick, from being down on his luck in old London with a shilling and ninepence in his pocket, got passage to Trinidad and thence up the Orinoco to the camp of an improvement company, where this wonderful ship was being built. Vera Westbrook was also making the same trip to go to her father. Of course a friendship sprang up between them, and after a very eventful courtship there was finally nothing in the way of a union of hearts, especially as "Kirk" made some \$437,000 on the expedition undertaken with the Landship. A purely improbable romance.

*New Canada and the New Canadians.* By HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY. Preface by Lord Strathcona. Toronto, 1907: Musson Book Co., Limited, 264 pp.

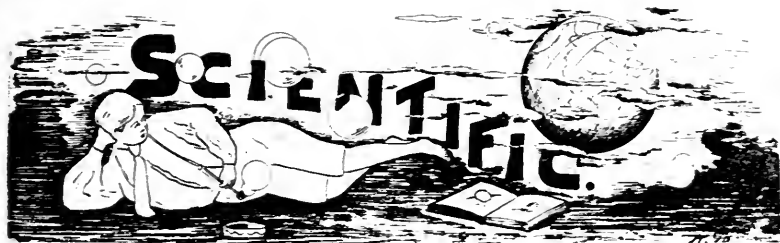
This is a book to recommend to the incoming settler. It gives latest statistics, good advice, full information on many points, and is sane and safe. Its success will be made in Great Britain.

*Rob, the Ranger.* By HERBERT STRANG. Toronto, 1907: Musson Book Co., Limited, 406 pp.

Herbert Strang is the accredited successor of the famous writer of boy stories. Henty. In this tale we are given an account of Rob Somers, who pursued a band of Indians from New York State, where they had destroyed the Somers homestead and carried off Rob's ten-year-old brother, Will. Lone Pete and Le Loup, two great woodmen, and Deerfoot, an Indian, also play a large part in the story. Will is rescued in Quebec, and the party, after stirring adventures, reach Fort Edward in safety. Later Rob is in Quebec with Wolfe, and in course of time found a wife there in the Renée Clairère, the beautiful sister of a "Frencher" who had had good cause to be a good friend.

*The Year That Followed.* By MILLIE MAGWOOD. Toronto, 1907: Briggs, 188 pp.

A sequel to "Pine Lake," in which the experiences of Daisy Murphy are continued up to and beyond her marriage. The purpose of the book is religious and didactic.



## The Art of Dyeing—Historical

EDWIN J. HALBERT, '08.

“ . . . and he made him a coat of many colors.”—Ex. 37:3.

WHATEVER may have been lacking to the needs and comforts of the people of Joseph's time, it is evident from ancient literature that even at that early date the human race had a working knowledge of the dyeing industry. There are few, if any, other arts existing in the world to-day which had their origin in such a remote period as the art of dyeing. It would appear to be almost as old as civilization itself. Although the accounts are vague, references to it in some form or other may be found in the oldest literature we can obtain, and dyestuffs seem to have held an important place among the products of early Eastern nations.

How the ancients discovered the art we can only surmise. They were perhaps prompted by a desire to find out something by means of which they could imitate the colors they saw in nature all around them. They may have discovered the staining property of the juices of certain plants by the merest accident—perchance when cracking green butternuts, or picking berries. However, in some simple way the fact was brought to their notice, and they at first applied their knowledge by using juices to stain their bodies. This is true of nearly all tribes in the dawn of their civilization. Some tribes, however, preferred to paint their faces instead of staining them,—and, indeed, this practice is quite modern.

Early historians do not concern themselves much with the art of dyeing. Pliny and Aristotle in their writings do little

more than mention that the Phœnicians did a big trade in dyestuffs in the fifteenth and fourteenth centuries B.C., and that they obtained the coloring matter from the shell of a certain mollusc. These dyestuffs were prepared in Tyre and Sidon, and did much towards bringing to those ancient cities the wealth of which they boasted in those days. Their principal dyestuff was known as Tyrian purple, and this is probably what was used in dyeing "the veil, the ten curtains, and the hangings for the door" of the Tabernacle of Moses. The colors "blue, purple, and scarlet" are mentioned very often in connection with the descriptions of the decoration of this tabernacle, which was built about 1490 B.C. The fact that materials dyed with these colors were used in the tabernacle would indicate that these dyes were expensive, since only the most precious wood, metals and other materials were used,—and, indeed, we are told by ancient writers that one pound of wool, dyed with Tyrian purple, was worth 1,000 denarii, or, in English currency about thirty-six pounds sterling. Only persons of high rank were allowed to wear clothing dyed with Tyrian purple. This rank was defined by law, and heavy penalties were imposed on any in low positions who presumed to wear the royal color.

The Egyptians were well acquainted with the dye industry. They used indigo in dyeing their mummy bandages, many of which are preserved to-day in the museums of the world. The Egyptians probably obtained their knowledge of dyeing from India, which is thought by some historians to be the birth-place of the art. If so, their knowledge travelled east to China, and north and west to Persia and Asia Minor, in very early times.

There is scarcely any record to show that the Greeks practised dyeing, but the Romans have not left us in doubt as to their share in the development of this great industry. From Roman history we learn that they had attained a wonderful proficiency in dyeing, having made use of woad, madder, nut galls, alkanet roots, alum, blue and green vitriol, and even certain lead salts, in their processes. The progress of the art of dyeing was considerably checked at the time of the fall of the Roman Empire, and it was practically lost in the fifth century. But later the Moors and Saracens, who seem to

have held the secret, reached a high state of perfection in dyeing and reintroduced the art into Europe through commerce with Venice. They made use of the well-known Turkey red, which they produced from the root of the madder plant, *Rubia Tinctorium*. At the time of the Crusades, the Christian armies of Europe brought back from the Holy Land the arts of the East, and, among others, a greater knowledge of the dyeing industry. Venice, Florence and Genoa became famous for their dye manufactories, there being two hundred dye-works in Florence alone in the fourteenth century. The first collection of processes used in dyeing was published in Italy in 1429 A.D., under the title "*Mariegola dell' Arte dei Tintori*."

It is recorded in the history of mediæval times, that in Germany, in the ninth, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, rural serfs were bound to deliver annually to the convents a certain amount of four farm products, one of which was to be a dyestuff called *kermes*, consisting of the dried bodies of an insect, *coccus palonicus*. These insects fed on the leaves of the prickly oak, and were collected, with religious ceremonies, on St. John's Day between eleven o'clock and noon. The dye which they produced from these insects they called "*Johannisblut*"—the blood of St. John; this was the "*Venetian Scarlet*" of Italy, and the "*Vermilion*" of France. The word vermilion has more recently been given to the coloring matter obtained from red sulphide of mercury. The color obtained from kermes, as from many dyestuffs, could be varied by the use of different mordants. With alum it gave a blood-red; with iron sulphide, grey; with copper and tartar, green.

When America was discovered it was found that the Indians painted their bodies with pigments of their own manufacture, and that some of the tribes, especially those in Brazil, stained their bodies with "*chica*," an orange red dyestuff obtained by boiling the leaves of the *Bignonia*, a climbing plant of South America. This attracted the attention of the Spaniards, who very soon discovered many new dyestuffs of great value in this new country, the most important of which are indigo, cochineal, logwood and brazilwood. They obtained indigo from the leaves of a plant called *indigofera anil*. The coloring

matter is white in the cellular tissue of the leaves, but becomes blue on the absorption of oxygen. It is obtained by the maceration of the dried leaves, or the fermentation of the leaves and stem. Cochineal is an insect, *coccus cacti*, related to the insect from which the dyestuff kermes was obtained. This insect is found inhabiting several species of cacti in Mexico and Central America. It was at first regarded as the seed of the plant, and was spoken of as such by many writers, hence its name. It is collected three times in seven months, by being brushed off into boiling water. Commercial cochineal is merely the dried bodies of the insect, and the color principle is carminic acid. Logwood is obtained from the heart wood of *Hemaloxylon Campeachianum*, a native of Mexico and Central America, and Brazilwood is the red wood of a tree first known in the East Indies, but also found in the forests of Brazil in South America.

It is interesting to note that indigo was at first given rather a cool reception in the countries of Europe, and especially in England, where it was looked upon with a jealous eye by the woad planters. So great was the feeling against it that a law was passed forbidding its use as a dye, and allowing it to be destroyed wherever found. This act was in force in Queen Elizabeth's time and continued for about one hundred years.

The dyeing industry made very rapid progress in Europe in the eighteenth century, more particularly in France, but to a great extent also in Germany and England. Large industries were established, and new processes of dyeing, and different ways of extracting the coloring matters, were being constantly adopted. But it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that the greatest of all discoveries along this line was made, when, in 1856, W. H. Perkin (afterwards Sir Wm. Perkin) discovered a dyestuff, a derivative of aniline, which he called mauve. This substance he produced by the action of potassium bichromate on aniline sulphate, in attempting to make artificial quinine. This reaction gave a black precipitate which he treated with naphtha to dissolve out the resinous matter, and the dyestuff mauve remained. Perkin was shrewd enough to see the value of his discovery, and in August, 1856, took out a patent for the manufacture of

mauve dyestuff. It was first manufactured in France, and Perkin afterwards established a large works in England.

Up to this time aniline had been only of scientific interest. It was known as early as 1826, when it was prepared by Unverdorben by the distillation of coal tar. It was later obtained by treating indigo with potassium hydroxide, and was called aniline from the specific name of one of the indigo-producing plants, *anil indigofera*. This, then, was the substance which was to play such an important part in the development of the dye industry.

When the news of Perkin's discovery was made public, scientists all over the world began to experiment with aniline with the object of obtaining new dyestuffs, and many of them were eminently successful. We will not attempt to enumerate the names of the investigators, nor the new dyestuffs they discovered, but it is a significant fact that within a few years after the discovery of the mauve a great many new dyestuffs had been obtained, and soon an almost endless variety of combinations of so-called "coal-tar" colors came into use. The result of all this was an almost complete revolution of the art of dyeing; the new processes were more satisfactory than the old,—the colors were brighter, and the cost of manufacture of many fabrics was decreased.

Dr. Hoffman, the eminent German chemist, who did much to advance research work along the line of coal-tar colors, and in whose laboratory Perkin discovered the mauve, wrote, in 1862, as follows: "Instead of disbursing her annual millions for these substances (referring to dyestuffs), England will, beyond question, at no distant day, become herself the greatest color-producing country in the world; nay, by the very strangest of revolutions, she may, ere long, send her coal-derived blue to indigo-growing India: her distilled crimson to cochineal-producing Mexico, and her fossil substitutes for quercitron and safflower to China, Japan and the other countries whence these articles are now derived." When we consider that this prophecy has long since been fulfilled, we begin to realize how great has been the revolution in the art of dyeing during the last fifty years.

## Notes

ON December 17th there passed away, in the person of Lord Kelvin, a man of great scientific genius, and a philosopher who had contributed materially to human knowledge and had conferred signal benefits on mankind. William Thomson was born in Belfast, June 26, 1824, and, after an early training at Glasgow University, went up to Cambridge, graduating as Second Wrangler. In 1846 he became Professor of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow University and held the position till 1899. He was knighted in 1866, and created a peer in 1892.

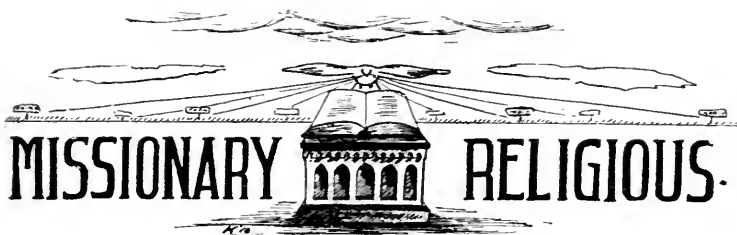
It would be difficult to estimate the influence he exerted on the scientific world, for he left his mark on almost every branch of physical science. For instance, he devised appliances for submarine telegraphy, the improved ship's compass, the mirror galvanometer, etc. Later developments of science, such as radio-activity, seismology and electric theory of matter, were followed closely by Kelvin. Biological advances he also eagerly followed.

Lord Kelvin received many honors during his lifetime from his own nation and from foreign countries. He also had the crowning honor of being interred in Westminster Abbey among the nation's greatest sons.

The principal astronomical event of this month is the total eclipse of the sun on the 3rd. It can only be seen to advantage in the Pacific ocean; and a party from the Lick Observatory and the Smithsonian Institution left for Flint Island to set up instruments.

According to the *Scientific American*, Prof. Dunbar, the Director of the Hygienic Institute of Hamburg, has published a paper claiming to prove that bacteria, yeast and mould fungi are produced by ordinary algæ. After the spontaneous generation theory was exploded it was generally believed that bacteria had existed since the first forms of life appeared, as "constant species," susceptible only to slight modification. Prof. Dunbar is no mean authority, and the development of his idea will be watched with interest.





## Religious Conditions in Glasgow

D. M. PERLEY, B.A.



HEN one has lived for a month in a strange country he naturally feels himself possessed of that exact and encyclopædic knowledge which is in danger of being transformed on longer residence into non-committal discretion. In short, if first impressions are truest, one must not be too long in recording them, lest increase of knowledge should bring in some awkward contradictions.

So, following the tenderfoot's habit of seeing incongruences on every hand, let us look at some peculiarities on the external side of religion in this ancient city.

Just as the street cars put a fender on behind, presumably to pick a man up after he has been run over, so the churches collect his coins first and then soothe him with the service afterwards. But when he learns, before being long in church, that his money will be acceptable for a special collection to be taken on retiring from the service, he begins to see why the usher who so graciously conducted him to a pew, was a lady. It is rather comforting, however, by way of contrast, to see the deference paid to the cloth here. After being branded as a parasite and a gospel grafter in B.C., one feels that this opaque atmosphere is a tonic when it makes the ordinary mortal sensible of his inherent inferiority to the "meenister." Apropos of this, a lady in London, being prevented by a policeman from the north from proceeding, on account of the crowd, indignantly informed him that she was the wife of a Cabinet Minister. "Ay," was the reply, "but I cudna' let ye pass if ye were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

The Glasgow choirs do not inflict many solos on the congregation, perhaps because the minister here is nearly equal to the organist in authority, and so may occasionally dictate to that autocrat, and even degrade the choir to the position of mere leaders of congregational singing. The hours of worship are singular enough to be noted. Nearly all the churches have service at eleven, but their second hour is two or two-thirty, or



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THE BROOMIELAW AND GLASGOW BRIDGE.

six or six-thirty, or quarter to seven, or seven, according to the necessity. In the country many churches hold both morning and evening service at noon to save time. The universal use of the gown is a great boon to indigent Canadian students, for like our academic toga at home, it covers a multitude of defects in attire.

The moral life of a people may be judged superficially by a few simple tests. But here again one is perplexed with contra-

dietions. I had just been remarking to myself how little better Glasgow was than Chicago in the matter of Sunday observance, when an American told me of his astonishment at the Sabbath calm that enveloped the city as completely as the mantle of mingled fog and coal-smoke, which keeps the sun from spoiling Scottish complexions. Similarly I was surprised to hear a Montreal man wonder at the absence of profanity on the streets. I had just been telling some confiding correspondents in Canada how terrible was the language one hears in Glasgow. Both were right in a sense, as the Scot is too deeply dyed in religion to swear much, so he vents his feelings in expressions whose bizarre vileness does justice to one's worst imaginations. The accumulated depravity of centuries is concentrated in some of the congested districts, where scenes are to be witnessed daily that cause one to rub his eyes to make sure he is awake. The drink habit is even worse here than in our cities, perhaps because the lack of ozone in the air makes such stimulation necessary.

While Glasgow has about four hundred churches, the same forces are found to be at work here in antagonism to religion as elsewhere. Chief among modern movements is the disposition of the working classes to shun the church. As might be expected in a city of a million people, the economic problem is very urgent. Socialism finds its zealous advocates in all ranks of society, and is naturally not friendly to the Church. Such a great commercial and shipbuilding centre as this of course is very wealthy, but the usual complement or obverse to great prosperity is not absent. The slums of the Broomielaw, Cowcaddens and Gallowgate districts are close seconds to the horrors of Whitechapel. But it is characteristic of the dour but kindly Scottish nature that nowhere, save perhaps in London itself, are more earnest efforts being made to remedy the awful conditions of the slums. While it is hard to get University men to church, still a settlement in one of the most needy districts is managed mostly by non-theological students, who have a longing to get at the cause of this terrible problem. Then the students of our Divinity Hall are closely connected with the work of the Broomielaw Mission. The Professors also take a very keen interest in it, and it was a revelation to me to hear Dr. Denney and Dr. Geo. Adam Smith address an indignation meeting of voters on the question of licens-

ing two "pubs," as saloons are called here. The crowd had been very disorderly before, making it almost impossible for one to hear the local men who had the courage to speak out on the question. But the Professors received an ovation, and Dr. Denney, in his quiet earnestness, no less than Dr. Smith, with his fiery vehemence, had excellent attention during the speaking and thunderous applause on concluding. We are glad to report that the



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GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW.

meeting was not in vain, for the licenses have been refused by the Board.

One usually thinks of Scotland as the home of religious conservatism, but it is one of the signs of the times that Sunday evening lectures are quite customary in many churches. They are announced with such sensational subjects as "Can a Socialist be a Christian?" "How to get a Wife." and other pressing

questions. Whatever may be thought of such methods, everyone is agreed that something must be done, so no one is surprised when a United Free Church turns its evening service into a symposium for discussing economic problems with working men. Socialists attend in force, and though the discussions are bitter, yet they have proved useful in bringing the Church *en rapport* with the men it must reach if it is to fulfil its mission.

The United Free Church has about two hundred churches here, and the Scottish Church about half that number. As there are said to be no preachers of outstanding power in this very well trained and earnest body of clergy, I shall not deal with any one in particular. What has impressed me more than sermons is the earnestness of prayer. As a Canadian remarked the other day as we came out of a meeting in the Hall, "These Scotch fellows are born pray-ers." However, as regards preaching, it is only fair to say that such men as Morrison, Hunter and Ambrose Shepherd will compare very favorably with any Toronto preachers whom I know.

One of the features of religious life on Gilmorehill is the weekly University sermon. The best sermon I heard there was preached by Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross, of Cambridge, who is popular with the students of his own city. The religious life of the twenty-five hundred students does not appear to be much in evidence, although some earnest men are keeping alive the Society of St. Ninian, which is the chief undergraduate organization. The Y. M. C. A. does not seem to have any direct relation to students here. The missionary spirit, however, is very strong, and I have found their meetings most inspiring. Over a hundred volunteers met one evening to hear a Hindu doctor speak, and he gave one of the most interesting addresses I have ever heard.

It is especially assuring to a Methodist to find his co-religionists as energetic in Glasgow as elsewhere. There are fifteen churches in the city, two of which are Primitive, and the others Wesleyan. The sermon that pleased me most since coming to Glasgow was preached by Rev. Frank Beecher, formerly Mr. Jackson's colleague in Edinburgh. The outlook for our Church is bright in Britain when it has such young men to carry on its work. As Methodism has ever been a practical missionary force, we are not surprised to find in this city also one of those great missions of the sort that Canadians associate with the names of

Collier and Jackson. The Windsor Halls Mission combines the best features of institutionalism and aggressive evangelism to be found in Glasgow. Rev. Marshall Johnson, the enthusiastic superintendent, is a most interesting personality, and the Hall is filled to its utmost capacity every Sunday evening, while every evening of the week some meeting is carried on to reach young



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GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

people. Methodism is democratic enough to adapt itself to the ordinary individual whom circumstances prevent from donning the churchman's panoply of frock coat and silk hat.

Space forbids a description of the recent Wesleyan missionary campaign or the open-air preaching, both of which have been very successful and show that Glasgow Methodism is supplying in spiritual quality and virility what it lacks in financial and numerical strength.

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E. T. COATSWORTH, '08, }

Miss I. A. WHITLAM, '09, } Locals.  
W. P. CLEMENT, '09, }

J. G. BROWN, B.A., Missionary and Religious.

P. W. BARKER, '08, Scientific.

J. H. ARNUP, '09, Personals and Exchanges.

J. V. MCKENZIE, '09, Athletics.

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## Editorial

### The Choice of a Life Work

WE are glad to be favored with an article from the pen of Hon. Geo. E. Foster, on "The Call of the State." It presents in a lucid and convincing way the opportunity of the university man in a field of activity about which, particularly at Victoria, there is very little said. While in nowise disparaging the appeals made on behalf of other professions, nor belittling their needs and opportunities for service, we believe the claims of politics and statecraft deserving of more serious attention by all college men.

At Victoria there is beyond doubt more pressure brought to bear upon students to induce them to enter the ministry than on behalf of any other calling. No exception can be taken to the efforts in this direction, but it is well for us also to consider the needs of other professions, and at the present time no call should be listened to more thoughtfully and earnestly by Victoria men than that of the State.

The art of government has at all times, in every nation, demanded men of the keenest intellect, the loftiest purpose and the highest moral fibre, yet to-day we frequently hear

university men speak of statecraft and the civil service as being unworthy the life-work of our best. Many of these same men will stand in the pulpit and declaim against our legislators, against the corruption in our politics, the weaknesses of our government, the inefficiency of our officials, and the general disregard for the people's interests in the management of public affairs. They will loudly declare that the effect of their work is neutralized by unsympathetic and ill-considered legislation, and yet they have the temerity to say that the claims of the political field cannot compare in opportunities for helping our fellow-men with those of the church. Such comparisons are odious. No one profession or occupation possesses a monopoly of opportunities for service, nor can there be any true conflict of interests between them. Each has its own appointed sphere of usefulness, and it is not ours to say which should take precedence. Certainly it is not conducive to the welfare of our college, the furtherance of Christianity, or the strengthening and purifying of our national life that undue pressure be brought to bear upon our young men in favor of any one profession to the exclusion of others.

To-day Canada needs MEN in every sphere of honest endeavor—in the church, on the market, in industry, and in the professions, but nowhere are they needed more than in civic and political life. In choosing his life-work no student dare disregard any of these. The field of opportunity is wider—wider, perhaps, than it ever was before. Proportionately difficult and momentous must be his choice, and correspondingly great the responsibility for his decision.



## Our Outlook

Now that the first feelings of surprise and elation over this year's record-breaking attendance have passed, and we have had time, as it were, to take stock of ourselves, we find ample cause for congratulation in our college's growth and the evidences that she is more firmly establishing her position in the educational field. This year has witnessed an unprecedented registration in both Arts and Theology. The total



figures are not yet available, as there is always a considerable number who enter during the spring term, to say nothing of Albert and Alma students not in attendance, and many others who will register for the theological examinations in April. At a conservative estimate these would number forty at least. At present there are 314 full undergraduates in Arts, which, with Occasionals, makes a total enrolment of 401 Arts students. Including Theological students, exclusive of duplications for those taking both courses, we have a total net enrolment of 432, which, with the estimated 40 yet to register, would make a grand total of 472,—69 more than last year, which had the highest previous record, and nearly 200 more than '00-'01. In Arts alone, this year's total, still incomplete, with probably 20 yet to be added, is 401, as compared with 351 in '06-'07, 233 in '00-'01, and 278 in '04-'05, the year when the present senior class entered. The increase of '07-'08 over '06-'07 is almost double the highest previous increase in any one year, and is two and a half times the average increase of the last seven years. This creditable showing should inspire us with a deep sense of gratification, and a determination to make the year 1908 a banner one in the annals of Victoria.



But our self-satisfaction should not blind us to the presence of new and important problems which our very success brings in its train. It is a moot question whether our attendance has not already exceeded the limit for the efficient working of the college system. The average size of the Oxford colleges—and there they are complaining in some instances of overcrowding—is somewhat less than half of our own. Under our system the college is the unit. Its size should be more or less rigidly fixed, but if we indefinitely increase our numbers we shall soon have, not a university comprising several colleges, but an unwieldy collection of universities, no one of which would be a complete unit with identity of aims or interests. Then, too, we are in danger of eliminating that personal element which should play such an important part in all education. The prospective student hears a great deal about the benefits of contact with his professors. Nor can the advan-

tages of such contact well be overestimated. But what opportunity for knowing his students and giving personal instruction has a professor with classes of forty or fifty? There are limits to physical endurance, even of a college professor. Yet last year one of the staff actually had forty-nine in an honor class. If, then, the professor finds it impossible to get to know intimately those in his own course, how much less will he know or be known by the men who do not take his lectures! Victoria professors, with but few exceptions, have been noted for the interest they have shown in the students and student affairs. In the past few years an estrangement has been perceptible, not because of any desire for such, but on account of the physical impossibility of becoming acquainted with so large a number. Men have reached their final year, some have even graduated, as complete strangers to the staff for all practical purposes, as if they had been registered in Trinity or University College. The college should mould the man and leave upon him its peculiar imprint. Can Victoria do it under present conditions?



Perhaps a more serious danger lies in the menace to the social life and that indefinable elusive something which we call college spirit. At one time it could truthfully be said that every student knew everyone else in the college. Such a statement could not be made with truth to-day. That in itself is possibly no evil, but it is detrimental to our best interests that a man may pass through college having done no more than simply acquire a certain amount of knowledge, untouched by the college life, and without having come into intimate relationship with some one, and without feeling that he has made a definite contribution to the success of his alma mater. Yet we fear this is the experience of some students to-day, not because of any lack of intelligence or will on their part, or of good intentions on the part of their fellows, but because they have never been discovered to the student body at large. With smaller numbers this condition of things would be impossible.

And if the college grows too large, it is inevitable that smaller groups arise and organize. It was the absence of the

college system, and the necessity for smaller units than the great United States universities, that gave birth to the fraternity system. To discuss the merits or demerits of fraternities is not our intention here. They have accomplished a good work and served a useful purpose, but they are incompatible with the college system, and their presence cannot but act as a disintegrating force within our college. Yet man's inherent inclination to live in small social groups will assert itself, and if we allow our colleges to outgrow our capacities for assimilation we are playing into the hands of those societies whose interests, in the very nature of the case, must conflict with ours. In self-defence we dare not indefinitely increase our enrolment.



### Notes

The success attending this year's Conversat. was well-deserved, and must indeed be gratifying to the committee in charge, having been unanimously voted the best yet. One feature worthy of especial commendation was the plan whereby the crowd was kept scattered, and the crush so noticeable in former years, was avoided. But there is one word of criticism we would offer regarding the treatment of representatives from other colleges.

The Conversat is our one function when we are at home to the outside world, and it behooves us to see that official representatives, above all others, are welcomed and made to feel at home. Yet in thoughtlessly seeking our own pleasure we have not always been truly courteous or hospitable to our guests. It boots little that we furnish an enjoyable luncheon for representatives who are uninformed of the fact and left to wander for half a day about the city alone, or that we greet them warmly on their arrival, and then make little or no effort to provide them with suitable partners for the evening. We are glad to say that cases where such negligence has been shown are rare, but for the honor of our college, and the duty we owe to other colleges, we should see that they never occur. In this respect Victoria may well learn from some of our sister institutions.



## Personals

OWING to the early date at which the copy for our Christmas number had to be sent to the press, most of the material sent in arrived too late for publication. Will those who so kindly responded please accept our thanks, and this explanation?

A. M. Scott, '96, Ph.D., '98 (Gottingen), is superintendent of city schools, Calgary.

M. P. Bridgeland, '01, also resides in Calgary, in the employment of the Topographical Department of the Dominion Government.

Mark Twain, in reply to the report of his death, said it was "gros" exaggerated. We are glad to be able to say the same concerning such reports of Victoria's old student, Proc. Burwash. He recently surprised his friends in Calgary by appearing quite alive, after several months' survey work in the wilds of B. C. Proc. is at present "measuring haystack" for the C. P. R.

Rev. J. W. Frizell, '88, B.D., after a year spent in the Southern States, has returned to the North, and will reside in Milwaukee.

C. I. D. Moore, M.A., '88, is vice-president of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Co., with headquarters at Los Angeles, Cal.

Edward M. Burwash, M.A., '97, B.D., '03, is Professor of Natural Science in Columbia College, New Westminster. To Mr. Burwash ACTA is indebted for a most interesting write-up of Victoria graduates in B. C., part of which appears in this issue.

F. W. Hardy, B.A., '04, is also acting as instructor and pursuing his theological studies at Columbia College, after some

time spent as a missionary to the Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Albert J. Brace, the doings of whose iron-grey steed upon the veldt are still fresh in the minds of many, is by permission of Conference employed as Y. M. C. A. secretary at Victoria, where, after a "short, sharp and decisive" struggle he has won the day and a new building for the work he represents. He has married since leaving college, and a new scion of the the house of Brace bears the name "Carman Sutherland." (Mr. Brace recently visited his Alma Mater, on his way home from a convention at Washington, D.C.—Ed.)

W. T. Hainsford, B.A., '98, is practising law in New Westminster, B.C.

Charles Sissons, B.A., '01, is principal of the High School at Revelstoke.

J. G. Davidson, B.A., '98, after six years spent as Professor of Mathematics and Science in Columbia College, took a post-graduate course at Berkeley, Cal., and received his Ph.D. with honors during the past year. He now occupies the chair of Physics in McGill College of B.C., at Vancouver.

Mrs. H. E. Ridley, so far as known the only lady graduate of Victoria in B.C., will be remembered by some as Miss A. A. McDonald, '93.

C. A. Procunier, B.A., '92, is rector of the Episcopal church at Revelstoke.

Hon. D. H. Wilson, M.D., a graduate of Victoria in both Arts and Medicine, formerly a member of the Manitoba cabinet, is now resident in Vancouver.

When Hon. Wm. Pugsley was recently made Minister of Public Works for Canada, the office of Attorney-General of New Brunswick became vacant. Hon. Harrison A. McKeown, of St. John, N.B., has been called to that important position. Hon. Mr. McKeown graduated in Arts from Mt. Allison University in 1881. In 1885 he received the degree of LL.B. from Victoria University. He has built up a very large and influential law practice in St. John, and since 1890 has taken an active part in the political life of his native province.

Students of twenty years and more ago will remember Mark Rumball. He went to Cobourg in the eighties, and after attending the Collegiate Institute he entered Victoria College. He took his degree of B.A. in 1886, and shortly after entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. For the past eighteen years he has been stationed at Morden, Manitoba. At the recent Provincial Synod he was chosen Moderator on the nomination of Rev. Dr. Patrick and Dr. Murray. ACTA extends congratulations and best wishes to the Rev. M. C. Rumball on his selection for this office of responsibility.

All "honorable gentlemen"—and no less the ladies—who read ACTA will be sorry to learn that our mutual friend Robert spent the opening days of the new year and term upon the bed of affliction. A severe attack of la grippe was the cause. We all wondered how the college life could go on without him, but it limped along somehow—and William pumped the organ. At time of writing Robert is recovering, and we hope that before this reaches our readers he will again be carrying mail, sharpening skates and driving bargains in boots "as good as new" with all the vigor of youth and the wisdom of long experience.

A good deal of pleasure is felt by all concerned over the prospective return to Victoria of F. E. Owen, B.A., '07. Mr. Owen is to assist Dr. Horning as Instructor in Moderns, in which department he secured first-class honors and the gold medal at his graduation last May. ACTA extends to the latest appointed member of the Faculty a hearty welcome to his Alma Mater.

Graduates and students alike rejoice in the recovery of Dr. Blewett, who has again resumed his work in Philosophy, after an absence of several months.

Tidings of great joy are borne to us on the Western winds. Joy-bells are ringing at 926 Ottawa Avenue, Edmonton, for Elmer Livinius Luck, '06, is now a happy papa. Miss Luck took up her residence in Edmonton on December 27th, and from all accounts has ruled the lucky house ever since. ACTA extends heartiest congratulations.

The following interesting item unfortunately did not come into the possession of this department before Cupid's last year's harvest was reported in the fall numbers:

James—Stephenson.—At the Methodist church, Alma, Ont., by the Rev. J. B. Isaac, uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. Thos. Grandy, Rev. W. E. S. James, B.A., '05, B.D., '07, was united in matrimony to Miss Abbie E. Stephenson, also of the class of '05.

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### **The Class of 1903**

Miss Rose V. Beatty is in Japan.

Miss Sadie Bristol has resigned her position at Columbia College, New Westminster, B.C., and has returned to her home, 442 Gilmore Street, Ottawa, Ont.

Miss Edith Campbell is teaching Moderns in East Toronto Collegiate Institute.

Miss Rose Cullen is engaged in Y. W. C. A. work in Paris, France.

Miss E. Edna Dingwall holds the position of private secretary to Prof. F. H. Sykes, of Columbia University, New York.

Miss F. M. Eby is teaching in the High School at Georgetown, Ont.

Miss E. Jackson is teaching in Drayton High School.

Miss Olive Lindsay is teaching at Qu'Appelle, Sask.

Miss L. P. Smith is teaching Moderns in Midland High School.

R. C. Armstrong is at Hamamatsu, Japan, engaged in missionary work.

T. A. Bagshaw is engaged in newspaper work in Chicago.

N. E. Bowles is in China, representing Toronto West District Epworth Leagues.

J. H. Chown is with the C. P. R. at Brandon, Man.

R. G. Dingman is in business in Toronto, with the Toronto Carpet Co.

Ernest L. C. Forster is demonstrator in Chemistry at the School of Practical Science.

R. S. Glass is still in the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa.

G. H. Grey is practising law at Grand Valley, Ont.

R. O. Jolliffe is at Yui Hsien, Sz-Chuan, China, engaged in missionary work.

E. H. Jolliffe still holds his position as chemist with the Canada Foundry Company.

E. C. Irvine is Professor of Mathematics at Stanstead College, Quebec. He has taken off his M.A. since graduation, and is reported to have aspirations towards a Ph.D.

P. McD. Kerr is taking post-graduate work in Latin at California University, Berkeley, Cal.

W. P. Near is with the Government boundary survey party in British Columbia, with headquarters at Chilliwack.

D. P. Rees is in Chicago, engaged in newspaper advertising.

D. A. Walker is pastor of the Methodist church at Wellandport, Ont.; the proud possessor of a young daughter—which like all his former lady friends, is “the prettiest ever.”

J. H. Wallace is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in China. His address is 18 Pekin Road, Shanghai.

C. W. Webb is at his home at Ancaster, Ontario.

T. E. Wilson is practising law at Vancouver, B.C.

Mrs. Jennings Hood (Miss W. Douglas) is living in Philadelphia.

Miss Hazel Hedly is at her home, St. Joseph Street, Toronto.

Miss Edna Hutchinson is at her home in Toronto.

Miss Edna Paul is living at 35 Grosvenor Street, Toronto.

Miss Alice Rockwell is teacher of English in Duluth Central High School.

Miss Pearl Rutley is at her home, Maple Avenue, Toronto.

Miss A. Grace Scott continues to practise her profession, nursing, in New York. Her address is 907 Union Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Miss Silverthorn is at her home, College Street, Toronto.

Mrs. Biehn (Miss Rose Winter) is residing at Berlin, Ont.

E. S. Bishop has married and settled down as pastor of the Methodist Church, Okotoks, Alberta.

A. Crux is at the Medical College, Toronto.

Charles Douglas is with the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa.



George E. Eakins is one of Port Arthur's M.D.'s.

W. W. McKee is pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Grand Rapids, Nebraska.

V. W. Odium is engaged in newspaper work at Nelson, B.C.

J. E. Rockwell is city editor of the Duluth *Evening Herald*.

The following members are in the Methodist ministry in Canada, and their addresses can be secured from Conference reports: J. F. Chapman, W. Conway, J. I. Hughes, D. B. Kennedy, John McKenzie, Amos J. Thomas, C. J. Wilson, R. H. Breet, and E. W. S. Coates.

(To avoid repetition we have omitted from the above list several names which have received particular mention in recent numbers of ACTA.—Ed.)

The secretary of the class, T. E. Wilson, Box 967, Vancouver, B.C., requests all members of the class to advise him of change of address; otherwise it will be impossible to publish an accurate list annually.

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## Obituary

FREDERICK J. SMALE, B.A., PH.D.

For the second time during this academic year death has removed a member of the Board of Regents. In one sense, indeed, this later loss is the more severe. Dr. Potts' great and unparalleled services to Victoria had extended over many years, and his life-work was well-nigh rounded out and complete; "Home he's gone, and ta'en his wages." Dr. Smale, however, was but at the beginning of what bade fair to be a career of extraordinary service to his church and to his country. His great talents and his noble and winning personality, combined with his entire consecration, had even already made him one of the great forces in our community. Rev. Geo. Jackson, who knew both men, testifies to the strong resemblance in their ideals and personality between Dr. Smale and Henry Drummond.

To the young widow Victoria's sympathy goes out in a very special degree, for she has been in a unique sense one of our college household, as the daughter of our well-beloved Prof.

Petch, as a general favorite in her student days, and since then as one whose kindly interest in the college and its students never waned.

From the address of Dr. Burwash at the funeral service we quote these words of appreciation:

“There were few men of the rising generation from whom the country, the busy life of commerce, the quieter life of thought and science, and the higher life of consecrated Christian work hoped for greater or richer things. He was, indeed, one prominent among tens of thousands, combining the careful, painstaking, truth-seeking observation and patient study of the man of science, with the fine taste and culture of the man of learning and literature; the active energy, ambition and versatility of the man of business; the conscientious fidelity, transparency and honor of the Christian gentleman; the rare social gifts which make a man winsome and attractive, and give him leadership among his fellow-men—a leadership of love and respect rather than fear—and, last and greatest of all, the humble, loving spirit which, following in the footsteps of Christ, consecrates all other gifts to the life of service.”

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## Exchanges

With considerable trepidation we venture to report that *Allisonia*, as befits the journal of a ladies' college, is looking delightfully attractive in “a braw new gown.” But oh, Mlle. Editor, did ever lady fail before to announce such a patent fact without recourse to actual statement? What an opinion you must hold of the undiscerning dulness of us mortals included under the general appellation “Ex.”! We feel humiliated at being TOLD that the work of art before us is “a new cover design.” 'Pon honor, we really noticed it before reading your editorial. But in all truth, *Allisonia*, the new dress is most becoming—which is to say, it is beautiful. Are we forgiven?

On taking up the staff of office—to wit, the editorial pen—we promised to call attention to occasional exchange articles which promised to be of special interest and value to Victoria students. A short list is given below:

1. Christmas *'Varsity*. Every article will repay perusal, but no student can afford to miss “The Psychology of Play,”

by Prof. Kirschmann; "Prospice," by Prof. Keys; and "Abecedarium Academicum," from the pen of Prof. Alexander. The first of these defies synopsis, but its general effect is to furnish the reader a reasonable basis for his choice of games. For good sense expressed in happy vein, read "The Psychology of Play." Prof. Keys aims "to look at some of the changes that are taking place (in the University), and see how they are related to the general tendency of the time, and whither this tendency is likely to lead us in the future." He notes with approval the addition of Biblical Literature to the curriculum, as a result of college federation; the course in World History added, and the institution of faculties of Education and Forestry. After paying tribute to the influence, past and present, of German, United States and English universities on our own, the writer ventures to "forecast the years." He sees frequent use made of "Theatre Night" in the intellectual development of the students, courses of lectures on the history of Art and Music established, the Museum of Archaeology and Art and the Household Science buildings erected. Last, but not least (ye budding orators, give ear!), is predicted the early addition of a chair of Oratory or Elocution. From the contribution entitled "Abecedarium Academicum" we quote the suggestive headings:

"A for the athlete with muscle and brawn,  
 Who sports in his joy on the 'Varsity lawn.  
 B for the bookshelf, filled with the lore  
 Of the sage of to-day and the master of yore.  
 C for companions, a various crew,  
 Long, short, stout, and lean, but all tested and true.  
 D for devotion, whatever you do,  
 Do all with your might, none can ask more of you."

Christmas *'Varsity* is more than a college paper; it is truly a University number.

2. "Goldwin Smith To-day": Prof. Wrong, in Christmas number of *St. Hilda's Chronicle*. The names of the writer and the subject of this sketch are its best recommendation.

3. Editorial, "College Spirit," in the December number of *Trinity University Review*.

4. "Teaching of English": *Notre Dame Scholastic*—a plea for more practical effort and less dependence on imitation of models in developing an English style.

5. In the *Presbyterian College Journal* for November, 1907, is a verbatim report of Prof. Welsh's inaugural lecture, "The Academic Ordeal in Transitional Times." Though of especial value to students of Theology, this address cannot fail to interest any thoughtful reader. Prof. Welsh will be remembered as the preacher of one of our University sermons during the fall term.

All the above are recommended because they appeal to students by reason of the subjects treated; it might be well to mention one or two which are commended only for their distinctly literary flavor:

"And Pippa Dances," a criticism of Hauptmann's drama under that title, and "The Archæologists," a good short story, are strong features of the *Columbia Monthly* for December. The *Harvard Monthly* is also devoted almost exclusively to literary productions of excellent quality, in both poetry and prose.

---

### Song

OWEN E. M'GILLICUDDY.

The gift of song! Thereof men lightly prate.  
Nor dream how ardently true song is sought—  
On dizzy heights of love, down depths of hate,  
With ecstasy and anguish it is bought.

—*The Westminster* (Nov.).



## The Conversazione

THE Annual College Conversazione, on Friday, December 6th, was the biggest—and some say the best—event of the fall term. As usual the whole day was practically a holiday, as far as the college was concerned. The committeemen were in complete charge, and lived in the halls *pro tem.*, doing their work thoroughly and well.

To compare the size of the crowd this year with that of last year is a difficult task. All crowds are alike at the Conversat., especially at the commencement of the evening, when they are bunched together near the main entrance. As the promenading begins, however, the crowd seems to melt away in the long halls, not to mention the little class-rooms.

The programme of the concert was the best that could be secured. Miss Bertha M. Crawford, soprano; Paul Hahn, 'cellist, and E. H. Ley, '08, baritone, were the principal attractions, while the College Glee Club and the Octette filled in to good advantage. The scheme of having two simultaneous concerts, running counter-attractions on the second and third floors, was a novelty, but it worked very well, with the exception of occasional delays for the audience, and frequent hasty manoeuvres for the artists. At any rate, the two halls accommodated the large crowd.

It was frequently remarked that the promenade programme was very short. Perhaps it was better so, if the number of mistakes—by which we mean promenades skipped for unavoidable reasons—were to increase in proportion to the length of the programme. And then it was better to end the entire function at twelve o'clock, for the sake of those who had to take a double trip before reaching their own lodgings.



CONVERSAT COMMITTEE, 1907.

First Row—C. M. Wright, '08, L. H. Kirby, '10, A. O. Foreman, '08, Sec. J. E. Horning, '09, Treas. W. E. MacNiven, '10, H. B. Van Wyck, '11, W. H. Irwin, C.T., R. K. Swenerton, B.A., Second Row—H. F. Hazelwood, '11, R. E. Morton, C.T., C. E. Kenney, '08, C. F. Connolly, '09, D. Wren, B.A., Pres. C. C. Washington, '10, G. B. King, B.A., K. H. Smith, '08.

The first event in the Inter - College Debate Series was won by Victoria's representatives, E. H. Ley, '08, and F. H. Langford, '08, who were pitted against Messrs. E. S. Williams and R. A. Humphries, of University College, on the subject: "Resolved,— That Canada should establish a national system of telegraphs." The schedule for the semi-finals has not yet been decided, but the colleges still in the field are: Osgoode, McMaster, Trinity and Victoria.

The first of the ladies' inter-college debates, between University College and Trinity College, was won by the former. The final victory now lies between Victoria and University College.

The closing meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held Wednesday, December 18th. It was well attended, as vague rumors of "Santa Claus" and "Christmas tree"

had spread abroad. Mrs. Misener, the honorary president, gave a talk on German university life. It is to her that our society was indebted for the novel idea of a Christmas tree, bearing joke presents for the members of the society. The gifts were inexpensive, but well chosen, and gave some of the members rather hard hits. For instance, one senior received a very insignificant-looking image of man bearing the label, "He must be my ideal!" Still another received—and this is a secret—a little stove, "for post-graduate work," we were told. No one was forgotten by the ever kindly and genial Santa.

The last meeting of the Union Literary Society for the term was held on the last Saturday of the term. The following officers for the spring term were elected: Hon. Pres.—Mr. De Beaumont; Pres.—Elmer Kenny, '08; 1st Vice-Pres.—E. J. Halbert, '08; 2nd Vice-Pres.—A. E. Doan, '09; Leader of Government—W. J. Cass, '08; Leader of Opposition—J. H. Arnup, '09; Secretary—L. H. Kirby, '10; Asst. Secretary—C. E. Allin, '10; Treasurer—M. H. Staples, '09; Curator—W. R. Osborne, '08; Critic—J. E. Brownlee, '08; Asst. Critic—M. A. Miller, '09; Pianist—C. G. French, '10; Asst. Pianist—H. B. Van Wyck; Marshall—A. P. Quirnbach.

The Annual Oration Contest was held on December 13th, and the cream of the cream of the college oratorical ability participated. It must have puzzled the judges to decide upon the winner. We are pleased, however, to be able to congratulate F. Cicero Moyer, '09.

Miss C. (looking at new mummy)—Here's another one come to grace our halls.

Miss S., '09—I wonder if she has paid her Lit. fee!

Prof. L.—You missed the lecture last day, did you not, Miss B.?

Miss B.—Yes, but I haven't missed much—I mean I haven't missed many!

Skating has commenced once more, as we gather from the following:

Miss H., '10—Well, I've disgraced myself. I've just fallen twice.

Miss W.—Oh, it is never your fault. Blame it on the man!

Miss H.—But it was my fault. It was a little man!

Mr. H—y, '09—What shall be our rendezvous?

Miss D—w, '09—C.

Mr. H.—Where is it?

Miss D. (nodding to the sign-card)—See?

At the Conversat., Jim P., his gown draped over his injured arm, was the cause of the following remark: "Who is that large lady in black over there?"

The members of the "Bob" Committee of 1910 have happened upon a bright idea, which has been properly appreciated. Instead of the usual presentation of a photo of the "Bob" Committee to the ladies on the Advisory Committee, the ladies received ebony mirrors in recognition of their able services on the committee. Opinions regarding the said gifts differ, if we may judge from the following remarks:

Miss S.—Mirrors? How nice! I guess that the committee realize that the girls would much rather see themselves than the members of the "Bob" Committee.

Miss L.—Mirrors? I should much rather see the "Bob" picture any day than my own. (We may remark: It depends upon your point of view.)

Miss D—e, '11—Say, I hope I'm on that committee next year!

The residents at Annesley were not behind in seeking out Christmas bargains. One of them, it is rumored, returned from the stores heavy-laden, and called the attention of her friends to a particularly low-priced purchase, when lo! both gloves were discovered to be for the same hand, and—"bargains not exchanged!"

Miss G—n, '10—Who is that man who comes into Pass English and looks as if "I'm but a stranger here, heaven is my home"?

Miss St—y, '10 (looking at the floor)—What's that?

Miss L—s, '10—A bug.

Miss S.—A bug?

Miss L.—Yes, a real, live bug—only it's dead!

Miller, '09 (attempting to hum a tune while promenading)—Oh! I beg your pardon. It's rude to sing in company.

Fair Co-Ed.—That's all right, Mr. Miller. You sing, and I'll join in the choruses—*if I can find it.*



O'Gee (rushing up to a Soph.)—What's the meaning of that notice near the library door about cheap rates only to those who can show certificates of vaccination?

Miss L.—Let me see: what did I do on Saturday? Saturday afternoon I did nothing. Saturday evening I did nothing—but how did I do it?

Miss C—k, '09—Would I accomplish more this afternoon at Annesley or at the Library?

Miss W—c—Depends upon your point of view!

At the beginning of the Spring Term, the all-sufficient word to the wise is, "Work, for May is coming!"

Oekley, '09—Say, Si, you're getting bald!

Si.—Well, I'm just going the way father did. He lost his hair young—it's the only thing he ever did do in a hurry.

Hemingway (after making several calls one afternoon during the holidays)—Say, everywhere I went this afternoon it was slushy.

N. McDonald, '08, was making some remarks apropos a Vic. theolog. whom he met dressed up in frock coat, silk hat, spats, etc.—but no cane.

Collis—I wonder why he didn't have a cane!

Levi L. L.—He'd carry a cane if he were able.

Shopping excursions from Annesley Hall to Ryrie's just before Christmas were SO popular. There were SO many Vic. men there.

On the Rink.—Fair visitor, to Oekley—I'd like to introduce you to some of my friends with me.

"Sliver"—Oh, never mind. If you have a season ticket I'll see you again.

The portentous silence of Norman Tribble has recently caused his friends great anxiety. But their fears were dispelled by the following telegram. (By the way, some will remember that Norman is something of a specialist on telegrams.)

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 9, '08.

Victoria College Toronto.

False alarm—Rent is high—I am still a thriving bachelor—Best wishes to all the boys.

J. N. TRIBBLE.



## College Athletics in Japan

G. E. TRUEMAN, '06.

NOTHING but the severe necessity of getting this article off in time for the number of ACTA requested, forces me to write with such a limited experience as only one month's residence here must necessarily give. Still, as I have had a few good opportunities of looking into the matter, and, again, as no one writer may expect to express the whole truth about any particular subject as large as a country's college athletics, I undertake to tell you at least a few things of interest.

In sport, as in almost any other phase of life, the surprising thing is how Europeanized the country has become—or rather, in how great a mixture the Oriental and the Occidental appear. For both elements are to the forefront. As you walk along the streets of Tokyo you are surprised to meet a Japanese—a live Japanese, with real hands and feet—dressed in all the regalia of a Piccadilly dude: top hat, frock coat, pearl grey gloves, spats, everything down to the handkerchief up his sleeve, while just around the corner you are quite as likely to meet another Japanese—this time with hands and feet more in evidence—resplendent and proud in the possession of a new suit of American underwear; and mingled with these two extremes comes the “*oi populoi*,” as the Ottawa politician termed the great unwashed: these clad in the kimono, bare-headed, bare-legged, and, particularly in times of rain, elevated on miniature stilts, which they call “*ashida*.”

From the midst of such surroundings comes the Japanese student, so it is little wonder, since he represents the most enlightened class, if he, too, in his sport abandons the customs of his fathers and adopts American or European athletics. As far as I can judge from what I have seen, I would not say that

the Japs excel in any kind of sport. It is a wonder, too, for a more sturdy-limbed lot of men I have never seen together. Perhaps the reason is owing to the everlasting diet of rice on which they feed, morning, noon and night. To a great number this causes a disease called "beriberi," or in Japanese "kakki," which affects its victims with a sort of paralysis. This, of course, would seriously impair their agility. And if this rice diet entirely hinders so many from all active sport, I feel sure it would seriously affect others, though no actual disease appears.

Perhaps it's a case of "all coons look alike to me," but the students in the colleges here seem to be much more uniform than in ours. When lined up for military drill the men of the various classes seem to exhibit but very little difference in stature. Perhaps this, too, is because there is not so much difference between five feet and five feet eight inches, the height of a short and tall Japanese, and the same five feet and the longitude of one of our young giants from Toronto. At any rate, the disparity in the size of competitors is not so much in evidence here as in the homeland—our sympathies do not run out so freely towards the "little chap." In the middle schools the boys wear uniforms, and look very smart and "natty" in them, but in the universities the student is allowed to choose his own dress, and very often lapses into the customs of his childhood and adopts the kimono.

The accompanying cut is from a snap-shot I took of the students of the Imperial University at tennis. As you see, they are clad in the kimono, which must certainly be a great inconvenience to them when at play. At all events, it makes them resemble more a squad of old women than a group of young and active men out for exercise. Flannels seem all the more attractive by contrast. Watching them from a distance, one thinks that surely here is science incommensurate, for the way they smite the ball is something wonderful to behold: but on coming closer he finds that the ball aforementioned is a soft rubber one, of the same kind as Santa Claus presents little Johnny at Christmas. So such Herculean strength as was exerted is, after all, not a science but a necessity, in order to get the ball over the net. Even a poor player used to our

game can, I am told, beat the best Jap when hard balls are used.—I haven't tried yet. The building in the distance is the athletic house, fixed up with shower-baths, lockers, etc., but not by any means possessing the gymnastic appliances that even a second-rate Canadian building would contain.

Just behind the tennis courts is the archery square. Strange as it may seem, this is quite a popular pastime with the students: it is a common sight to see half a dozen of them walking along, each bearing a six-foot bow and a quiver fairly bristling with arrows. In this game they show considerable skill. Personally I would like to see the game more popular at Victoria. For rainy days it is admirable, besides at all



JAPANESE PLAYING TENNIS.

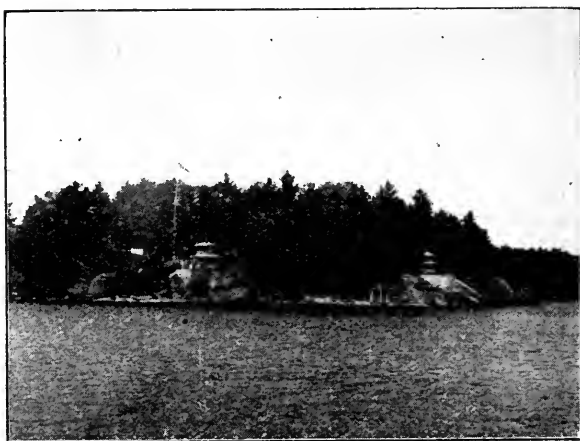
times training the eye and giving steadiness to the hand and arm.

About a week ago I was present at the annual sports of the Higher Commercial School here at Kobé. What I enjoyed most was the wrestling. This was not an exhibition of jiu-jitsu, about which we hear so much, but good old-fashioned wrestling such as our grandfathers delighted in—though with a difference. Under a canopy, a ring some fifteen feet in diameter was made in the sawdust floor by green weeds.

About twenty competitors were there, ranged in contending parties on each side of the arena of struggle. They were divested of all garments but the loin-cloth, and though the falling shades of evening brought with them the chill winds from the sea, these little brown bodies seemed quite impervious to the cold. There was a master of ceremonies, evidently a funny chap, who said a great many things not contained in my dictionary. A bystander told me (in English) that he was naming the boys after all the celebrated wrestlers in Japan. Two contestants would be called out. They would place themselves on opposite sides of the ring in a crouching attitude, ready to spring when the word was given. That done, they clinched, but the rule was not to grasp the opponent below the waist, only by head, arms or shoulders. He who pushed his opponent outside the ring was the winner: he would then be pitted against the next man of the opposite side. Finally, in this way, the champion of the day was determined.

Popular as are other games, there is no use denying that young Japan is baseball mad. There are as many "fans" to the square mile in all the leading cities here as in the home of the "Maple Leafs." In nearly every back alley you will see some miniature twirler getting his arm into shape. All the commons and vacant plots are be-diamonded and staked to suit an imperial taste. In Tokyo the large colleges (there are 50,000 students in the Imperial city) all have their regular baseball teams, and happy is the man who is fortunate enough to make one of the nine. At the present time there is an interesting series of games in progress between the Waseda University, the largest institution of learning in Tokyo, and a team representing St. Louis College, Hawaii. Whenever any event of peculiar importance is to take place, it is always arranged for Sunday; so, in accordance with this custom, the opening game was played two weeks ago Sunday. The honors are falling quite even, sometimes one winning, sometimes the other. The thing to notice is the attendance. At the opening game more than 8,000 students were there to root, from which it is fair to infer that the colleges support their teams. In games like these, costume, rules, balls, etc., are similar to those used in league games at home.

Now that Japan is encouraging navigation to such an extent boat racing is gradually forging to the front in popularity. One of my students here in the night-school is a crack oarsman, and talks very enthusiastically of the hopes of his eight. Other sports, too, are indulged in, such as running, jumping, pole vaulting, etc., but that is no more than one would expect. But even with this host of sports to choose from, I imagine the percentage of students who take daily exercise is lamentably small. Indeed, it is the current opinion among Westerners here that the Japanese as a nation don't know what athletics are,—that their vivacity and activity finds expression in ways not so commendable. Of that I cannot speak. I am glad, however, to find as many indications of athletic enjoyment as I do. After we get our new Y. M. C. A. building, for which we are now struggling, in Kobé, perhaps we may sometime be able to send over to Victoria a delegation of our best sports to engage in friendly rivalry. In such case I would scarcely know for which side to cheer—but believe that finally my love for the scarlet would triumph.



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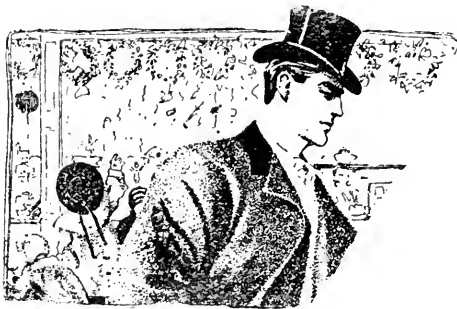
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## EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR FOR 1908 (in part)

### January:

1. NEW YEAR'S DAY (Wednesday).  
By-laws for establishing an withdrawal of union of municipalities for High School purposes to take effect.  
(Not before 1st January)  
First meeting of rural School Trustees.  
(Wednesday following the annual meeting).  
Polling day for trustees in Public and Separate Schools.  
(1st Wednesday in January, day following if a holiday).
3. High, Public and Separate Schools open.  
(3rd day of January).
4. Truant Officers' reports to Department due.  
(Not later than 5th January).
7. Provincial Normal Schools open (Second Term).  
(7th January).  
Clerks of Municipalities to be notified by Separate School supporters of their withdrawal.  
(Before 2nd Wednesday in January).  
Principals of High Schools and Collegiate Institutes to forward list of teachers, etc.  
(Not later than 7th January).
14. Appointment of High School Trustees by Municipal Councils.  
(2nd Monday in January).  
Annual Reports of Boards in cities and towns, to Department, due.  
(Before 15th January).  
Names and addresses of Public School Trustees and Teachers to be sent to Township Clerks and Inspectors.  
(Before 15th January).

15. Trustees' Annual Reports to Inspectors, due.  
(On or before 15th January).  
Annual Reports of Kindergarten attendance, to Department, due.  
(Not later than 15th January).  
Annual Reports of Separate Schools, to Department, due.  
(On or before 15th January).  
Application for Legislative apportionment for inspection of Public Schools in cities and towns separated from the county, to Department, due.  
(15th January).
16. First meeting of Public School Boards in cities, towns and incorporated villages.  
(3rd Wednesday in January).
28. Appointment of High School Trustees by County Councils.  
(4th Tuesday in January).

### February:

5. First meeting of High School Boards and Boards of Education.  
(1st Wednesday in February).
29. Inspectors' Annual Reports, to Department, due.  
(On or before 1st March).  
Annual Reports from High School Boards, to Department, due.  
(This includes the Financial Statement).  
(On or before 1st March).  
Financial Statement of Teachers' Association, to Department, due.  
(On or before 1st March).  
Separate School Supporters to notify Municipal Clerks.  
(On or before 1st March).

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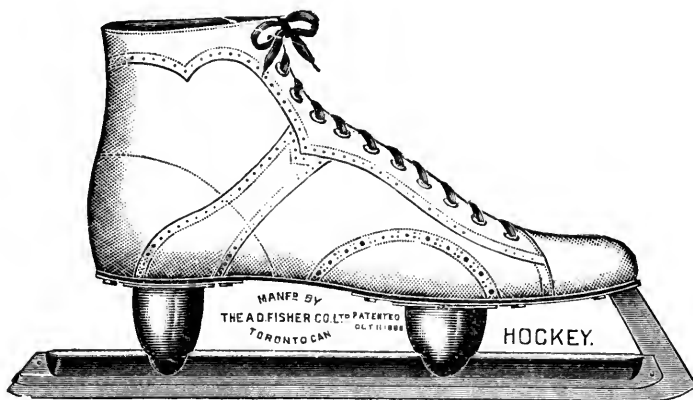
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Published monthly during the College year by the Union  
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## In the Long Ago

MISS A. M. BOWERS, '10.

THE Christ-baby lay in his mother's arms.  
In the long ago,  
And gazed with wide-open, solemn eyes.  
Big with childish wonder sweet.  
What could it mean—that glittering show.  
And those three kings, kneeling all in a row.  
In the long ago?

The Christ-baby lay in his mother's arms.  
In the long ago.  
And played with the frankincense and the myrrh.  
And tossed the gold with his dimpled hands.  
Laughing to see it sparkle so—  
As the three kings bowed in reverence low.  
In the long ago.

\* \* \* \*

And still men bow in reverence low.  
Before that Babe of the long ago.  
Kings bring their treasures, and sages their lore.  
Youth offers homage, and old men adore  
That baby Christ—with reverence low.  
As the Wise Men did in the long ago.

## **Impressions of American College Life**

C. E. AUGER, B.A.

**H**AD the Editor of ACTA asked me five years ago to say something about American College life, I should have written a better composition than is now possible for me to do.



C. E. AUGER, B.A.

It would have possessed the rhetorical quality of clearness—in regard to the hopeless inferiority of the American colleges, of emphasis, upon the immense superiority of the Canadian college, and of unity of tone—the disgruntled criticism of a home-sick foreigner. Now, after having become better acquainted with their colleges by meeting American students from every State in the Union, I am much less inclined to draw comparisons to the disparagement of the colleges of either country. I am still aware of a great difference between the students of the two countries, both in their work and in their play, in

their aims in college and their plans for the future; I still believe in my Alma Mater as strongly as ever; but I shall have to drop the judicial tone entirely and try to describe rather than criticize what a Canadian finds strange about American student life.

Their freshman comes to college much more highly sophisticated than our first-year student. If he has not pledged himself to a fraternity before coming to college, it will be a matter of deliberate choice with him, because representatives from different fraternities from different colleges will have solicited his membership; and so varied are these fraternities in character, that he would not have much difficulty in finding one to suit his social fancies and his purse. If he has decided to join a fraternity, he will be carefully schooled in college etiquette by

the senior members of his chapter. In any case, the college nomenclature, freshman, sophomore, professor, elective studies, baccalaureate exercises, have become quite familiar to him during his four-year high school course, where college customs are affected much more than here.

One notices a little greater anxiety about the matter of attendance at lectures during the first term than with us. The freshman knows that, no matter how high his High School record may be, the real testing of his fitness for entrance to college comes during the first few weeks. He knows that if he fails to satisfy his instructors during this time, either by irregular attendance or by imperfect recitations or exercises, he will receive a notice asking him to withdraw from the school until he is better prepared. When the American student speaks confidently of his *gruft* with this or that professor, he really means, of course, the impression which he has been able to make upon the instructor in regard to his work in class. All through his college course he always appears more anxious about the daily work than he is about the work gone over or about the final examination, because he knows that his instructor will examine his paper, that the examination will not go beyond the work covered in class, and that the written test is really the instructor's way of satisfying himself that his estimate of the student in the classroom is just. Greater stress is laid upon term reports and essays and class recitation than in Toronto University.

The American student is inclined to make more of his social life than do we. This is evidenced by the hold which the fraternity system has on the student body. It is seen in the greater frequency of class and fraternity promenades or dances. Good fellowship within the classes is fostered by compulsory daily attendance by classes at prayers and gymnasium, absence counting the same as absence from lectures. Offices in the various societies are much sought after, and vigorous campaigning is done in the election; but all business passed upon by these societies must be supervised by a committee of the Faculty—even to the matter of arranging a football match with another college, or of appointing the speakers for an inter-college debate. The student carries away with him a record of all the offices he has held, the athletic teams, and the societies to which he has belonged, and this he values as highly as his academic honors because of the prestige or *pull* which it gives him in after life. Mott's or Taft's or Roosevelt's athletic records, for example, are still quoted by American students.

But he is seldom able, even while at college, to wholly divorce his interests from some form of mechanical or commercial pursuit. He seems to regard his college course as an interruption in his larger plans, and he often finds difficulty in reconciling the two interests. He has large plans for the future: he wishes to enter a railway office, he is going west to farm, or he will manage his father's business. A larger proportion of their students earn their way through college by working during the college term. There is no stigma or added merit attaching to the student who occupies his leisure by tutoring, or distributing circulars, or working in a restaurant, and the members of the fraternities are frequently so employed. The student with sufficient means often prefers to have employment so that he may have a little capital to start out with when he leaves college. A man blind from the age of eleven graduated from a college in the South, spent two years at Harvard, where he secured the degree of Master of Arts, and paid all his expenses as he went along by tutoring classes in English and by piano-tuning. A student from Montana came to Chicago four years ago with seventy-five dollars. His college expenses were over four hundred dollars a year, and when he graduated he had cleared two thousand dollars by homesteading a farm in Alberta and by acting as agent for a land company. These stories are characteristic of the enterprise of American students in promoting their financial interests while attending college.

In spite of a little greater industry in the matter of daily class work, and a greater attention to social functions, this air of preoccupation is the most noticeable characteristic of the American student. One misses the whole-hearted surrender of the Ontario student to the spirit of college life. The American seems to regard his attendance at college as an occupation rather than an experience which he is privileged to enjoy. Indeed, I have sometimes wondered why so many of them ever come to college. The American seems to have a blind, unreasoning faith in the efficacy of educational machinery. This is due partly to the fact that he sees the bases of the older social order, whether of race, of birth, or even of wealth, being swept away, and he grasps at a means which promises to secure for him a commanding position in life.

## **Impressions of Quebec Province**

E. H. LEY, '08.

THE French of Lower Canada present a most interesting study to the student of our national life, and to the observer who is simply concerned with peculiarities of a social and religious kind. Our fellow-countrymen who are the descendants of the people whom Champlain, Roberval, and Frontenac governed have retained much that belonged to their ancestors—much that even the people of sunny France have long since relinquished and forgotten.

Having spent four months in a constant itinerary of the province, most of which was pursued with horse and carriage. I was afforded an excellent opportunity to witness the quaint conservatism of the Habitant communities, and to feel the difference in the social, religious, and commercial atmosphere of Quebec as compared with that of Ontario. It is a proverb among travellers in Quebec that the boundary line between a French and an English parish may be easily located because of the great differences in the roads, fences, farm houses, and agricultural methods which characterize the two communities.

That the province is destined to be inhabited within a few years by a French-speaking population is quite manifest. Several counties, such as Inverness, Stanstead, and Compton, whose very names indicate the nationality of the original settlers, are now practically occupied by the French people, who are making a systematic attempt to gain exclusive possession of the province. In this movement they have the support and encouragement of their church, whose leaders believe that the present mixture of population is unsatisfactory. In many respects it is very unsatisfactory, as I shall endeavor to show. Away up in the hills of Inverness County there remains a small Scotch population, which represents what was once a flourishing community. Surrounded on all sides by French neighbors, whose social conceptions make free intercourse impossible, the settlement has dwindled until it now contains but a few hundred souls, who can barely maintain schools and churches for the preservation of their language and religion. There are few young men to be found in this community—in fact, the population consists largely of middle-aged or elderly people, and in a few years the French tongue will prevail throughout the whole

county. Some communities have passed even beyond this stage. In Two Mountains County there is a village named Arthur after the family which for years has operated the village store. Once this was an English community—now the Arthur family is the only one for miles that is not French. Their children must be sent eighteen miles to secure the advantages of an English education and of English-speaking society. These are only illustrations of conditions which exist in many parts of the province, even in the Eastern Townships, which were once practically a solid English settlement. The wisdom, then, of working for a homogeneous population may be seen.

I must confess that I expected to find the English language more generally spoken than experience proved it to be, when early last summer I left Montreal to spend some weeks in the counties of Two Mountains and Argenteuil. Moreover, after several years study of the French language, I felt confident of my ability to deal with all occasions. But in the little town of St. Eustache, famous as the scene of a skirmish during the rebellion of 1837, I had my introduction to the difficulties of Canadian French. Reaching a hotel about dinner time, I entered the dining-room, and looked in a most friendly manner upon the approaching waitress. But a string of unintelligible sounds, which represented the various articles of diet available for my consumption, quickly changed my expression to that of a stunned man. This caused the lady to think that I was deaf, and she repeated her story in a louder tone—so loud, in fact, that it reached the ears of a gentleman at another table, who saw the difficulty and kindly acted as an interpreter. The spur of necessity hastened my apprehension of the vocabulary necessary for ordering a meal, and in a few weeks I was able to face a waiter with confidence and equanimity. But I found it necessary to use the French language a very large portion of the time.

Roads in Quebec are not often made to cross at right angles, and at regular intervals, as in Ontario, for the mountainous nature of much of the province renders this impossible. Hence it became necessary for me to frequently interrogate farmers as to the correct route to my proposed destination. Usually I had no difficulty in making them understand me, but when they proceeded to give me a detailed description of the various routes, I often found myself completely in the dark as to what they were saying. However, I tried to look wise, at the same time watching their gestures closely for some clue as to the



right course to pursue. Sometimes I interpreted their gestures aright; sometimes wrongly, in which case I usually succeeded in driving several miles out of my way. On one occasion, after listening intently to a more or less meaningless outline of my route to the village of St. Jacques, I thanked the countryman who had given me the directions and started confidently on my way. After several miles, I came in sight of a church spire, and increased my horse's speed, with visions of business speedily completed, followed by a savoury dinner. But on arriving at the village I beheld the name "La Prairie" staring at me from the board on the railway station, and knew that I had come several miles at right angles to my proper course.

Despite such difficulties as these, and such hardships as bad roads and inclement weather, the trip through the province was a source of never-ending delight. Numerous rugged ranges of hills cross the land in various directions, giving rise to such rivers as the Chateauguay, the Nicolet, the Chaudiere, and the Yamaska, all of which I had the pleasure of following practically from end to end, for the best roads are found along the banks of these streams. In the early times the rivers were the highways, with the result that they are closely lined with farm houses, and now when roads have taken the place of the streams as means of communication and transportation, there are usually good roadways on both banks of the larger waterways. The valley of the Chaudiere is one of the most beautiful as well as the most fertile portions of Quebec. Rising in the hills bordering the State of Maine, the Chaudiere flows through a broad green valley into the St. Lawrence, forming the well-known Montmorency Falls. In this valley are many picturesque towns and villages, which strongly suggest the "Fair Auburn" of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. Generally lining the single road which follows the bends of the river, with their buildings facing the river and shaded by ancient elms and willows, these places have an atmosphere of repose and content, which is pleasing to the æsthetic nature, but militates against industrial progress. The village of St. Eleazar, nestling in this valley, is a very typical Habitant community. In the light of a declining sun, it looked particularly restful and untouched by care, as I entered it about five o'clock one summer day. Children just released from the care of the sisters were playing in front of the small green and white houses, while their teachers, the nuns, watched them from the convent steps. The church doors were wide open, and down the aisle could be seen

the altar, over which the stained glass window threw a subdued and varied light. The village priest was not then engaged in his ceremonial duties, but sat smoking his pipe together with the merchant and several other men in front of the store. Within the store the merchant's wife sold goods to and exchanged gossip with a lingering group of female customers. A few men might be seen at work in the narrow fields which lay about the hamlet, but other evidence of activity there was none. Such is the natural state of the *Habitant*. Honest, courteous, kind to his family, not too energetic, he is satisfied with small things, unless he be stirred up by the example of the broader-visioned Englishman.

The churches which so thickly dot the Quebec countryside are a never-ending source of delight to those who appreciate fine architecture. It is putting it mildly to say that the *Habitant* takes pride in his church, and the smallest parish desires the best church building that it can possibly afford. Travellers down the St. Lawrence River are always struck by the number and beauty of the churches which rise along the banks and often from some height, several beautiful shapely spires may be seen, marking different villages which are hidden among the trees. One of the most impressive sights I have ever seen is the church in the Village of St. Ephrem, on the line of the Quebec Central Railroad. It stands on a bluff fully four hundred feet directly above the village, and is reached by a winding road over two miles in length. Of imposing proportions, constructed of white stone, it forms a striking picture when viewed from below. Leaving St. Ephrem early one morning, I drove twenty-five miles, and about five o'clock in the evening I looked back as I climbed another elevation, observing with great surprise that the church was easily visible, standing on its lofty site like a great white sentinel of religion, watching over the valley.

The poetry which Dr. Drummond saw in the *Habitant* life—his simplicity of outlook, his contentment, and his joy in life, may be very easily detected even to-day. The long, narrow farms, with white-painted houses, the peaceful villages, the happy families, the pleasure-loving disposition are there. If the people of Quebec eventually became possessed of the same breadth of outlook as their fellow-countrymen of Ontario, there will be no more pleasant spot in our Dominion than the mountain-ribbed, forest-clad home of the *Habitant*.

## The Heavenly Music

MISS ETHEL A. LAIRD. '08.

THERE'S a quaint old German legend  
That tells of a Golden Age,  
When the light of a wondrous glory  
Shone o'er the earth's dark page.

When Heaven's portals were opened.  
And a radiant golden gleam  
A pathway made for angels.  
Like the ladder in Jacob's dream.

Then the earth was clothed in splendour,  
And harmonies filled the air,  
For the angels played with earth's children,  
And told them stories rare.

But in beauty far surpassing  
All tales that the angels told  
Were the rapturous strains of music,  
Which rang from the harps of gold.

The trees bent their heads to listen,  
The restless waves stood still.  
The clamour of men was silenced,  
From city to distant hill.

For the Master himself had written  
The anthem the angels sang.  
That sweet thro' the courts of Heaven  
And o'er earth and ocean rang.

But one day the Heavens were silent:  
Fast-barred were the gates of gold:  
Shut off from its visioned splendour,  
The earth seemed dark and cold.

For an erring, evil spirit  
Had entered the heavenly land.  
And taught both pride and passion  
To the sinless, angel band.

Alas! the heavenly choir  
Sang for the praise of men,  
The Master ended the music  
And shut in the glory again.

Dark grew the angel faces,  
Hushed were their joyous lays.  
They tore into shreds, in their anger,  
The glorious hymn of praise.

Above, the fragments floated  
Like snow-flakes of purest white,  
Then fluttered to earth and rested  
In points of gleaming light.

Aroused was each evil passion,  
Asleep in the breast of man,  
For a note of the heavenly music  
Man strove with his brother man.

More bitter grew the struggle,  
Each voice rose shrill and high,  
For no one thought of his neighbor  
Or heeded his prayer or sigh.

Each sang, caring not for the other,  
The notes of the music he found,  
And the voices of all the singers  
Arose in discordant sound.

Thus, amid endless confusion,  
Alone, in sadness and strife,  
Often in bitterest wailing,  
Each soul lives its lonely life.

But, when the tumult is ended,  
And the earth is rolled up like a scroll,  
The gracious Master will station  
In its God-given place each soul.

And the notes will all blend and soften,  
And each ring out full and clear,  
In the wonderful song of the angels  
That was heard in those by-gone years.

## Indian Paganism

J. F. WOODSWORTH, B.A.

**WE** laugh when we see a child grasp after the golden sunbeam which streams into the room some summer day, for we know that it is but a child's fancy, and, moreover, we rejoice in the beauty of such a scene. But when we see men and women no longer in childish innocency, but in the darkest ignorance, blindly reaching out after the Divine Light, we no longer laugh, because we realize that here is the struggle of a human soul for life. We sometimes call such blind striving paganism, or otherwise brand it as belonging to a low order; but even on this level it is not to be despised, for it is often a very real thing to the poor savage, and the Christian must look on with respect even though it also arouses his pity.

An intimation from a Hudson Bay friend to the effect that the Indians were soon to hold their annual "Dog Feast," awakened in me an eager interest in what proved to be a piece of genuine paganism, and also gave me a chance to study first hand a live ethnic religion.

This "Dog Feast," or "Metuaway," is a relic of former days, when, as the interpreter told me, the Indians were "men." Then the hunters of the tribe went forth and slew a bear, which was brought into camp and sacrificed to the gods; but now the degenerate sons of these old hunters are satisfied with killing a few mongrel "husky" dogs, thus thinking to procure the favor of the deities of the rocks and forests. It was the father of "Old Andrew," the present chief medicine man on the whole Berens River, who had the honor of formulating the ritual of the new Metuaway feast. Surely he had a right to do so! for had he not received a revelation from the unseen world itself, when a god from the fourth world below presented him with the first sacred drum, the successors of which are still continuing to prove in a very obvious manner their most infernal origin? According to the present order of things, this feast is held in conjunction with the ceremonies of the medicine tent, when certain persons of the tribe receive enchantment against disease and evil spirits. These exercises last for about a week, but there is one day set apart as the great day of the feast, when these people present themselves for salvation, and, what is of more interest to the average Indian, when the dogs are eaten.

Upon this festive day, just as the sun rises, eight fine white "husky" dogs are slaughtered, the drums beat furiously all the morning, and at noon the people gather to participate in the solemnities of the medicine tent. The feast this year was preceded by all manner of weird preparations, drum beatings, auguries, the strange prophecies of the conjuring tent, the sweat tent, and other rites and practices.

The feast camp for this sacred celebration was removed from the clearing in front of the Hudson Bay Post where the tribe usually camp to a small clearing across the river, which is the traditional feast ground. Here we found the people lined



THREE LITTLE INDIANS, WILD AND UNTAUGHT.

up within a large medicine tent, the men on one side, the women on the other. At each corner of the tent, and also in the centre, were representations of the sun, moon, and stars, also shapes of birds, all of which were supposed to symbolize the gods whom they worshipped. Hung all about the tent, which was really a large pavilion, were presents for the gods; bright-colored dress goods in great quantities, blankets, traps, kettles, pans, knives, and in fact nearly everything that could be useful to an Indian. About the middle of the tent on the men's side sat the old medicine man with his two chief councillors on his left. These three were the sacred representatives of the gods,

who, in honor of their positions, were dressed in all their sacred regalia. The chief was particularly gorgeous in a bright red shirt and sash, while on his head he wore a fine otter cap decorated with images of all his deities.

According to custom, every person who wishes to be "saved" must go through the whole performance separately, and it is, no doubt, a solemn time for each young Indian, as he hears the strange incantations and see the mystic rites performed over him. After going through certain preliminary exercises, one of the subjects of enchantment knelt at one end of the tent with his sponsor behind supporting him; here he remained perfectly submissive to all that might be worked upon him. Those



INDIAN WIGWAMS.

in charge of the enchanting rites then began their prayers and drum-beatings. Thanksgiving was first offered to the gods for past blessings, and their aid and presence were besought. During the prayers certain sacred pelts were pointed in the direction of the four winds, thus indicating the wideness of their sphere of appeal. The chief medicine man also took part by offering his pipe to the gods, whom he believed to be assembled in the air about him. One of the most striking statements of the enchanter was that he "banished disease and sickness to the land that no man had ever seen." Another interesting feature of the ceremony was the searing away of evil spirits. To accomplish this seven or eight Indians ran full tilt around the tent,

the leader beating a drum furiously, while the rest shouted and gave vent to their Indian chant of Ah-a-a-a-aha—which, no doubt, had the desired effect on the much dreaded demons.

What appeared to be the essential part in the whole ritual, however, came near the end, when the gods had arrived and the evil spirits had departed. The leader of the enchanter, followed by his helpers, made a rush down the side of the tent holding a sacred beaver skin high in the air until he came to the kneeling suppliant, when he poked the skin in the face of the young Indian, at which the boy fell on his face as if dead. The helpers then gathered around, applying their sacred pelts to the head and shoulders of the prostrate figure until there were signs of life. When the boy arose from the ground he was presented with a sacred skin, to be kept until the day of his death. The whole idea seems to be almost that of a sacrament. These skins are supposed to possess great virtue, in fact the power of life and death, being able to raise one even from the dead. The young Indian then tried the worth of his new sacred pelt, going around to each of his enchanter, who in every case fell to the ground as if stricken by some great power. The saved one then proceeded to thank those who had thus insured him against disease and death. He first prayed over them, stroking their heads as if pronouncing a benediction upon them. After this his sponsor gathered his god-son's presents from the poles about the tent and distributed them among the enchanter, the chief in every case receiving the lion's share. This same performance was conducted over each subject of salvation until all had submitted to the mystic rites and incantations. The solemn ritual was then followed by the eating of the dogs, and concluded by an elaborate dance. Then for four nights the young people who had been saved were required to sleep in another medicine tent to complete the enchantment.

One of the evils of this feast is the great waste of goods; for very few of the large number of presents given to the enchanter remain in the band, the greater part of them going to the greedy medicine man, who gives in return small handfuls of roots, of whose medicinal properties the Indians are quite ignorant. They frequently spend thirty or forty dollars on these roots, and on one occasion a double-barrelled shotgun was given for a small piece of birch bark on which was written a few magic figures. But in spite of the enormities in their heathen practices, we cannot help admiring these sons of the forest, who are willing to give their all to save their souls.



Another rather interesting performance is the "conjuring tent."

On some clear night, if the reader will look towards the west he may see a group of stars in a circular form. This group the Indian calls the conjuring stars. Now, the Indian is pre-eminently a dreamer of dreams, and tradition has it that if anyone dreams of these conjuring stars he is a fit subject to enter the conjuring tent, whence he may deliver certain auguries concerning health, hunting, and kindred matters. The conjuring tent is a small birch-bark structure about six feet in diameter, covered at the top with blankets to make it perfectly tight. This small tent is placed in one of their large birch-bark tents. Then, when the darkness comes on, those inter-



A GROUP OF CREE INDIANS.

From "Pathfinders of the West," by permission.

ested gather in the large tent and around the smaller one to await the utterances of the man to whom the gods have communicated their messages. It is a weird enough scene for anyone. The darkness is intense, the sole light being that of the stars, which one can see through the top of the wigwam, twinkling afar off in the deep heavens. The only stir heard is that of an Indian when he lights his pipe and grunts in satisfaction. Suddenly there is a slight shaking of the conjuring tent, accompanied by the chant Ah-a-a-a-ha, and all are quiet, for the spirits have begun to take possession of the tent, thus causing the shaking. Then questions begin to pour in from those gathered around. The shaking increases, as also

the vehemence of the chant, until the very earth vibrates. All this time the man inside is lying on his face in a trance, answering the questions as the spirits move him. The intense shaking then ceases, only to be repeated at the insistence of the gathered friends, who wish, as many others have wished, to lift the veil from the future and know what the unseen has in store for them.



A CONJURING TENT.

My Hudson Bay friend pronounced all Indian religious customs a pack of nonsense, and no doubt it was such to him, but through all the vagaries of their beliefs and superstitions, one could see how even the poor Indians were reaching out after the Unseen. They realized in their blind way that the Unseen alone could save them from the things of time and sense, and that their keeping was somehow or other in a power mightier than a human hand.

## Chicago Jake

B. MABEL DUNHAM. '08.

CHICAGO JAKE'S reputation in B—— was founded on a very limited number of known facts, supplemented by a superabundance of the wildest surmises. but, when all was said and done, the citizens of the town were unanimous in their decision that Chicago Jake was, to say the least. somewhat queer.

Fifteen years ago he came to B—— literally a stranger in a strange land, bought a small piece of property on the side of a steep hill in the eastern suburbs of the town and spent the summer in the erection of his humble shack. It soon became apparent that the unknown man was almost devoid of any social instincts. His visits to the town were few and far between, and always occasioned by dire necessity. All efforts to engage him in conversation were futile, and whatever answers he was compelled to give were remarkably short and terse. In a moment of weakness, however, he had intimated to some interested inquirer that he was Peter Jakes, formerly of Chicago, and to this unfortunate circumstance he owes his euphonious nick-name. How he spent his time nobody knows but himself. On those rare occasions when he appeared before the public eye, he was either smoking his long pipe before the shanty door or digging and re-digging in his little garden. If any one chanced to pass along Richmond Street in the distance, all operations were temporarily suspended; if any one showed the slightest inclination to approach, he beat a hasty retreat behind the shanty door. One fact more must be recorded. At the beginning of each year Chicago Jake presented at the bank a cheque for one hundred dollars, signed by Mr. Peter Jakes of Chicago, payable to Mr. Peter Jakes of B——, and requested that the entire amount be paid in one dollar bills.

This much is known of the strange character, but over all his past life the black veil of mystery is closely drawn. Was there some dark crime which made him a fugitive from justice? The police had no orders to arrest him. Could he have escaped from some insane asylum? One friend, at least, knew his whereabouts, and tacitly refused to identify him. Did he merely wish to gratify the freakish whims of his own eccentric nature? The only man in the neighborhood who could draw

the curtain and reveal the secret motives of his heart vouchsafed no explanation.

Naturally enough, strange superstitions were created about the name of this mysterious personage. Exasperated mothers in the east end frightened their fractious children into obedience with threats of a visit to Chicago Jake. If the potato crop was poor, the blame attached to that same individual. Should a girl be frightened on the street at night, immediately the cry went forth that Chicago Jake was on the war-path. Yet all the while the people knew that the slandered gentleman was safely ensconced within the four walls of his humble dwelling, engaged with his own private affairs, and perfectly unconscious of the calumny that was being heaped upon his innocent head.

For many years, Chicago Jake's nearest neighbors were the Allisons on Richmond Street, but, to the disgust of the younger members of the family, an intervening apple orchard obscured their view of the little weather-beaten shanty on the hill. Occasionally, however, on their way to and from school, the children caught glimpses of their unsociable neighbor, and with this they needs must be satisfied. The expression of his face they were never able to discern, but from his movements they judged that he was old and somewhat feeble.

The Allisons, along with other children of the neighborhood, had developed the habit of spending every Saturday afternoon during the winter months coasting on the hill. The favorite slide was in close proximity to the solitary shanty, and so it behooved Chicago Jake, on that one day of the week, to be doubly vigilant. On one of those memorable Saturdays it so happened that the spill was more serious than usual, and this time Amy Allison was the victim. The gash in her chin was pretty deep, the blood flowed rather freely, and the children were terrified. Spurred on by the excitement of the moment, two of the boys took their lives in their hands and ran to ask Chicago Jake for cloths to bind the bleeding wound. Between the impatient knocks at the shanty door, their little legs trembled perceptibly. Finally, in a deep, sepulchral tone of voice, came the answer, "There ain't nobody to home." Almost paralyzed with fear, the noble lads half-slid, half-tumbled down the hill, and joined the rest of the party, who were carrying the sobbing child through the orchard to home and mother.

This gruesome story was duly reported among the young fry of the neighborhood, but each successive audience was

assured that never could those weird tones of the old man be properly reproduced. By the next Saturday—coincidences are peculiar at times—a new and vastly superior slide had been discovered on the opposite side of the hill. From this time on, the Allison children began to look up at the shanty on the hill with an uncomfortable feeling of suspicion.

Years went by. The quiet town of B—— was becoming noted as a great manufacturing centre. New streets were being opened up in the suburbs, new houses were being built on every hand, new families were flocking into the town, and the peaceful quiet of the hill was threatened. Another and a larger crowd of children coasted down the hill and the old-time slide had recovered its wonted popularity. As for Chicago Jake, it was a nine days' wonder if he was seen outside his door unless, indeed, it was a circus day or a holiday. The blinds were always closely drawn, and only the smoke which escaped through the stove-pipe chimney bore evidence to the fact that the old man still lived. The Allison children had developed into young men and women, the problems of life were beginning to engross their attention, and the ogre of their childhood days was almost forgotten.

It is a custom in B—— to set aside the last day of school in June for a grand school picnic. This great public function provides the children an appropriate way to celebrate their academical victories, and incidentally affords the parents a golden opportunity to excuse the deficiencies of their young hopefuls with the old teacher, and to point out a few of their merits to the new one. It was on this red-letter day last June that the Misses Allison walked down Richmond Street late in the afternoon. The town seemed dead save for an occasional shout from the park in the distance. It was evident that the youthful contestants had entered the arena, and all the town had gone to help in the cheering. One glance in the direction of the hill and Amy stopped short. There sat Chicago Jake fully three feet from his shanty door, smoking his pipe. It seemed to Amy that the good old times of her childhood were being revived once more. In a brief moment of abstraction she drew out her handkerchief and waved it frantically.

"I just want to show the dear old man," she explained to her sister, "that I'm glad to see him again, and that I bear him no grudge for having refused me the first aids to the injured the day I hurt my chin."

Chicago Jake slowly removed his pipe from his mouth, rose with great difficulty, reached for his cane and staggered into the house.

The sequel to this handkerchief episode happened the following Sunday. The Allison's had just finished dinner and adjourned to the verandah, when Amy burst in upon them like a whirlwind with the startling announcement that Chicago Jake was coming through the orchard to make his call. For the while the most nerve-racking excitement prevailed, but, fortunately, Mr. Allison managed to find his hat and went to meet his guest. As Chicago Jake approached, it could be seen that his weak frame was due to disease, rather than to old age. The dread tuberculosis had set its unmistakable stamp upon him, and he was so far in its clutches that every movement of his body seemed to cost him an effort. His clothes were neat, though inexpensive, and two or three scratches on his face showed that he deemed some tonsorial attention in keeping with the occasion.

Meanwhile the two men had met. Chicago Jake paid no attention to the proffered hand of Mr. Allison, leaned on his cane, coughed vehemently, and said, pointing with his bony index finger to Amy in the distance:

"That there girl likes me, and it's for you to say, shall I come and live here or can she come and live with me?"

If Mr. Allison made any reply it was inaudible to the rest of the family. Suffice it to say, that in a few moments Chicago Jake was retracing his steps through the orchard, leaning heavily on the strong arm of Mr. Allison.

The next day the Medical Health Officer visited the unfortunate man and gravely shook his head.

"There's no hope for you, old fellow; you'd better let me send for your friends."

Chicago Jake impatiently motioned the intruder to be gone.

Inquiries were made about the town, and in due time a letter was despatched to Mr. Peter Jakes of Chicago, in care of his bankers.

Two weeks later the long-expected answer came by telegram.

"Am sending cheque. Spare no expense and send the corpse to me."

The same day the undertaker stopped at the little shanty on the hill, and soon after, all that was mortal of Mr. Peter Jakes of B—— was speeding on its way to Mr. Peter Jakes of Chicago.



## Double Stars

J. N. TRIBBLE, B.A.

IT may not occur to the casual observer that many of the stars which to the unaided eye appear single are in reality double. This fact was first discovered in the year 1610, when the telescope was introduced for astronomical research. At that time the very best of these instruments were crudely constructed, and hence the results obtained to a great extent unreliable; but more double stars were discovered as the telescope was brought to a more complete state of perfection. However, the greater part of the work on visual doubles has been accomplished during the past century, and it is known to-day that over thirteen thousand of these actually exist. There is no doubt there are infinitely more which have not yet been detected by the eye of the most careful observer operating the most complete telescope.

It may happen that two stars, although infinitely distant, are in the same line of sight as seen from the earth, and are therefore "optically" double. There have been over ten thousand pairs of these discovered. Again, there is a much smaller class, known as the "physically" double, where the stars have some physical connection, the line joining them being found to change its position, indicating that the two stars form a system revolving around each other in a definite period, and fixed orbit. Sir William Herschel took measurements on about two thousand four hundred of this class, and, although his system of measurement did not permit of very exact computation, yet he arrived at an approximate idea of the orbits of many pairs. He first measured the distance apart of the two stars in seconds of arc; the angle made by the line joining the two stars with the celestial meridian passing through the brighter star was then observed. Repeated measurements of these elements were taken during the complete revolution of

the star, and by plotting these observed quantities, the curve would give an idea of the orbit and period. However, these measurements are difficult to determine accurately, and are not satisfactory. Examples of this type are Castor, Mizar (the middle star in the handle of the dipper), and Algol.

There is a class of doubles which are not capable of being separated by the most powerful resolving telescope, or in which one component alone is visible—these are known as Spectroscopic Binaries. Practically nothing was known of this class until the invention of the spectroscope. This instrument breaks up the light into its spectrum, which is focused on a sensitive plate. Crossing the spectrum we have many dark Fraunhofer lines, due to the light from the star having passed through a gaseous medium surrounding the source, which absorbs the rays of that particular wave length, since any gaseous substance absorbs from composite light passing through it precisely those rays of which its own spectrum consists. We can thus determine by means of comparison with spectra of known elements what constitutes the star's atmosphere.

But much more information may be obtained from the study of the Fraunhofer lines. It was first enunciated by Doppler that if a radiating body emitting vibrations of a certain definite frequency is in rapid motion towards or from the observer, the frequency will be altered to the observer in consequence of the change in the velocity relative to the observer. To illustrate this statement by a well-known example: A vessel moving at right angles to the waves will encounter more waves in a given time than it will if moving with them. Again, the pitch of the note of a locomotive approaching us is higher than when it is receding from us; the number of sound waves received by us in a given time is greater when it is approaching than when it is receding; thus the wave length must be shortened, and the pitch raised. Light is also wave motion; thus, when a source of light is approaching, the waves emitted are shorter than if it were at rest, and much more so than if it were receding. By actual experiment, the velocity of light is known to be 186,000 miles per second. If, then, we can determine the exact amount of displacement of the lines in the star's spectrum, we can calculate with wonderful accuracy the velocity with which it is approaching or receding from us in the line of sight. As this shifting is so small it is a very difficult matter to make visual observations. Sir Wm. Huggins attempted to do so in 1867, but his results were not accurate. More exact measurements



have since been obtained by the application of photography. A comparison spectrum of a spark from known terminals is photographed upon the same plate, so that the resulting photograph shows the spectrum of the star between two comparison spectra, the lines of which serve as standards to determine the displacement of the stellar lines.

We can thus determine the velocity of the star in the line of sight, whether it be positive or negative at the time the photographic plate is exposed, after eliminating the velocity which the system as a whole may have with reference to the sun. A number of such negatives of the spectrum is secured, and a curve is plotted with the resulting velocities as ordinates with corresponding times as abscissae; this curve passes through all the observations, repeating itself similarly at regular intervals. It is clear that these intervals give the star's period, which in some cases is a few hours, while other stars require much longer periods to complete one orbital journey.

Great difficulty is experienced by observers owing to unfavorable weather conditions, as it is often impossible to obtain a negative at a critical point in the curve, thus the matter must remain for another interval, when the same thing may again occur. The star *i* Orionis, which has been under observation for some time at the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa, has a period of about 29 days. Mr. W. E. Harper, who was working on this binary, had to wait nearly nine months for favorable weather to secure a negative to fill a gap in its periodic curve which he knew must be near its true form.

In 1899 it was first discovered that the bright star Capella is a spectroscopic binary; the spectrum of its principal component is of the same nature as the sun, while the secondary component has few dark broad lines, chiefly due to hydrogen. In 1896 negatives of this star were taken, which show velocities of the chief component as follows: Aug. 31, 34 kilometres per second; Sept. 16, 54 kil. per sec.; Oct. 5, 44 kil. per sec.; Nov. 12, 4 kil. per sec. Polaris is also a spectroscopic binary with a period of four days.

When the curve is as correct as can be obtained by observation, the elements of the orbit are obtained either by analytical or geometrical means. The former is due to H. R. Russell of Princeton University, while there are several geometrical methods due to Lehmann-Filhés, and to others. These methods are all more or less mathematically intricate, and will not be discussed in this paper.

This line of research work is being carried on in the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa, where there is one of the best forms of spectrograph in use at the present time. The instrument was designed by Mr. J. S. Plaskett, who has charge of the astrophysical department. Observations have been made on a number of spectroscopic binaries hitherto not examined, with very satisfactory results. It might be interesting to note a few results of observations made by the writer on the star  $\theta$  Aquilæ during the past summer:

June 20, +45 km. per sec.	July 27, -40 km. per sec.
June 21, -26 km. per sec.	Aug. 10, +19 km. per sec.
July 2, -40 km. per sec.	Aug. 15, -51 km. per sec.
July 8, +22 km. per sec.	Aug. 27, +11 km. per sec.
July 9, -30 km. per sec.	Sept. 14, +55 km. per sec.

From these results it may be seen from plotting the curve that the star's period is about 17.17 days, and the eccentricity of its orbit 0.725.

The fact that the components of double stars have a regular period goes to explain the existence of at least some of the variable stars. For example, the interposition at regular intervals of a more or less opaque object between the observer and the second magnitude star Algol is the only natural explanation of the phenomenon observed. This star, which has a period of 2 days 20 hours 48 minutes 55.4 seconds, is receding from us at the rate of 27 miles a second, sixteen hours before it reaches its minimum magnitude, after which it approaches us at the same rate. This is just what would happen if it had a large, dark companion, and the two were revolving around their common centre of gravity in an orbit nearly edgewise to the earth. When the opaque component is advancing to interpose itself between the earth and the bright component, the latter is moving backward, and the opposite occurs when the dark companion is receding after the eclipse.

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### Science Jottings

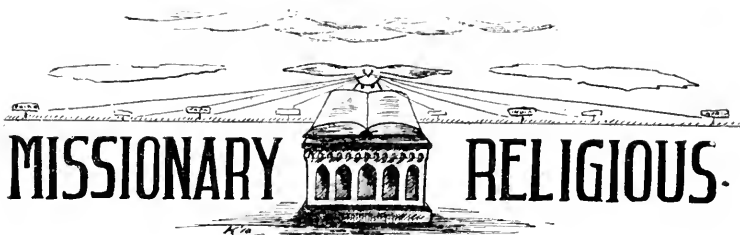
FOR the benefit of our readers who have not seen Prof. Kirschmann's article on "Transmutation of the Elements and the Interior of the Earth," reprinted in pamphlet form from a recent copy of the Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, we cull a few ideas from it. Prof. Kirschmann states that, as we know the specific gravity of the earth as a

whole to be two to three times that of the rock at the surface, we believe the interior of the earth to be heavier than the heaviest metals. From various phenomena we judge the interior of the earth to be also of a very high temperature, so high, indeed, that the substance there could not remain in a solid or liquid state, but must be gaseous. This gas, being under a very great pressure (supplied by gravity), and its temperature being above the critical point, can scarcely exist as molecules and atoms. All the elements are broken down into the ultimate particles called ions. It is the arranging of these ions in different groupings that gives us the various elements. Prof. Kirschmann suggests that as the earth cooled down, various parts of the surface cooled under different pressure and conditions, thus causing the ions to arrange in different groups and forming the elements. The fact that related elements are found together in the earth's crust upholds this idea. For example, he affirms, scarcely any native gold is found which does not contain silver (up to 40 per cent.) and sometimes palladium (up to 10 per cent.). The metals of the so-called platinum group—platinum, rhodium, iridium, etc.—are always associated in the ores.

Prof. Kirschmann follows up the old historic idea of transmutation of metals by saying that immediately below the crust of the earth and surrounding the mass of ions, there must be a zone of instability, where masses enter and re-enter the gaseous state, and "where, consequently, on account of changes in pressure, transmutation of elements often takes place." Prof. Kirschmann leaves us to infer the idea that the search of the old alchemists for the secret of transmutation of metals was not so unscientific as appears at a glance, and that some day some one may be able to arrange these elusive ions in the proper gold grouping.

According to latest reports, the cost of the great Panama Canal undertaking will reach the sum of \$300,000,000. Work is progressing favourably, there being about 30,000 to 40,000 men employed at present. These laborers are mostly Spaniards, Italians, and West Indian negroes.

Prospectors in California have discovered a new gem. It is described as a transparent blue stone, with violet tints in the deeper-colored portion. It surpasses the sapphire in brilliancy and rivals it in color, although it is not so hard. Under heat it turns red, but on cooling resumes its normal color. It has been called "Benito," from the county where it was found.



## The Man in the Iron Mask

*"Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be true!"*

**R**OMANCE and tragedy come to us strangely blended in that black page of history, that records all that we know of him, who lived and died with no name but this, "The Man in the Iron Mask." Life was hid from him. Death kept his secret. Many and many a man, touched by the dumb mystery of his life, has tried, all unavailingly, to unravel its tangled skein. But the doors of life have closed upon his secret, where it now lies, shrouded forever in the withered, hating heart of a long dead king. Year by year he lived shut out from life and love and happiness, unknown, save by his ghastly cognomen, till at last he was hurried out through the darkness to his lonely grave, with the mask still on his face.

Would men live as he lived? Would men die his nameless death? O ye men in the iron masks! You are everywhere. You jostle one another on the highway. Your eyes catch one another's across the rush of traffic. In the church, the marketplace, the counting-house, everywhere, men are living their lives as he lived it; going to their death as he went—men in the iron masks.

In a fragment of the Journal of Piero di Cosimo there are these words:

"I should like to paint the people going to and fro in the streets of Florence, with all their hidden sins made visible in furtive flashes of scarlet and purple and wan green and yellow and bloodied red! *Cristo*, how the Medici would reward me for my pains if I should paint *them*! 'Twould be a short shift then for the hermit-painter, Piero di Cosimo!"

Here in the quaint fancy of the Florentine poet is the same story, the mockery of a life of sham. Here is Dr. Jekyll masking the debauched, degraded Mr. Hyde behind the kind exterior of the good physician—a man all-kind, all-loving, all-

gentle as the one; a man all-hateful and sordid and defiled as the other. Is that the story of our life? What is the man behind the mask we wear—we who tremble at the door of truth lest by some chance someone should see us as we are—see the Mr. Hyde stripped of the godly mask of Dr. Jekyll standing confessed before the world?

It would be no Herculean task to deceive the world, were it but worth the while. But, at the best, it is but a poor half-contentment that could ever come that way. You may hide your real life from those who know you best, but no power in heaven or earth can blind God's eyes or yours; and the shadow of the mask upon your life will rob you of your ease.

“O purblind race of miserable men,  
How many among us at this very hour  
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves  
By taking true for false, or false for true.”

Men are worshipping success, and, mask of rose color though it be, it is still a mask. Their eyes are blinded and their voices are hoarse and muffled by its folds. The fire is in their eye, the red fever in their blood, and they pass on madly, careless of the cost.

“For cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking.”

Success is a great thing. Rightly men war for it in the changing strife of years. But it may be that it will be bought at a premium that will bankrupt you for life. Seek it, of course you must, but seek it with numasked eyes, or you will find it dust and ashes in your hands. It is Voltaire, standing at the forefront of his age, and writing in his diary: “I wish I had never been born.” It is Beaconsfield who sought power and got it, and in the gray twilight of his life turned bitterly away, saying: “Youth is a mistake, manhood a struggle, old age a regret.” It is Byron, on his thirty-sixth birthday, writing the bitter *envoi* to his wasted youth:

“My life is in the yellow leaf,  
The flower and fruits of love are gone,  
The worm, the canker and the grief  
Are mine alone.”

It is ringing forever through these sad, sad words with which Thackeray closes his great story of a world that took no care for Christ:

“Ah! *Vanitas Vanitatum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.”

Oh, the pity of it! that we should mask our own lives, to make the pathway darker for our erring feet.

In a recent novel there is this sentence: “He hath little knowledge and less pity for sin who has never sinned.” It is not a plea for knowledge through sin, but for sympathy by understanding. For there are men who are making of their self-righteousness a mask to blind their eyes. Oh, ye Pharisees! Who set you in judgment on your fellow-men? You are but prisoners as *he* was behind an iron mask. For if your righteousness shall make you stern and unsympathetic; quick to condemn and slow to forgive; if it adds one fresh stab to the pain-stricken heart of the world; if it dims the light of hope in human eyes. And, more than all, if it beclouds the vision of that quiet Teacher of the Galilean hills. Then it is not of Him.

“We saw one casting out devils in Thy name; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us.” How much of selfishness is there after all in this hard righteousness of ours? How many of our judgments of our fellow-men are warped and twisted and cursed by that same phrase, “Because he followeth not with us”? So we have made our selfishness a god; and worship *it*, not Christ. What though our judgments be just, as at times they may! Dare we toy with such a deadly thing as justice? In his “Ethics of George Eliot,” J. C. Brown has unerringly laid his finger on the supreme power of her work, when he writes: “However just her indignation might be, her ideal was not to claim justice, but to give tenderness.” And when men are sinning and suffering and crying out in their despair, to stretch cold hands of justice to them in their need is but the bitterest of mockeries.

Every now and then in the cycle of the years there come to the front certain words and phrases that seem to make some deep impress on men’s minds. Yesterday we spoke of the solidarity of humanity, it was on everyone’s lips, and formed the basis of many of our theories of life, till at last, seemingly, in a night, it passed into forgetfulness; and with it, to a large extent, the idea for which it stood. To-day a new king has

arisen, and we talk of the individuality of man. We teach men their own importance, and in the blind egoism thereby engendered, they are drawing the shadow over their lives also. And they raise petulant hands, crying, "I am the supreme authority in my own life." Oh, the utter folly of this talk of living your own life. No man can dissociate himself from his fellows, try as he may, nor evade the responsibility that his very manhood entails, and "Inasmuch as ye did it not" has always been a word of doom. Yet you are looking out of your mask and you are saying: "I am living a respectable life, and no one can expect more of me"; and it is false, and *you* are a coward, for you are hiding behind a sham.

And, last of all, think of the penalty of a masked life!

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One by one the years dragged by, heavy with their burden of vice and treachery and sin. Here in his gloomy cell the prisoner felt the light dying out of his eyes, the hope from his heart. Out in God's world the sun was shining and "lilies were ablow in all the happy fields of France." But *his* eyes were heavy with the mask, and the prison walls shut him in. Still the years crept by, slowly, shamefully, and new, fresh faces entered the gloomy portal and the iron gates clanged behind them. And *he*, the prisoner, cringed in the filth of his cell shielding his eyes from the dim ray that stole through his grated window. Beyond the portal men laughed and loved, and children babbled by the roadside: while a shameless king revelled in his guilty palace of Versailles. And, looking out across the city was the grim fortress where the prisoner lay, forgotten, turning dazed, speechless lips to those who questioned him. For the light in his soul had died out!

Can men live behind the mask? Yes, as *he* lived, prisoned from light and life. But no man can live a true life so. Life is real, men are real, God is real. You cannot drug them with shams. A sham is a lie, and a lie is a sin, and sin is a blow in the face of Christ. Yet men will go on, blinded by egoism, cursed by selfishness, narrowing the vision of God's world and its need, seeking their own mean, selfish ends, and thinking they do no sin. But what is sin, save insincerity? It is not the fact that a man is good or bad that is the first thing, but that he is insincere in being one or the other. You masked men! Cannot you see how the mask is dwarfing you? It is turning you aside from what is great and good, because you fear the straightened ways of life. But was it for nothing

that Dante assigned the lowest place to those "who made through cowardice the great refusal"?

Can a man meddle with edged tools and come unseathed? or play with fire and not be burned? As surely as a man is false in the externals, so surely will his whole life be false. Will you wear the mask down to the grave while the world is needing you? Listen to the cry of the world's need. What is it that you hear? It is a call for reality. Lord God, make us real! Purge from our lives this cowardice of shams! Give us to be men, looking out on life steadily, our eyes unblinded by the masks of insincerity and self and sin. The world needs men of this metal. Look at the myriad faces that pass you on the street, marred as they are, so many of them! What is it that you see? So little of mere sin, so much of mere weakness.

" 'Tis very good for strength to know  
That someone needs you to be strong."

What we need, whether in college or elsewhere, is men touched with a new spirit of simple strength and unflinching loyalty to their own ideals—men who dare to burn the selfishness from their lives, and build upon its ashes more stately palaces of self-forgetfulness. The world isn't crying for preachers or lawyers or teachers—it calls for men, men with the masks off, living their lives in strong sincerity. For always above the clamor of the wheel and drift of things we hear the world's heart crying, for men who can make honor right and dishonor wrong. Men who can make falsity and uncleanness and selfishness and disloyalty a thing impossible, and loyalty and truth and purity and self-forgetfulness an accepted fact—men who can make Christlikeness easy and un-Christlikeness hard.—J. L. R.

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## **The International Student Volunteer Missionary Conference**

D. M. PERLEY, B.A.

THE Fourth International Conference of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union met at Liverpool on January 2nd in the Philharmonic Hall. The task of describing the progress of a great conference has been undertaken by abler hands for our Canadian papers, so only a few special features will be



dealt with. The most notable aspect of the great gathering of fourteen hundred students was its cosmopolitan character. Of course, most of the delegates were British, but the Germans, French, Swedes, Dutch, Danish, Russians, Chinese, Japanese, and Indians were much in evidence, to say nothing of Canadians and Americans. The meetings were presided over by Mr. R. K. Evans, of Merton and Mansfield Colleges, Oxford, and among the prominent speakers were the Bishop of Liverpool, the Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University, the Bishop of Dorking, Dr. Karl Fries, M. Eugene Stock, Miss Ruth Rouse, Rev. Tissington Tatlow, Mr. John R. Mott, Bishop Montgomery, and Rev. R. F. Horton.

Only those who are familiar with religious conditions in England can appreciate the significance of the above list of speakers. The very fact that such men can meet on common ground and discuss with the utmost unanimity the greatest problem facing the Christians of to-day is in itself of the highest importance. We in Canada who know the establishment only by hearsay and the great struggle over educational freedom by chance reports, can get little idea of the feeling at present existing in England between the rival factions of Christians. The knowledge of these animosities will enable us to appreciate the peculiar character of the conference. The criticism of an American, that "while they are talking, we would be getting things done," is not as unfair as it looks, yet the very conservatism of the British movement has in it something grand when viewed in the light of existing conditions. There was an entire absence of effervescence, and deep and subdued power was manifest in all the meetings. The devotional character of the conference, pervaded as it was by the beautiful Church of England spirit of reverence and adoration, made a very deep impression on all.

Student life is far less highly colored, if one understands that phrase, in Britain than in America, and to one who has been at the Toronto or Nashville Conventions, the Liverpool Conference seemed almost tame. But the facts of the work of the British Societies, as compared with the American, show clearly that the Americans have some things to learn yet in the way of spreading Christianity in the world.

The mechanical side of missions—*i.e.*, the study classes, young people's organization, campaign work, and other features—are much more highly developed in America, but, apart from that, the British and Continental societies are still setting the pace.

It was a treat to hear Rev. Alex. Connell, the eloquent successor to Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren), on "God's Challenge to the Church." Rev. R. F. Horton's address on the last night of the Conference on "Prayer" was also very impressive, and was listened to by the thousands that thronged the great hall, with the greatest attention. But to some of us, Mr. Mott's speech on "The Urgency and Crisis in the Far East," was the noblest effort of all. That speech meant a great deal to many who were in doubt and hesitation as to their attitude to world evangelization.

That Methodists are still at the forefront was evident from the fact that the Wesleyans are only ten behind the Church Missionary Society itself in the number of volunteers who have sailed under its society. The C. M. S. has sent out 224 since 1892, and the Wesleyans 214. All the other societies are below half this number.

Space will not permit more than mention of the "Transatlantic Luncheon" and subsequent visit to the leviathan "Mau-retainia" by the Americans and Canadians at the Conference. Among those known to Vic. students at the Conference were: Miss Rose Cullen, '03, who is now in Y. W. C. A. work in Paris; Mr. E. R. Brecken, B.D., '07, of Mansfield College, Oxford, and Mr. W. T. Rose, Wesley College, '05, now of Magdalen College, Oxford.

With such united prayer and earnest co-operation on the part of European students, the cause of missions cannot fail to appeal more and more to the best elements of the Christianity of the Older Lands.

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### **The Missionary Conference, Jan. 17-19**

ONE of the marks distinguishing the educated man from others is his ability to concentrate attention upon the thing in hand—his ability, upon mature reflection, to reach conclusions. Others may flounder about, ever opening yesterday's discussion for consideration again to-day; he acts on his conclusions, content that the question thus far is closed. Such conclusive thinking is the justification for our "Week of Prayer." Then we are asked to concentrate upon our attitude to Jesus Christ.

Close upon this follows another—our attitude to His kingdom. Year after year for thirteen years now, with a single break, the students of Victoria have met in conference to study the missionary outlook, until our Missionary Conference has

become one of the annual events of college life. Each year brings to college many new men and women, who before have looked at this work at a distance, and who now, for the first time, see it at close range. Those who speak with authority tell us of their particular work, and the appeal which before was fully met by liberal financial response cannot now be so lightly dismissed; now we concentrate that we may think conclusively upon our relation to His kingdom. And we meet in such expectancy that mere platitudes fall flat, but the preacher with the message we welcome.

This year the conference extended over three days. Space forbids more than briefest mention of one or two of the outstanding features. Rev. R. Emberson, B.A., of Japan, home on furlough, told of the new relation now obtaining between the missionary and the native pastor. Mr. A. W. Staub, M.A., of New York, and Mr. W. H. Billings, B.A., of Montreal, spoke. More than passing note should be made of Miss Ruth Paxton's work. She remained at the Hall for a week, working among the women students of the various colleges, and has left the mark of her personality upon many a life. On Sunday morning the students crowded the chapel to hear Mr. J. A. Macdonald, of the *Globe*, and we would do it again. His sermon on "The Place of the Church in the Nation's Life" was, for breadth of outlook and force of presentation, a masterly discourse.

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## Notes

Another conference of interest to students was the third inter-provincial gathering of Y. M. C. A. workers in the University Association building on Saturday and Sunday, February 1 and 2. Delegates were present from McGill, Queen's, O. A. C., and from each faculty of our own university. The topic of Saturday morning, "College Associations as Training Ground for Employed Leaders of Christian Forces," was discussed in three divisions. "The Association Secretaryship," by Mr. G. M. Copeland; "The Minister," by President Falconer; "The Missionary," by Mr. J. A. Paterson, K.C. Bible Study, Finance, Summer Conferences, and kindred topics were also under consideration. An earnest devotional spirit pervaded the sessions and made a bond of fellowship, uniting the men in a common service. The addresses were brief, and the method of the Conference, giving a large place to general discussion, increased its practical worth.

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EDITORIAL STAFF, 1907-1908.

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E. T. COATSWORTH, '08,	W. P. CLEMENT, '09,
J. G. BROWN, B.A., Missionary and Religious.	P. W. BARKER, '08, Scientific.
J. H. ARNUP, '09, Personals and Exchanges.	J. V. MCKENZIE, '09, Athletics.

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## Editorial

### Professores Emeriti

Victoria is growing old. Often in our glad moments we proudly remind ourselves that our charter dates back farthest in Ontario's history of higher education. But now the sad day has come when this very priority brings its revenge: Victoria is among the first of Canadian colleges to put into effect a system of pension for those professors who have given us their best years. It is announced that Dr. Bain is to retire next year, and the year following Dr. John Burwash and Dr. Reynar likewise withdraw from active service. For long years they have served their Alma Mater with distinction, and the announcement brings regret—regret mitigated only in part by this, that, as the shadows lengthen, they will be relieved of the stress of work and the care which growing classes entail, and yet retain connection with the college. The mellow wisdom, that lingers long in coming, is theirs, and future classes will never know what they have missed. But we who through years have learned of them, cannot think of a Victoria without them, nor will we.

ANON.

## Arts and Theology

The motion introduced at a recent meeting of the Union Literary Society to have the Lit. frame the photo of the class in Conference Theology opens up the larger question of the relation of the Arts men to the C. T.'s. However much we may dislike to acknowledge it, the fact is patent to the most casual observer that for some time past the relations existing between these two elements have not been such as to conduce to the unity and harmony that should prevail.

As the causes are various, all the blame cannot attach to either side. Of course, there are some who have an unreasoning antipathy to the presence of any "Theolog" in an Arts college, while, on the other hand, there are some well-meaning but misguided persons whose "I am holier than thou" expression receives an added touch of solemnity in the presence of every ebullition of healthy animal spirits. But, apart from such vagaries, which are after all exceptional, there is undoubtedly, whether intentional or not, a definite line of demarcation between Arts men and C. T.'s *as such*, and as the former predominate in numbers, the latter are more or less "cold-shouldered." In no society or organization, the Lit., the Athletic Union, the Bob, not even the Y. M. C. A., do they receive the share of recognition or honor commensurate with their numbers and interest. With a class numbering about one-fifth the male registration, on several executives and committees they are entirely unrepresented, while in no case does their representation exceed ten per cent. of the total. Not that mere office-holding should be the goal of our ambitions, but the number of offices held by the students of any one year or class is a pretty fair indication of the place it occupies in the college life. That a considerable body of the students should thus be barred from their share of honor and responsibility is fair neither to themselves nor to the rest of the college.

The reasons for this state of affairs are not far to seek. A few years since, when the Conference Theology course extended over two years only, very few entered it, and they showed no inclination to participate in the general college life; in fact, they resisted all attempts to draw them into it. Naturally, then, the Arts men came to regard them as nonentities so far as college matters were concerned. It was rightly thought that they should have no control in what they were quite uninterested and took no part.

But this attitude, quite justifiable in its origin, has developed in some Arts men an air of superiority and exclusiveness which is as offensive as it is unwarranted. Some would arrogate to themselves all the honors and privileges of the college as if they alone were its legitimate beneficiaries. However we may try to disabuse people's minds of the opinion that Victoria is a purely Theological college, we should never forget that it is not purely Arts either. The one idea is as erroneous as the other. Victoria is both an Arts college and a Theological university. Whether or not this dual position is a good thing may be open to question. Personally, we think it is. But, at any rate, Arts students have no right to assume that they are the only true representatives of the institution, and to speak in a derogatory manner of Theology and Theological students as such reflects upon the intelligence and good sense of the speaker.

A marked change has of late been noticed in the C. T. class. Whereas formerly they were few in numbers, they are now as many as the senior year. Their two years' course has been extended to three—as long as many Arts men spend in college. A considerable number now take a very active interest in the various college activities. Is it not, then, time we abandoned our all-for-Arts policy and treated them with the recognition they deserve?

At the same time, we would offer a word of admonition to the C. T.'s. Some of them—we are glad to know they are a minority—still appear to be possessed of the idea that they are superior to all such frivolities as Lit., sports, etc. Such a spirit must surely antagonize the average man, who abhors, above all else, anything that savors of what he calls "sanctimoniousness." Moreover, none are more in need of the broadening influence of the general college life than those whose whole course is one of specialization along the lines of their previous work, and, therefore, lacking in those elements of general training and culture which an Arts course is designed to supply.

The promotion of college unity and good-fellowship should be the aim of every student. After all, it is not as members of this or that particular class that we should wish to be honored and remembered, but as men—men who are big and tolerant, and broad-minded enough to overlook each other's idiosyncrasies, to honor true worth wherever found, and to endeavor to foster the spirit of mutual forbearance and loyalty which everyone owes to his fellows and to his Alma Mater.

## **An Explanation**

THE unfortunate delay in this issue of ACTA is due to the withdrawal of an article on the sorority question after going to press. It was felt that, in view of certain events quite beyond our control, which occurred subsequent to our writing, the article in question would be open to misinterpretation, and, therefore, fail to accomplish the purpose for which it was written. Believing this matter to be deserving of our earnest consideration, we hope that whatever may be written at a future time will be received in that spirit of impartiality and open-mindedness which the present circumstances do not afford.

We also crave the indulgence of our readers for any typographical errors that may appear in the substituted articles, which have to go in without our reading the proof.



## **Our Distinguished Guests**

THE students of the University have been particularly fortunate lately in being privileged to listen to addresses by such distinguished guests as our Governor-General, Earl Grey, and Mr. William Jennings Bryan. Of especial significance is Earl Grey's visit in that it is the first time that any Governor-General of Canada has honored the University of Toronto by coming from Ottawa for the express and sole purpose of recognizing her invitation. Not only does it betoken the large and important place that our University is occupying in the educational field; it also indicates that she has developed from a local or provincial into a national institution of learning, whose work and power and influence must be recognized as tremendous factors in our national life. In late years our growth has been phenomenally rapid—how rapid we do not realize and cannot readily comprehend: but it is being impressed upon us more and more that we are the great Canadian University, that upon us rests a tremendous responsibility, and that in proportion as we grasp its meaning, seize our opportunities, maintain the traditions of our predecessors, and remain true to our ideals, in so far will we play our part in Canadian national development.

Of the subject of Earl Grey's address, it is unnecessary to say more than that the theme—the preservation of the Plains of Abraham as a permanent national memorial—was worthy of the audience, the speaker, and the occasion. To no one should

such a subject appeal more than to students. That it did appeal to them was evident from the manner in which his speech was received, and we believe will be demonstrated in a more practical way when, in the course of a week or so, subscriptions to the Plains of Abraham Preservation Fund will be asked for.

Not often does it fall to the lot of any man to receive such a welcome as was given Mr. Bryan by the students in Convocation Hall on February 11. It was the involuntary tribute of respect which the student ever pays to the strong man, irrespective of color, race, or creed. We may or may not agree with Mr. Bryan's political views; we may question the soundness of some of his arguments on behalf of his religious belief; but we must admire the sincerity of heart, the depth of conviction, the breadth of view, the largeness of interests, and, above all, the masterful strength and singleness of purpose of the man. To the student, perhaps the most striking fact in connection with Mr. Bryan was that, absorbed in politics and public life as he is, he is, first and last and always, an active Christian worker. That one of the foremost politicians of the American continent of to-day should be able and inclined to give an address, which is really a sermon, speaks volumes for the strength of the Christian religion and the soundness of the people at heart, and augurs well for the future. The presence of such men as Mr. Bryan in politics does much to purify public life, and must be an inspiration to all thoughtful students.



### As Others See Us

We have frequently heard some of the professors lamenting the fact that Toronto University is not distinguished by a special brand of culture. What we have been unable to see ourselves has, however, been observed by the eagle eye of the scribe of *Saturday Night*, who thinks he has found at least one aspect of a brand of college, if not university, culture, and that, too, in an unexpected sphere. Writing of the Eastern Dairymen's Association Convention at Picton recently, under the heading "Three Styles of Kissing Exemplified," he says: "Three tiny tots \* \* \* presented huge bouquets of roses to the Ontario Deputy Minister of Agriculture, the Dominion Minister of Agriculture, and the Ontario Minister of Agriculture, in the order named, and each of the demure little maids was kissed for her kindness. All the happy men are graduates of universities,



and each of them unconsciously displayed the style of his college in the delivery of his salute. Mr. C. C. James betrayed Victoria in the gentle, innocent manner peculiar to the old Cobourg graduates; Hon. Sydney Fisher imported an Oxford accent to his dignified smack, leaving the impression that he had had some transatlantic practice, while Hon. Nelson Monteith's kiss was full of the spontaneity and bluff heartiness so characteristic of the Guelph Agricultural College man. It was an exhibition of experts, and Picton girls are still debating as to who won the highest honors."

And yet some people oppose co-education!



### **A Word From the Business Manager**

During the past month the business manager has received a considerable number of remittances from the subscribers of ACTA throughout Canada. There are many, however, from whom we have not as yet heard, and to these may we be permitted a word, in the hope that a word to the wise is sufficient. ACTA costs money—this year more than ever before. Every dollar that is lost during the year must be offset some way; if many are lost, it means a reduction in the size of the paper. The subscription list is confined to students and graduates, whom we believe to be loyal to the traditions of their Alma Mater, and to the organ which so well represents those traditions. The Board of Managers is planning for something new and extensive as a fitting close to the present year of publication. But it will cost money.

Are you getting ACTA regularly? If not, kindly let the Business Manager know; if so, he requests the favor of an early remittance, which will save him the unpleasant task of continued writing.



### **Notes**

The utter inadequacy of the men's cloak-room accommodation should engage the serious attention of the authorities. With all due regard for the assiduity with which our janitor sweeps and dusts, it can hardly be considered that windows, tables, and floors are suitable repositories for coats and hats; nevertheless, to such an extremity has necessity reduced us. A stranger entering the men's cloak-room any morning from nine to twelve

might well be excused for making an unfavorable comparison with the appearance of a down-town bargain counter. And in the scramble for pegs, it is a case of first come, first served. There is an utter absence of any respect to seniority. Slothful B.D. and bed-loving senior alike give precedence to the early-rising and ubiquitous freshman or callow sophomore. But though these indignities might be borne uncomplainingly, human nature is indeed sorely tried when the editorial board finds that the niche which, in the absence of a "sanctum," it has come to regard as peculiarly its own, has also been invaded by the vulgar crowd seeking whereon to lay their wraps. Unless more hat-racks are soon provided, we shall be tempted to donate some of the offending articles to the residents of Shacktown.



It gives us pleasure to declare Miss A. M. Bowers, '10, the winner of the poetry competition, with the poem, "In the Long Ago," which is published in this issue, while Miss Ethel Laird's poem also deserves special mention. This competition was very creditable, but we regret that the others revealed a lamentable lack of interest, and no prize is awarded either for story or essay, the judges considering that none reached the standard of a college prize article. We might remark, in passing, that the judges chosen from the Faculty, with whom the final decision rested, are the same as last year.

That there exists such a dearth of literary ability as the competitions this year would indicate, we do not believe. There are plenty who can write, and write well, and we believe it is the duty of such, both to ACTA and to the college, to do what they can for their college organ. We hear a good deal about making ACTA a paper by the students, yet few of these same "knockers" will make the slightest effort or sacrifice of time on its behalf. The success of any college enterprise must ultimately rest upon the loyalty of the students, and that loyalty should be shown in a practical way. The failure to award the prizes is not the most creditable advertisement for the college, and we hope that next year may have a different record. Further comment is unnecessary.



## **The Class of 1906**

**M**ISS F. M. Ashall is teaching mathematics and science in Trenton High School.

Miss K. E. Cullen occupies a position on the teaching staff of O. L. C., Whitby.

Miss E. L. Chubb is similarly engaged in the classics department of Westminster College, Toronto.

Alma College, St. Thomas, has secured the services of Miss A. E. Deacon as teacher in mathematics and physics.

Miss E. M. Keys has been awarded a fellowship in Political Science for a second year, and is engaged in research work in that department. The subject of her special investigation is the social and economic condition of the working classes in the city of Toronto. At a recent meeting of the Political Science Club she gave a most interesting and illuminating outline of her investigations of the past year and a half, which threw not a little light on the present situation.

Miss F. D. Morden is teaching in Deseronto High School.

Miss O. G. Patterson and Miss M. A. Proctor are instructors in Household Science at the University.

Misses K. C. S. Rice and B. L. Scott are at home, in St. Mary's and Toronto, respectively.

Miss E. J. Williams has charge of the Science Department in Paris High School.

Mrs. Connolly's (*nee* Miss Kate Thompson) address is Tokyo, Japan.

J. H. Adams and J. W. Cohoon are registered in the Faculty of Education.

E. E. Ball teaches Moderns in Clinton Collegiate.

F. C. Bowman is turning his scientific training to account in the sulphide works, Sulphide, Ont.

A. M. Harley has a position with the law firm of Watson, Smoke, and Smith in the city, and is taking lectures at Osgoode Hall, as is also Garnet Archibald.

Prof. E. L. Luck is one of several Vic. graduates on the staff of Alberta College, Edmonton. Elmer's energy is devoted to the teaching of Moderns.

A. B. Fennel has the task of revealing the mysteries of Mathematics to the boys at Albert College, Belleville.

C. D. Henderson is also in Toronto, with the National Trust Company.

M. C. Lane is a reporter for the *Commercial Enquirer*, Memphis, Tenn.

P. B. Macfarlane and S. G. Mills are in their final year at the Medical College.

R. J. Manning and D. B. Nugent are in the Science Department of the University, the former being assistant in Chemistry and the latter in Physics.

The address of C. Saint is Salt Spring Island, B.C., and that of F. Sternberg, 19 Tyndall Ave., Toronto.

G. E. Trueman is Professor of English in Tokyo University, Japan.

A. W. Shaver is pastor of a church in Los Angeles, Cal.

N. C. Shaver also resides in Los Angeles, where he has entered business. A few weeks since he was home on a visit and called on old friends at Vic.

Of those who have entered Theology, J. G. Brown, C. F. Connor, M. E. Conron, and W. E. Galloway are at Victoria taking B.D. work.

Those who are at present occupying stations under conference are to be found at the following addresses: H. G. Brown, Trail, B.C.; W. E. Bull, Monticello, Ont.; F. S. Farrill, Hamilton, Ont.; G. G. Harris, Greenville, Sask.; H. J. Mahood, London, Ont.; C. E. Mark, Selwyn, Ont.; J. H. Wells, Lion's Head, Ont.; J. M. Zurbrigg, Elmwood.

The Secretary, Miss E. L. Chubb, Westminster College, Toronto, will be glad to learn the addresses of any whose names are not given, or to have any inaccuracies in the above list corrected.

Robert Whittington, B.A. '79, M.A. '82, former Principal of Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C., was until last year Superintendent of Indian missions for British Columbia. An affection of the throat rendered superannuation advisable at the last conference. He resides in Vancouver.

Wilford J. Sipprell, '95, D.D., has for ten years occupied the post of Principal of the same college. During that time the institution has grown from an attendance of thirty to an enrolment for the present year of three hundred. Dr. Sipprell has also been Chairman of District, President of Confer-

ence, and is recognized as one of the ablest public speakers in the Coast province.

Albert E. Hetherington, B.A. (Man.), B.D. '98 (Vic.), was the first Methodist minister in Dawson. At the beginning of the college year he assumed the position of Vice-Principal and Professor of Classics in Columbian College, the post formerly occupied by Paul McD. Kerr, B.A., '03.

W. Percy Near, B.A. '03, is engaged in railroad location on extensions of the T. and N. O. Railway in Northern Ontario, with headquarters at North Bay.

F. J. Rutherford, B.A. '05, whose name was inadvertently omitted from the class list, in an interesting letter from Greenwood, B.C., says some nice things of ACTA and refers to its last year's editor as the present editor of the *Boundary Creek Times*, published in Greenwood.

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## Marriages

KERR—PALMER—On Wednesday, January 1, 1908, Mr. Paul McDowell Kerr, B.A. '03, was married to Miss Emma Gertrude Palmer, formerly of the class of 1910, Victoria, at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. J. Palmer, Coldstream Ranch, Salmon Arm, B.C. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr are now residing in Berkeley, California, where Mr. Kerr is taking up Ph.D. work at Berkeley University.

CARR—MOYER.—On Christmas Day, 1907, Mr. Fred S. Carr, B.A. '04, Principal of one of the Public Schools of Edmonton, was married to Miss Laura Moyer of the same place.

STEWART—WILL.—In Victoria College Chapel, on December 26, 1907, Robert Holden Stewart, C.E., of Rossland, B.C., was united in marriage to Miss Alice Amelia Will, B.A. '03.

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## Obituary

It is with deep regret that we note the death at Napanee on February 10 of Miss Ethel M. Ungar, formerly of the class of 1906. Miss Ungar entered college in 1902, and gave promise of a very brilliant career. In 1904, however, she was forced, on account of ill-health, to give up her studies, and from that time until her death she bravely struggled against the disease to which she finally succumbed. During her two years here she endeared

herself by her lovable qualities both to her fellow-students and to her instructors, and the news of her untimely death came as a rude shock to her many friends. ACTA extends sincerest sympathy to her bereaved friends.

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## Exchanges

Exchanges have a peculiar value for college students. General college news may be gleaned from the newspapers, but exchanges give us a glimpse of the real life at colleges other than our own. We not only come in touch with the best literary talent of the college world, but also trace the solution of the various college problems, educational, social, and athletic.”—*Acadia Athenaeum*.

### WHAT THE EDITORS ARE SAYING.

Athletic Accident Insurance.—The students have not too soon decided to take action in regard to the proposed scheme of establishing an insurance fund from which to pay indemnities to those who, while engaging in the various branches of college athletics, may sustain injuries necessitating medical treatment. That our athletes expose themselves to the risk of accidents more or less serious will be readily conceded, and to expect that they will, in the event of injury, be content to bear the expense of medical treatment is unreasonable. \* \* \* In these days when there is so much talk of College Spirit, sacrifices which we expect as a matter of course from loyal students very often attain to the degree of impositions. \* \* \* The result of due consideration as to what may reasonably be expected of every student should be productive of a College Spirit whose benefits to those who possess it, as well as to the institution in which it exists, will be more practical and permanent.”—*Argosy*.

### CULTIVATION OF LITERARY TASTE.

“Next to acquiring habits of study, which is the first thing to be aimed at by the student at college, should be the cultivation of a taste for good literature. Literary taste, like habits of study, is not ours by nature; it must be acquired. The student should develop a fondness for those authors whose works have withstood the test of time and have received the sanction of the ablest critics. In an age in which ‘to the making of books there is no end.’ it is very essential that our choice of

authors be most select, if we would read to any purpose. It is only the best reading that tends to growth of character and intellectual development. \* \* \* The student who goes out from his college incapable of appreciating the masters of literary thought and expression must lose the highest enjoyment that life can give."—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

This term provision has been made for the recognition of two new subjects in the Final Pass School—Agriculture and Geography. \* \* \* Successful agriculture requires scientific habits which the University can cultivate. The study of Agriculture should lead to the formation of such habits of accurate observation and intelligent experiment. One important aspect must not be forgotten. The experiments have to be subjected to the economic tests of actual life. To the concrete type of mind, which probably is possessed by a considerable majority of undergraduates, this sense of reality gives a fascination to a subject and leads them to undertake serious intellectual work which they shirk when it is of a more abstract character.—*Oxford Magazine*.

The ACTA VICTORIANA continues to be the finest college paper in Canada.—*Argosy*.

The coward shrinks beneath the weight of fears,  
Life's burden and its curse;  
The hero toils beneath the weight of years,  
And rules the universe.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

#### THE CRY OF A SENSITIVE SOUL.

Why call him mad? Why look with scornful eyes  
Upon the man whose quaking soul cries out  
In pain beneath the world's cruel, stinging knout?  
Perhaps deep in that trembling soul there lies,  
Unseen, the scars brought from some well-won field.  
Where thou, proud one, would only faint and yield.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

#### THE SCHOLAR'S EPIGRAM.

Unlovely Thought, thou hast my forehead scored,  
And snowed my hair, and wrinkle-ring'd my eyes;  
Yet, Lovely Thought, that in my brain hast stored  
For each line myriad seeds to make me wise!

—H. L. R. in *Oxford Magazine*.

## REVENGE.

A king, to fawning courtiers, spake with pride:  
 "What is yon ragged rhymster's fame to mine?"  
 Centuries ago, the royal braggart died—  
 Forget, save in that poet's deathless line."

—*Univ. of Ottawa Review.*

## EVENSONG.

"Once more the twilight falls  
 On field and hill;  
 Peace whispers, and the world is still,  
 Only the stream alone,  
 Over the fretted stone,  
 Flows on and ever on.

"To it no twilight bringeth  
 Respite from its quest;  
 To it no clock tower ringeth  
 Evensong of rest.  
 So thou in strife dost live,  
 My heart, and must abide;  
 Only God can give thee  
 Peace at eventide."

—*The Student.*

The following is published as the Freshmen's yell at Acadia:

"Goslings, ducklings, chickens, we,  
 Rounded up we're sixty-three;  
 Wish I'd stayed at home with ma,  
 Nineteen-eleven, Bah, Bah, Bah!"

## EXCHANGE ARTICLES WELL WORTH READING.

"The University Man in Journalism."—*Queen's Journal.*

"How Criticism Affects Our View of Inspiration"; "The Paradoxes of Kipling," and "The Quaker Poet."—*Presbyterian College Journal.*

Several excellent short stories in the *Harvard Monthly.*





REFERENCE was made in last month's issue of this magazine to the "Abecedarium Acedemicum" published in the Christmas 'Varsity. The following contributions show that a similar "pome" could be written for Victoria (if some ambitious poet could arouse the slumbering Muse). These are a few samples; we invite further contributions:

A stands for ACTA, so welcome to all.  
Also for Annex, and Annesley Hall.

B stands for Bath-house (of limited scope).  
It's the place where your skates are, as well as your soap.

C is for Chapel; each morning we throng  
To hear the sweet organ's notes blend with our song.

D is for Dinner, the Senior's farewell;  
It touches us deeply, just how we won't tell.

E for Exams, which we all fondly dote on,  
Especially the ones which last summer we wrote on.

On the back of one of the seats in a class-room at University College there is an inscription which, for brevity and depth of meaning, rivals Julius Cæsar's famous despatch. It is this: Brown, '09, '10, '11.

Miss K—x, '09—Here comes Dr. Horning, looking jovial enough to be going to spring an exam. on us.

Ock—, '09—What I like about Dr. Edgar is his dog.

Miss J—n, '10—Say, what is Rosy's right name?

Some one has suggested that the class prophecy should be prepared on Sunday evenings.

Dr. Reynar (when his family was at Cobourg)—I'm tired of this semi-detached way of living.

The Woman's Oration Contest was held in Alumni Hall, January 30th. The subject of the Orations was "The Value of Labor." All the competitors had their subject excellently prepared, and we feel that Miss Hockey is indeed to be congratulated for having won the prize, and also that she has truly merited it. While the judges were absent Mrs. Jean Blewett gave several beautiful readings, which were highly appreciated by the audience. Professor Robertson, in giving the decision, said that if all the students could have heard all the orations in October, he felt that there would be a happy outlook this May.

#### SNATCHES FROM THE ORATIONS.

"There is no tragedy on earth like the death of a soul's ideal."

"Nothing is denied the man who will pay the price; we want our success at a discount."

"The rust of indolence destroys more than the wear of toil."

"The most miserable creature on earth is he who has nothing to do but to find a new way of doing nothing."

"The chief value lies in the struggle, not in the prize."

Miss D—f—e, '11 (referring to skating)—Oh, I waddle along very well!

Dr. Blewett (in an Ethics lecture)—It is unfortunate that this writer has employed **such** a term, and I shrink from the use of it.

Edge, '09—It wouldn't do for him to shrink very much.

"Does that man skate well?"

"No, but 'a man's a man for a' that.'"

Dr. Reynar (noticing a dog making its escape from a '09 lecture-room)—Have you expelled one of your number?

Miss Gr—ge, '09 (referring to the new band-stand)—Is that a cosy corner they are building on the rink?

Junior (to Senior)—B—ee, I always thought you were regular in your attendance at lectures, but I saw you taking one to-day.

"They say that there is splendid skating on Grenadier Pond now."

Freshman—Do they flood it every day?

Miss Moy—r, '11—I've filled out my church membership card.

Miss San—n, '11—Now, you'll have to go to that church every Sunday.

Miss M—r—Why, they don't take attendance, do they?

Prof. K.—I'll just ask answers from ten of you—these five gentlemen and these three ladies—

Ra—m, '11—I never yet had the floor but I wished I were under it.

Dr. Horning (waxing eloquent over a description of his voyage across the ocean)—It was very rough; all I could see was a few stars overhead and the rainbows the sun made in the spray.

Miss C—ke, '09—We had drawing-room deportment to-night at gymnasium, and we learned how to shake hands.

“Well, what is the correct way?”

Miss C—It looked to me like the picture on an old marriage certificate.

Prof. Langford (to student attempting to pronounce Marobodius)—Charity covereth a multitude of syllables.

A rumor is circulating that Lovering spent a night in the Police Station a short time ago. This really looks bad!

Br—ee, '08—No, I dislike dancing even more than promenading, and goodness knows that's bad enough!

Senior—Since the Ladies' Lit. is to be charged eight dollars for the use of Alumni Hall, I suppose it will cost the Bible Class sixteen—but, no, I suppose their rates will be lower since that is a religious function.

Pres. of Lit.—Couldn't we open and close Lit. with prayers?

A meeting of the Woman's Literary Society was held Wednesday, January 29th, in Alumni Hall. The programme consisted of the final inter-college debate between University College and Victoria College. The subject was, “Resolved, That Humanizing of Animals is Justifiable.” The affirmative was upheld by the Misses German and Smith, '09, of V. C., and the negative by the Misses Rothrey and Roberts, '09, of U.C. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative, which confers upon Victoria College the laurel of champion debaters.

Prof. Mavor (speaking of Hobson and his plan of national defence)—You know, he's that fellow who sank the *Merrimac* and went about kissing all the women in the United States—somewhat of a fool, you know.

(Prof. Mavor always was noted for logical sequence of thought.—Ed.)

Miller, '09—Are you going to the shine at the Hall, Friday night, Si?

Hemmingway, '09—I don't know. What is it going to be?

M.—Oh, some Leap Year affair.

H.—I guess I'll not go, then.

Downey, '08 (at Lit.)—In fifty years from now we'll be two hundred years behind what we will be.

Todd, '09 (stopping in the midst of a conversation in which he was giving utterance to some forcible expletives regarding an Ethics lecture)—By Jove, Mat, your face just saved me.

Conron—I didn't know I had such a high face value.

Last month witnessed the annual triumphal tour of the Glee Club. This year the tour was divided into two trips, a week apart, and concerts were given at Brampton, Orangeville, Brantford, and St. Catharines. At every place the club was given a flattering reception, but any of the members who may have got swelled heads were put head first into the refrigerator at the end of the club's private car. In this way any serious results were avoided. A number of interesting incidents, humorous and otherwise, enlivened the trip. The least humorous of those incidents was the *private car*—but here words fail me; you should have seen that car! But, then, it was a short trip, and there wasn't much money in the crowd, so what could you expect? The second day out something happened. Let me explain first that our party included, besides the members of the club and the director, two assisting *artistes* (emphasis on the *e*). It was found that a certain Freshman and a certain Junior (of the same name) continually monopolized the superfluous space in the double seat occupied by the above-mentioned *artistes*. A council of war was summoned on the spot, with the unanimous conclusion that both the offenders should be "tapped," a difficult operation on a railway car. The execution of the penalty, however, was such a success, that it was repeated the next day, for the same offence, on two Seniors;

whereat the wrath of the Seniors was great. We ought to add that, out of respect for the dignity of their position, the two officers of the club (and a few others) were not tapped until after the return to college, but in a much more undignified manner. The remaining events of the trip can best be told by the following brief comments and random witticisms:

#### LOCAL HITS FROM THE TOPICAL SONGS.

At Orangeville—

“He (our leader, Mr. Fletcher) used to play the organ here, for fifty cents a week,

And when he came to draw his pay, he took it out in meat.”

At Brantford—

“We’ve got electric cars, I think they’re run by natural gas; They stop at every corner to let the people pass.”

“Four lobsters brought a chicken lunch to eat aboard the train;

But we guarantee, you bet your boots, they won’t bring one again.”

At Orangeville, somebody discovered that the street lights are not used on moonlight nights. Somebody else discovered that the whole electric light system was shut off at midnight. We can’t attempt to account for the first discovery, but the second is explained in a rather amusing way. S—— was just retiring at 12.00 o’clock. He kneeled down to say his prayers, and lo, *he arose in darkness!*

Somebody asked if McN——, ’10, were not a married man!

M——r, ’09, insists that he “fell in love with two girls” at the skating rink in Orangeville. W——, ’10, said he found it much nicer skating with his **gloves off**.

Lost—One suit of striped “dream-cases,” somewhere between St. Catharines and Toronto. Finder will be rewarded by returning to C. M. Wright, 41 Gloucester Street. “The nights are cold.”

The idea that Smith and Ley, both of ’08, should wander about the streets of Brampton for an hour, looking for their “billet,” sounds absurd; but it is true, nevertheless.

St——s, ’10 (entering the Private Car—When did they ship the last load of cattle in this car?

"What was that?" asked one Sophomore, as a train crossed us at high speed.

"A Freshman rushing to a lecture," answered another.

"Is that the Hamilton Mountain?"

"No, that's only Hamilton's bluff."

The following letter has been received, which gives us a glimpse into the feelings of the little sisters at home:

DEAR ———,

This is the first talk we have had since January 6th by word or mail. It is Sunday evening, about half-past nine. I am sitting in bed while the folks are singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." While Lillie from her room calls in a question or two, the baby's cries are now and then to be heard, though they do make you mad, they are beautiful in their way. Oh, they've changed the hymn! I don't know what the name of this one is. There, it's "Rock of Ages." Oh, J——, you don't know what home is like! I don't see how you can stay away, but it's for mother's and father's honor, so do get a B.A. There, the music has stopped. Now, remember, "there's no place *on earth* like *home*. Much success in April or May exams.!

Your Sister,

V——.

Owing to the constant demand of the ladies of Annesley Hall, I hereby resign my position as business manager of ACTA, and announce that my office will henceforth be room 97,810 Annesley, where I shall give all my attention to the delightful business of "Debate Brokerage." (Signed) J. E. BROWNLEE.

CHRIS. CONNOLLY.—Mr. Connolly announces that he is ready to give lessons in the gentle art of skating to all who apply at 41 Gloucester. Ladies preferred. Lessons private in the back yard, 6 x 13. Chair-method a specialty. None too young to learn.



## Jennings Cup Schedule

**T**HE Jennings Cup games this year are living up to their previous reputation, and are being delayed from one cause or another till 'way late in the season. The following is the schedule arranged :

- A.—1st Year S. P. S. v. Victoria, Friday, Feb. 7, '08.
- B.—Junior Meds. v. Knox, Friday, Feb. 7, '08.
- C.—3rd Year S. P. S. v. Junior Arts, Saturday, Feb. 8, '08, 10 a.m.
- D.—2nd Year S. P. S. v. Senior Arts, Tuesday, Feb. 11, '08.
- E.—Senior Meds. v. Pharmacy, Wednesday, Feb. 12, '08.
- F.—Winners of A. and B. play off Wednesday, Feb. 12, '08.
- G.—Winners of C. and D. play off Saturday, Feb. 15, '08.
- H.—Winners of F. and E. play off Saturday, Feb. 15, '08, 10 a.m.
- FINALS—Winners G. and H. play off Tuesday, Feb. 18, '08.

### *The Vic Line-up.*

**McCUBBIN**—Goal. Has played goal for the champion inter-year team. '08. for the last three years.

**GUNDY**—Point. Played with Brantford and Port Arthur for several years.

**STOCKTON**—Cover-point. Played with St. John (N.B.) High School, and with the Victoria College team for the past three years.

**OLDHAM**—Centre. Played with Cobourg for several years, and with Vic. for three years.

**GREEN**—Rover. Played intermediate O. H. A. with Orangeville for two years, and last winter played with the Eureka's, winners of City League championship. Has played on Vic team for two years.

**BIRNIE**—Right wing. Played Junior O. H. A. with the fast Collingwood septette for three years.

**MORRISON**—Was spare man on Vic. team last year, and played on '09 team last year.

**MACLAREN**—Played with St. Andrew's College.

### **University College Ladies, 3---Victoria Ladies, 1**

In a practice game with University College, the Victoria Ladies' hockey team was defeated by a score of three to one. This was mainly due to their lack of practice, as the team had not been together on the ice before this game. The practices have not been well attended, sometimes only three or four girls coming out. There should be fourteen players out every Wednesday and Saturday to give the team the proper practice for their games with St. Hilda's and University College. In Mr. Kent Ockley the girls have an efficient and willing instructor. The following ladies represented Victoria in the game on Saturday, February 1: Misses Denne, Grange, McLaren, Crane, McConnell, Bearman, and Denton.

But this was only a practice game—just wait till a real test comes, and then St. Hilda's and University will have to look out for the Vic team.

2 2 2

### **Galt, 13---Victoria, 7**

As a sort of "preliminary canter" to the Jennings Cup series, a match was arranged between our hockey team and the O. A. C. of Guelph, and on February 6 the band started off for the Royal City. It was found at the station that the direct line was storm-bound, and so, rather than disappoint the O. A. C. players, it was decided to try to get there by way of Guelph Junction or Galt. However, no connections could be made in either place, and the team found themselves stranded for the night in Galt. A good dinner, however, soon banished disappointment and dejection, and a match was arranged for the evening with a local team. Considering that this was the first appearance of the team as a whole, they showed capabilities for fast hockey, the second half especially being full of spirited rushes and close back-checking. The score was 13—7 in favor of the local team, but as there were several senior O. H. A. men on the Galt line-up, the result was more encouraging than the score would indicate. After the game a restaurant, which was known to be the lurking place of large numbers of certain molluscs, was invaded, and after a fierce struggle the victors departed, leaving most of the population totally destroyed. This exploit was followed by various others, which lasted into the



"wee sma' hours," and finally ended in the dismemberment and distribution of certain fowls, which had been captured by the commissariat department earlier in the evening. Early morning saw a hurried rush for the vagrant train, which brought home the wanderers from an unsuccessful but not altogether unfruitful journey.



### 1st Year S. P. S., 6---Victoria, 4

We lost the initial game of the Jennings Cup series, but we had no license to, after having the score 4—2 in favor of Victoria, and only twelve minutes to play. After the way in which we held the School team during the first half, and also during the first part of the second half, there was no reason why they should score four goals in twelve minutes. When Vic. got the lead they seemed to play purely on the defensive, apparently being content not to score any more goals as long as their opponents didn't either. If Captain Stockton had directed the forwards to play a more offensive game the score would in all probability have been reversed. Outside of the defence players and one of the forwards, the players didn't take things seriously enough, and showed a tendency to loaf when they had the lead.

Outside of the fatal last quarter the Vic. men put up a pretty fair article of hockey, although lack of combination on the forward line showed lack of practice. The Vic. team started things with a rush, and soon scored, but the referee ruled that it was on an offside play. Then School scored, and a couple of minutes later Vic. evened up. The half ended with the score two-all. There was lots of brilliant individual playing, but not enough combination. Fortunately, the School was even more deficient in their combination. Oldham played his usual effective game, always playing the puck instead of the man. Birnie played a hard game and was conspicuous by his unselfishness with the puck. Lester Green wasn't particularly conspicuous in this regard, but made several brilliant rushes. Morrison checked back well, but his man seemed just a little too fast for him.

In the first ten minutes of the last half Vic. scored two goals, making it 4—2 in our favor. For several minutes there was no scoring, and then Vic. started playing on the defensive—and found that game doesn't pay. There was no reason, with a defence like Gundy and Stockton, for School scoring four times,

unless the forwards let them past every time without checking them. When the School men got through on the defence the Vic. forwards didn't follow them back, more than about two out of every three times. Gundy was nearly always in the way of the puck, but he couldn't be everywhere. McCubbin stopped well during the first half, but his lack of experience told against him in the second, when he let one or two rather easy ones through.

Line-up: Goal, McCubbin; point, Gundy; cover, Stockton; rover, Green; centre, Oldham; right wing, Morrison; left wing, Birnie.



### Notes and Comments

For the third successive year Victoria has a stellar representative on the Varsity I. championship hockey line-up. W. W. Davidson, '08, is again playing with the blue and white septette and is getting mentioned with honor in all the press despatches. The papers comment very favorably on the way that Davy plays the boards.

A university man ought to play with his Alma Mater when he is attending college, and we are glad to see the choice made by Davidson, Green, and others in this matter. Stratford tried hard to get Davy to play on their senior seven, but he was loyal to the U. of T. This is in sharp contrast to the action of one or two other University students, one of whom turned professional a couple of weeks ago. Lester Green was wanted badly by Orangeville and several city teams, but our fleet rover turned down all offers. One or two others of the Vic team had similar offers, but refused to leave the college in the lurch.

With this kind of weather the rink will be a big money-making concern again this winter. The ice recently has been all that could be desired, and the crowds have been plenty large enough. The changed position of the band stand and the numbering of the bands are vast improvements.

So large has the attendance become, especially on band nights, that there is talk around the college of raising the admission to the general public, so that the rink will be more exclusively a college feature. There is talk heard on the rink and around the halls that the "rink is getting too popular"—especially with the younger generation.

The Athletic Building will soon be free from debt.

In the first of the inter-year games, the B.D. team beat the C. T.'s by a score of 3—2.

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## EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR FOR 1908 (in part)

### March:

1. Night Schools close (Session 1907-8).

### April:

1. Returns by Clerks of counties, cities, etc., of population, to Department, due.
13. Annual examination in Applied Science begins.
15. Reports on Night Schools, due (Session 1907-8).
16. High Schools, second term, and Public and Separate Schools close.
17. GOOD FRIDAY.
20. EASTER MONDAY.
21. Annual Meeting of the Ontario Educational Association at Toronto.
27. High Schools (Third Term), and Public and Separate Schools open after Easter Holidays.
30. Notice by candidates for the High School Entrance Examination, to Inspectors, due.

### May:

1. Toronto University Examinations in Arts, Law, Medicine and Agriculture begin.
21. ARBOR DAY.
22. EMPIRE DAY.
- Notice by candidates for the District Certificate, Junior and Senior Teachers' Examinations, University Matriculation and Commercial Specialist Examinations, to Inspectors, due.

25. VICTORIA DAY (Monday).

26. Inspectors to report number of candidates for District Certificate, Junior and Senior Teachers', University Matriculation and Commercial Specialist Examinations.
30. Assessors to settle basis of taxation in Union School Sections.

### June:

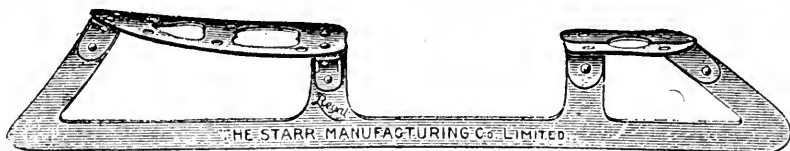
1. Public and Separate School Boards to appoint representatives on the High School Entrance Boards of Examiners. By-law to alter School boundaries—last day of passing.
7. University Commencement.
12. Senior Matriculation Examination in Arts, Toronto University, begins.
19. Provincial Normal Schools close (Second Term).
22. Inspectors' Report on Legislative grant, due.
23. Model School Entrance and Public School Graduation Examinations begin.
24. High School Entrance Examination begins.
29. University Matriculation Examinations begin.
30. High, Public and Separate Schools close. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months. Trustees' Reports to Truant Officers, due.

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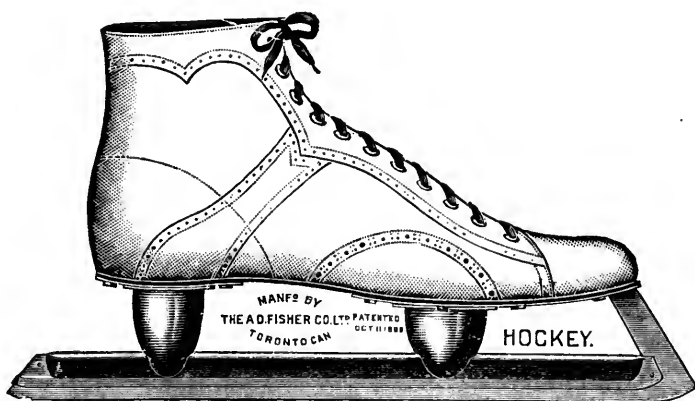
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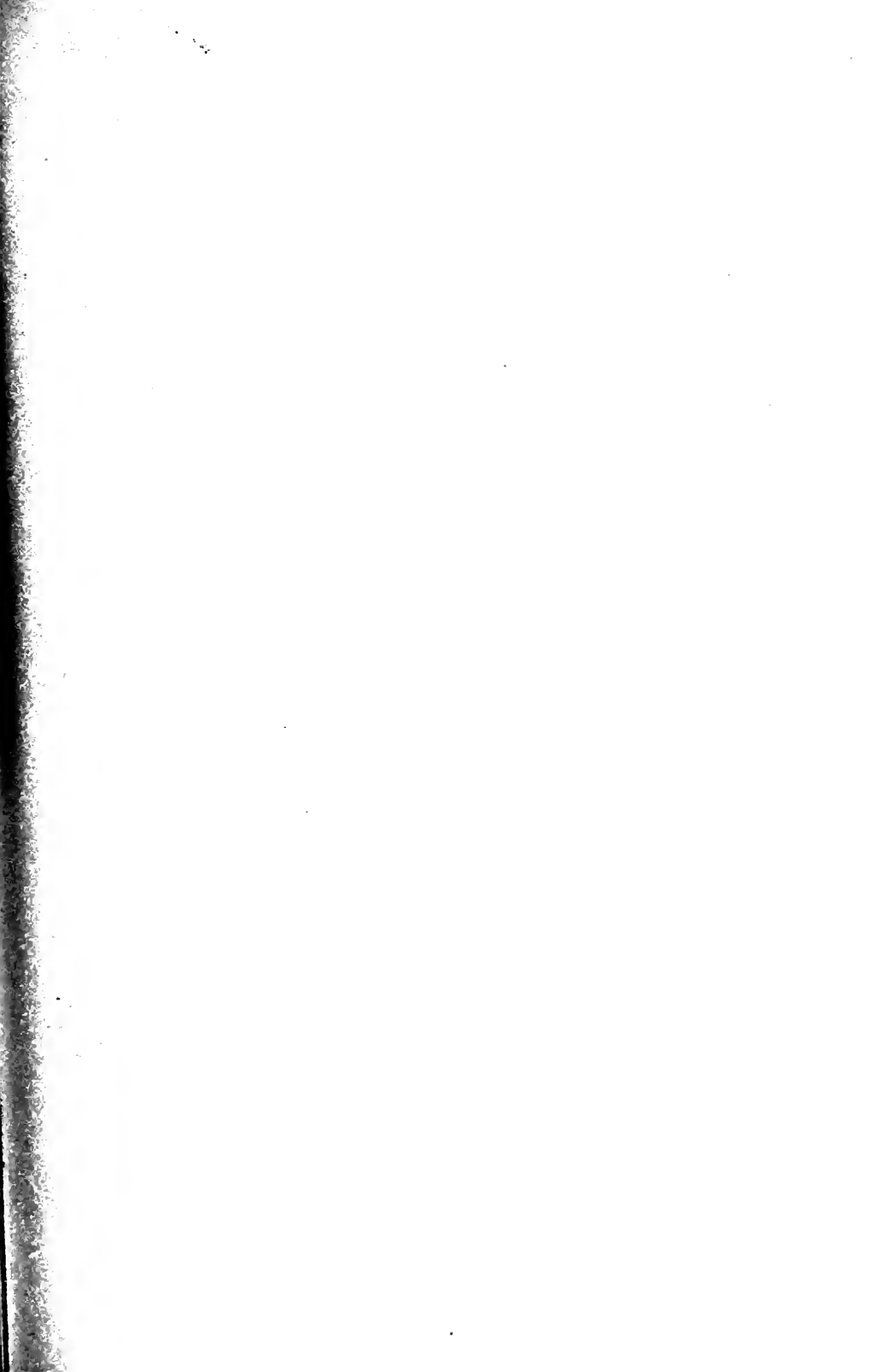
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# Acta Victoriana



Published monthly during the College year by the Union  
Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto

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**Vol. XXXI.**

**Toronto, March, 1908.**

**No.**

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## Reflections

E. J. HALBERT, '08.

BESIDE the hearth on a winter's night  
I sit and muse on the days long past;  
My lamp burns low, but the coals are bright.  
And memory's as keen as the wild wind's blast.

How they come and throng my memory's hall,  
The faces,—the faces of long ago!  
And I seem to speak to them one and all,  
As they hurry by,—as they come and go.

The scenes of childhood come back again,—  
The humble home with its simple fare,  
The orchard old, and the rocks and glen,  
And the little spring by the elm tree there;

And I dream the dreams of my boyhood days—  
Ah, golden dreams that will ne'er come true!  
How brightly they loom in life's lone ways,  
To light us on to the Ever New!

But hark! 'tis the clock; and he rings the doom  
Of my dying dreams, and the dying day;  
And here in my heart in a cold dark room,  
I cherish a sad, sweet melody.

## Terra Nova

R. LOCKEY BIGGS.

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast  
And fills the white and rustling sail  
And bends the gallant mast.

O for a soft and gentle wind !  
I heard a fair one cry :  
But give to me the snoring breeze  
And white waves heaving high ;  
And white waves heaving high, my lads,  
The good ship tight and free—  
The world of waters is our home  
And merry men are we."

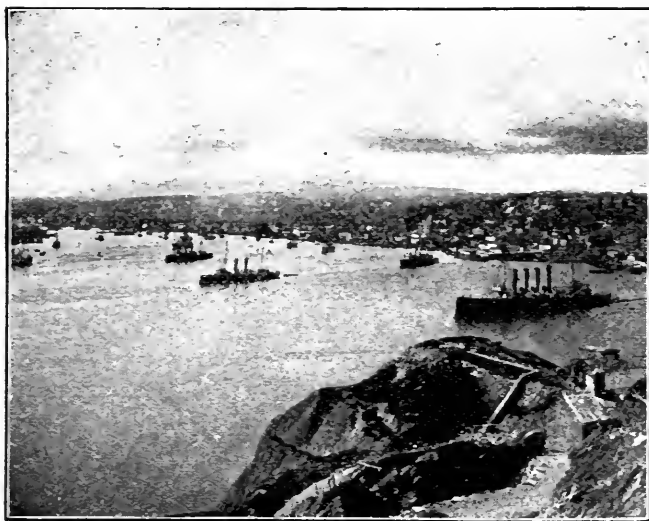
—Cunningham.

NEWFOUNDLAND! Immediately the word is mentioned we remember the popular conception—"a land of bogs, dogs and fogs." That there are bogs and dogs is undoubtedly true, but a land of bogs and dogs perpetually enveloped in fogs it most emphatically is not. The Newfoundlander finds the mist with which he deals paralleled unpleasantly in the mental hazes which dampen the ardor of the would-be-visitor to his beloved native land.

In size a little less than England, in the history of the Empire its oldest Colony, Terra Nova is the home of some of the bravest and most loyal of all the subjects of our King. Theirs is the simple life. Born within sound of its waves, inheriting a passion for its conquest, the sons and daughters of Newfoundland early learn to love the sea. To them it is cradle and altar. Their supreme delight is to rock on its heaving waves, and death alone separates many of them from their lifelong companion. Only those who have lived amongst these fishermen can appreciate the great hunger in their hearts when separated from the ocean. Every changing mood of the waters finds expression in their conversation and songs. Wind and current, rock and shoal, storm and calm, unceasingly influence their thought and determine its expression. Their pity or scorn

is reserved for those who do not love the brine. The young lads, yet too small for fishing, watch the sun rise upon the sea, and dream of the time when they will have a place among the crew; and the old sailor anticipates the evening sun, with its mellow rays transforming the bare, bleak hills into peaks of gold, and the harbor with its friends and rest. For the one, satisfaction associates itself with the oar; for the other, with the anchor. Sun and sea bound his life, angle and anchor are its symbols.

Newfoundland has no need of those artificial devices for creating interest in the mind of the visitor one finds too com-



HARBOR AND CITY OF ST. JOHN'S FROM SIGNAL HILL.

mon in these days; nor does she desire visitors other than those who can appreciate her as she is. Every rock and river has its story to tell. Forest and field, mountain and mine, cliff and "cove," invite consideration. Everywhere objects of interest and beauty abound.

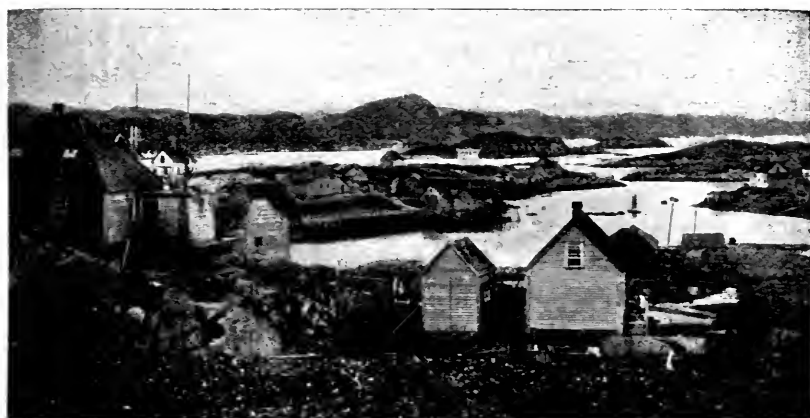
The most interesting of all the Island's features is its people. Descended for the most part from adventurous British settlers, the inhabitants retain many of the characteristics of their ancestors. They are intrepid, hardy, industrious, skilful.

Given an element of danger the problem will not appeal in vain. Let the task involve hardship and it will be accepted. Bronzed faces, and hard, powerful hands, speak of "something attempted, something done." Nor is their skill less wonderful than their other qualities. The ordinary fisherman will take his axe into the forest, select the proper timbers, hew them down, drag them out with his horse or dogs, and presently point you to a well-built house, or a boat whose graceful lines would win commendation from the expert builder. As an indication of the extent to which this is true, the writer remembers hearing a young fisherman suggest to one of the village maidens the possibility of a certain friend of his becoming her "skipper." With a look eloquent of contempt, she replied: "Why, he couldn't so much as build his house." In addition to building their houses, many make their own furniture. In the fall of the year great bundles of twine are carried home to be made into nets of various kinds for use in the coming summer. This work shortens the long, winter nights. To skill and industry we must add sobriety as a salient characteristic of the fisher-folk of Terra Nova.

The population of the Island is some two hundred and thirty thousand souls, the majority of whom live in villages and hamlets distributed at irregular intervals along the coasts. For many their knowledge of the great outside world is mediated by the Doctor or the Parson. Apart from religious or political influence he is always sure of a welcome in the humblest homes, and there he often discovers that kindly courtesy which is the hall mark of true nobility.

The villages have an individuality of their own. Here is none of that conformity to type which elsewhere appears in long prosaic streets, whose monotonous uniformity is unbroken by any architectural adornment. Each man builds his own house, and it is the expression of his own thought. Seldom are there two exactly alike. Usually they are built within gunshot of the sea, for reasons which are obvious when we remember how the owner wins his livelihood. It not infrequently happens that one part of the village is cut off from another by "tickles"—long, narrow arms of the sea—most comfortably negotiated by small "punts." To "scull" one of these little boats from one

side of the tickle to the other appears a very simple matter, but first attempts go to show that things are not what they seem, and once accomplished, is the occasion of an entirely justifiable pride. Every village has its school and church, each exerting a beneficent influence on the life of the community. When the history of these schools is written the story of many a self-sacrificing, heroic teacher's life will enrich our literature and excite our emulation. Theirs is the sublime monotony of heroism in common life. It would be impossible to pass through any Newfoundland village without remarking the peculiar structures abutting the sea. These are known as "stages" and "flakes," the



BURGEO, NEWFOUNDLAND.

former being landing-place and general storehouse, the latter the drying-ground for the fish.

The one city of the Island is St. John's, with a population of nearly forty thousand. Here the greatest part of the business of the country is transacted. Much of old St. John's was destroyed by a disastrous fire in 1892, and many of the buildings which perished then have been replaced by well-equipped modern premises. It is a city of beautiful churches, of which the Roman Catholic Cathedral is one of the largest, occupying a prominent place in every view of the city. Roman Catholicism is very strong in the Colony and has two bishoprics outside the city. Archbishop Howley is a strong personality, with fine lit-

erary tastes. Methodism is represented by four large churches and a college. Anglicanism is well to the fore in the life of the people, while Presbyterianism makes its appeal through the eloquence of Dr. Robertson. The present Governor, Sir William MacGregor, is a Scotsman who by sterling merit has won for himself a high place in the affection of the people. The present Liberal Government is led by Sir Robert Bond. The city itself is built on the slopes of one of the most magnificent and extensive natural harbors in the world. There is but one entrance, by a long and narrow channel, running between bold, tall cliffs. Once this channel is negotiated the vessel enters a spacious, commodious harbor, large enough to accommodate hundreds of craft. Toward the close of the summer season the harbor is literally packed with vessels of every description. There you may see the big Atlantic liner dwarfing the tiny tug, and the great three-masted schooners riding at anchor beside the humbler fishing-boat.

The coast of Newfoundland is deeply indented, and the world can have no more charming sight than one of these lovely bays at sunrise. Government mail-boats, plying between St. John's and the far Labrador, or the mail-boats of the Reid-Newfoundland Railway Company, afford the visitor an opportunity of seeing, under almost ideal conditions, the pretty little hamlets nestling among the hills; the deep wide bays, with their background of hill and forest, or the larger villages with their own quaint charms.

The principal industry of the Island is its cod and seal fisheries, although copper and iron mining, and lumbering, are growing industries. During recent years the number of people engaged in the Labrador fishery has greatly increased, while the shore-fishery seems to attract as many as ever before. These men may often be seen at their laborious and perilous calling from the deck of the coastal steamers. The seal fishery is prosecuted in the early spring by picked men embarked in specially constructed vessels. A description of this fascinating hunt for seals would take up too much of the space at our disposal.

Newfoundland has been described as the sportsman's paradise. There the lover of sport will certainly find abundance of

opportunity for enjoyment. The rivers and lakes abound with fish and the forests with game. Excellent trout and salmon fishing may be had, or, if these be deemed too quiet, a whale hunt will furnish excitement enough. A moderate estimate places the head of caribou in the Island at twenty-five thousand. He who loves Nature for its own sake, may spend happy days



AN ICEBERG OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

watching the beaver or badger, and many other cunning creatures in their own environment, or in studying the beautiful wild flowers that bloom on marsh and river bank. A favorable season produces delicious wild fruits, which the thrifty housewives convert into appetizing preserves. Raspberries, strawber-

ries, cranberries, squashberries, blueberries, and another known as the "bake-apple," grow in abundance.

Many stories illustrative of the character of Terra Nova's peace-loving, whole-souled people, might be narrated. One, which has publicity for the first time now, must suffice.

The fishing fleet had returned to harbor early in the evening, and as the waters splashed softly against them the boats tugged gently at their chains. Soft shafts of light from the evening sun scintillated from the masts. That peacefulness, which has before now filled many a tired soul with longings it dared not cherish, lay on the bosom of the waters. It was a restful scene, full of tender suggestion. The children lingered still, playing their innocent games on the beach. Here and there the fishermen were gathering in little groups with an expression on their faces entirely out of harmony with the calmness of sea and sky. They were gathering to discuss two things, the approaching storm—for they had not come home so early without reason—and a more serious thing, the passing of "Uncle Daniel." Uncle Daniel was known and beloved by all. Had he not taught them to build and then sail their vessels? Was there a rock or shoal anywhere on their course that he did not know? And who of them all could tell more interesting tales of the sea? Yet it was not in these things only that he excelled, nor do they account for the veneration he received at the hands of the villagers. He had lived his simple life among them. It was that simplicity which guaranteed justice in every dealing with his fellow-men, that made the blush of shame at his presence or words impossible to the purest of women, that brought the children around his knee whenever he stepped from his boat and sat at the door of his house. And now his craft was at the bar. The men read the signs of the coming storm in the sky, and they saw too the old skipper trying to make the harbor. These men were ready to plunge into the angry surf to save a comrade, if need be, or to stand by the ship as she settled down, if duty demanded it. Yet as they thought of Uncle Daniel to-night salt tears rested on their cheeks. They were imaginative souls and slow of speech. As the sun sank behind the hills a fresh breeze stirred the waters. There is an awful grandeur in this wooing of its sea-bride by



the wind. Soon the response came in the heavier swell of the waves. Slowly, steadily, wind and sea rose higher and yet higher, until the stout hearts of the watchers quailed. Then came the test. The fierce waves and furious gale joined hands until the boats fairly tore at their anchor chains. Hurrying to the beach more than one man saw his trim little craft drive ashore and beat to pieces on the rocks.

The dying fisherman heard it all and knew too well. When the men at last came to say good-night Uncle Daniel whispered



HAYTIME IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

“She’ll weather it out, boys. I put out all the gear before sunset.”

When the storm had passed they understood. Uncle Daniel’s craft was secure—anchored within the veil. The form we knew so well rests on the summit of a neighboring hill overlooking the harbor, where the silence is broken only by the songs of the birds and the music of the waves. The sun seems to linger there evening and morning ere he lulls the village to sleep or wakes it to its peaceful tasks.

**Iago**

W. S. HERRINGTON, B.A., K.C.

**I**AGO stands alone, the only representative of his class. If, before reading this play, we had been told that here would be presented to us a being, pleasing in manners, well versed in the moral code, entertaining, bright and gallant, a favorite whose friendship and confidence are sought by all who know him, and at the same time a man who uses all these good qualities for evil only, we should not have believed it. If further we had been told that treachery, treason and murder were to him a source of delight, we should have recoiled from the thought and declared it impossible. Yet this is just what Shakespeare's wonderful genius has created. The same master mind that made us fond of Falstaff, who has not a single redeeming trait in his character, unless it be his coarse humor, has introduced Iago to us; and even in his company we have found pleasure, and shall we admit that at times we have extended to him our sympathy and encouragement? We may be ashamed to confess to our more respectable acquaintances that Falstaff is a friend of ours. So we may hesitate to admit that at one time we were familiar with Iago. The fact remains, however, perhaps to our everlasting disgrace, that we have been on rather intimate terms with both of them.

Iago is a past master in hypocrisy. All men are alike in his hands. He finds them plastic as clay, and he moulds them to suit his will. He seems to fascinate and control all who come within his reach, and this great power he never exercises for good. Fiendish plots, which cause us to shudder, even in the thinking of them, are to him the most pleasing pastimes. Our very first acquaintance with him discloses in part his true character, yet he is not repulsive to us. He makes no secret of his attitude towards Othello when conversing with Roderigo in the first scene. He confides to him that he is not "a duteous and knee-crooking knave," but professes himself to be one of those,

"Who trimmed in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,  
And throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them."

Roderigo, the love-sick fool, is completely within his grasp. Iago controls his purse as if it were his own, and proceeds to make him his ready dupe in stirring up old Brabantio against the Moor. He does not waste any time in specious argument. He knows his man too well. He commands and Roderigo obeys. Iago then retires into the background to watch his mischief brew, and takes good care that he shall not be produced as a witness against himself.

How different he is in his treatment of Othello! He is never cringing, but is always full of generous solicitude for his master's well-being. He seems to have mapped out his plans as soon as the expedition to Cyprus has been arranged. He probably had entertained a hope that Brabantio would have sufficient power to obtain a decree of divorce. He evinces no remorse at the failure of this well-conceived plan, which, perhaps, would have terminated more disastrously for Othello, if the State had not had great need for his services and good-will at that moment. He makes Roderigo and Cassio his instruments for carrying out his diabolical design. Just how the details are to be worked out he knows not yet, but he trusts to hell and night "to bring this monstrous birth to the world's light." Does he, at this juncture, feel a slight pang of remorse at the probable suffering his double knavery is likely to inflict upon the innocent? Is it true that his hatred for the Moor spurs him to execute his awful purpose? Has he a conscience that he is trying to smother by awakening his own revenge to counteract its promptings?

When they are safely arrived at Cyprus, he promptly sets his machinery at work. If he has any feeling, one would think his playful repartee with the sweet and trustful Desdemona would call it into being. He seems to have most consummate faith in the power of jealousy. Roderigo is now chafing under his chagrin and the loss of his money. Iago succeeds in playing upon his jealousy by magnifying Cassio's respectful attention to Desdemona, and convinces him that there is some improper intrigue between them. He seeks to inject the poisonous mineral into his own veins, in order that he may diet his revenge and be even with Othello, wife for wife. The same destructive agency is invoked for Othello's undoing. He knows

the force of the weapon and uses it most skilfully. Once having fixed upon his general plan he proceeds to put it into execution, and is prepared to meet any emergency that may arise. How cleverly he manages his puppets in the scene in the hall in the castle! He ingratiates himself into the good will of them all. He passes around the wine and sings his rollicking songs. He is the prince of good fellows, and none of the company suspect him for an instant. When the drunken brawl has concluded, so disastrously to the principal participants, they each in turn look to honest Iago to extricate them from their perilous position.

Iago prides himself on his ability to pose as a friend while leading his poor victims to destruction. He caresses with one hand while he tightens the snare with the other. A masterpiece of such clever manipulation is shewn in the third act. All other plots are contributory to this end, the arousing of the demon jealousy in the breast of Othello, knowing that if once aroused,

“His bloody thought with violent pace  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.”

He feels his way carefully by throwing out suggestions, innocent if resented, but deadly if acted upon as he intends they shall be. At no point does he commit himself until he is sure of his quarry, and he provides a means of retreating if Othello should fail to enter his trap. We cannot but admire his bravery when we remember that he is not dealing now with the simple Roderigo, but is matched against an antagonist who has it in his power to crush him in an instant. He preserves his self-control and watches the effect of every word upon the man whose destruction he is planning. He volunteers nothing until he knows Othello's disturbed mind is prepared to receive it; even then he does not appear to press his point, but, by throwing doubts upon his own suggestions, impresses Othello with his honesty, and converts suspicions into convictions. When he sees Othello struggling to free himself from the web, unseen he throws another about him. He seems to have cast his spell about us, too. Not until Othello is completely overcome, and

on his knees has sworn that he will be avenged, do we realize that we are accessories to an awful crime. Iago is master of the situation, yet we vainly hope that something will intervene to frustrate his purposes. But his work is almost accomplished, for Othello is no more himself. Jealousy, unreasoning, maddening, uncontrollable jealousy, possesses his being and makes him desperate. Iago, on the other hand, calmly witnesses the terrible conflict between love and jealousy that is raging within Othello's breast. Whenever love is seemingly getting the upper hand, he comes to the aid of jealousy with some timely word that promptly rouses the demon again, and love finally yields up its "crown and hearted throne to tyrannous hate." Was Iago moved to pity for Desdemona, when he, after accepting the commission to murder Cassio, begged Othello to "let her live?" Never! Pity never found a lodgment in his breast. Rather did he intend by that remark to stir him up to immediate action. He spoke with a purpose, with the immediate result that Othello declared that he would withdraw to furnish him "with some means of death for the fair devil." Iago promptly sealed this declaration with "I am your own forever." Was there ever a scene to equal this for clever manœuvering? Truly did Othello say of Iago, this "fellow knows all qualities with a learned spirit of human dealings." He never over-reaches himself. Every possible argument that can be raised against the suspected infidelity of Desdemona is advanced by him and quickly brushed aside. He witnesses the effect of that argument upon Othello and meets it successfully. How well he understood that

"Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmation strong  
As proofs of holy writ."

He fortifies his position by cautioning Othello to note whether Desdemona importunes him for the reinstatement of Cassio, knowing that she will, in all innocence, "intermingle everything he does with Cassio's suit." He prepares further confirmation by securing Desdemona's handkerchief. To be doubly sure that Othello shall not waver when in Desdemona's presence he tells the story of Cassio's talking in his sleep. He risks this

cruel lie, trusting to his ability to outface Cassio should the truth of his statement ever be called in question.

Iago seems absolutely dead to all sense of feeling. If there were in his heart one grain of humanity, surely it must have been touched when Desdemona, after undergoing the heart-breaking torture depicted in the Fourth Act appeals to Iago for help. Do we appreciate what that scene means to her? A sweet and innocent girl, born in luxury and nurtured with kindness, to be thus accused by her own husband and cast away from him as an unclean thing! With the tears streaming down her cheeks, she appeals to Iago, whom she has been taught to regard as her devoted friend, with, "Am I that name, Iago?" The delicacy with which she puts the question declares her innocence. Writhing in agony she approaches him again, "Alas, Iago, what shall I do to win my lord again?" Iago has a fervent relish for the misery he is causing. With cool indifference he bids her "be content." Could her wounded feelings be healed by such a balm? He knew they could not, and he mocks her by making light of Othello's offence. We note the same attitude towards Cassio when the latter, disgraced and dismissed, weeps over his lost reputation. Only once does Iago exhibit impatience with Othello. The hour for the cruel murder has been fixed, and the pity of it almost overcomes him. Iago administers a sarcastic reproof. The time is well chosen and the effect is instantaneous.

The first one to suspect Iago and to accuse him of double dealing is Roderigo. "I do not find thou dealest justly with me." This is from a source we scarcely expected. Roderigo had parted freely with his money and costly presents, and saw no prospect of any return. Iago had been so intent upon making his fool his purse that he had neglected to supply him "with the least advantage of hope." He had wasted his means in the foolish belief that Iago had used them to win Desdemona and now, disappointed and vexed, he has the courage to demand satisfaction from Iago. Poor fool! With a few brief sentences Iago not only satisfies him as to his own honesty, but shews such a necessity in the death of Cassio that he thinks himself "bound to put it on him." Such an influence has Iago over this otherwise harmless creature that he finds himself pledged

to commit a cold-blooded murder. When the time for executing the crime arrives Iago is on hand to see that it does not miscarry. Up to this point we have been entertaining the hope that he would lack iniquity to do him service and that he would stop short of the actual shedding of blood. We discover too late to thwart his purpose that contrived murder has no horrors for him. When we fully appreciate the extent to which he is prepared to go, we shrink from him, yet in his presence we seem as powerless as Othello. We wish again to thrust ourselves between him and his victims, but he easily turns us away, and Roderigo learns too late that he has pinned his faith to an "inhuman dog."

We have yet to witness the climax to his fiendish scheming. Soon our worst fears are realized, and the tragic end is reached. The "hellish villain" stands revealed before us "more fell than anguish, hunger or the sea." With sullen silence he views his murderous work, nor seeks he now to palliate his crimes. His very presence contaminates the air. We wonder how or why we ever did for a single moment endure such a hideous monster. We ask what justification there is for the creation of such a venomous villain, endowed with power to transform a generous and noble being like Othello into an inhuman wretch. We may find some comfort in the knowledge that,

"If there be any cunning cruelty  
That can torment him much and hold him long,  
It shall be his."

Shakespeare intended that we should learn a lesson from Iago. Hypocrisy is here depicted in its very worst form. He is but holding up the mirror before our eyes and if we are honest with ourselves perhaps we shall recognize some of our own features. We may insist that the glass is concave, yet the lesson is there for us to learn, and if we will not learn it the fault is ours, not his.

**“ Excelsior ”**

E. E. BALL, '06.

“**P**REPARE for life's great work;” I heard the call,  
And from the inmost recess of my soul  
Went forth the answer, spoken not, but felt,  
“I will.” Toward the goal I bent my eyes;  
The lofty hill of knowledge rose before,  
And I must climb. The way was long and steep,  
Yet always onward, upward, pausing not,  
My gaze still fixed upon that height above,  
I kept my course, Then ever as I rose,  
Fresh mountain peaks appeared beyond the first,  
Whereto I must aspire if I would win  
The prize of knowledge. On, still on, I went;  
My first poor paltry aim was reached and passed,  
Yet ever farther did the goal remove  
Until the present, and I still press on.  
What lies beyond I know not, yet each step  
Reveals still more of that dim upward path  
That men have made. Up, somewhere, on the heights,  
There is a place beyond which no path leads  
The traveller on. Is it for me to reach  
That spot, and pass it; help my fellow-men  
By struggling on beyond it, till no steps  
But mine are seen and followed? I know not;  
But this I know: If by the way I fall,  
My purpose, not my failure, will be judged;  
For 'tis not what man does, but what he wills  
And strives to do that lifts him up to God.



### Three Minutes on the P. and L.

It was slimily cold on that early morning run out of Golden, with the mist half-covering the red and green lights on the switches and the blaze from the big headlight smothered ten feet in front of the cow-catcher. Underneath the drivers of old No. 98 the ice-covered rails felt as if they were buttered; and when Jimmy Wilson turned on "the air" to slacken up at the last crossing she had skidded for a dozen lengths.

"I don't like the feel of things, Bob," said Jimmy to his fireman, as they were standing on the grade outside Bluedale, and the engineer was looking anxiously out of the front cab window, waiting for the red light of the semaphore to swing round into white and give them clearance. "The old girl don't seem to have her legs this morning."

Bob heaved another shovel of coal into the firebox before he straightened up to answer. "We've got load enough behind us to make her stagger," he said, wiping the sooty sweat off his forehead. "Twenty cars o' coal an' some old C. P. R.'s full of cement from Winnipeg. She eat steam enough on the last grade to run a waterworks."

And the big air-pump outside, with its "ker-chug," seemed to support Bob's assertion.

No. 98 was a Mogul used for hauling heavy freight on the long junction division of the P. & L. And No. 98 had a record for doing things, though a good deal of this was due to the things done by Jimmy and Bob themselves. At the round-house they tell a good story about the time Jimmy brought No. 98 over from the Junction, towing behind his own train the local, whose engine—a big compound—had blown a tube. On the way up No. 98 blew the end off a cylinder and Jimmy had to bring her in, up the Valleyfield grade and all, with the one cylinder. They say she was a sight when she pulled in, limping along like a tired camel and spitting steam from the bad cylinder in a watery cloud.

Another time Jimmy brought her in through three feet of snow with drifts three times that, when a plow with two light engines behind it got stuck in the same drifts on the C. P. line just beside ours. But No. 98 had seen her best days. When she ran into the open switch and rolled down the twelve-foot bank in the yards at the Junction, six months before, it had strained her a good bit, and though she had been patched up

since and had a new set of front trucks, Jimmy knew he couldn't depend on her the way he used to.

When the pop valve outside began to sizz Rob looked up at the steam gauge, then turned on the register, and reached back into the tender for his long poker.

Just then the semaphore swung round with a jerk, and Jimmy, anxious to make up time, gave her steam enough to send the big drivers whirling.

The heavy train awoke to motion slowly, and Jimmy, in a rare moment of impatience, pushed the throttle well over. Then No. 98 did something she had never done before. With the sudden rush of power the drivers gripped the track, and she gave a mighty jerk at the load behind. Jimmy, looking ahead for the switch lights, heard a terrific crash behind him, followed by a sliding noise, as of something falling. At the same time No. 98 gave a leap ahead.

Jimmy jumped back, involuntarily pulling the throttle closed, and almost tumbled out of the cab. Then he saw what had happened, and for an instant was paralyzed. The locomotive's sudden jerk had cracked the draw-bar coupling the tender, the iron platform covering the connection had slipped down, carrying Bob with it, and the fireman had just managed to grab the edge of the car floor with his finger-tips, his feet dragging on the ties and ballast below. Ten feet behind, and rapidly approaching, was the tender at the head of the train, which had now got well started on the grade. In the instant Jimmy hesitated, the engine, now without steam, slackened perceptibly, and the tender came within six feet.

Before he knew what he was doing, Jimmy reached down, and, grabbing Bob's wrists, tried to yank him bodily into the cab. He remembered afterward how the heat from the open furnace door had struck through his back when he bent down.

His effort was fruitless, for Bob was a heavyweight, and the cab floor was slippery. Jimmy almost slid off the narrow ledge himself. Now he had Bob up so his feet weren't dragging, but couldn't lift him farther. The tender was within four feet and coming faster.

There was only one thing to do, and it came to Jimmy instinctively. With a mighty swing sideways that made his back crack he threw Bob out and over the edge of the rails, and then, losing his balance, he jumped out sideways himself. The edge of the tender struck him as he went down, but threw him off, and he rolled down the steep embankment after Bob.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bob tells at the roundhouse how Jimmy scrambled up the bank, swung on the steps of the van, as the train, gathering speed on the grade, passed him, and stopped the load with the hand brakes a quarter mile the other side of the station.

Bob tells, too, though rather reluctantly, how old No. 98, uncoupled and unmanned, swung off down the mountain, hitting it up as she went, and ran off at the curve just above Williams' Creek, where the roadbed is blasted out of the mountain-side. "You can see her down there," Bob says, "two hundred feet below, any time you go past, with her old boiler all rusty, and a broken driver lying forty feet farther down."

Bob's hair isn't as black as it used to be. He says it turned gray while he hung by his finger-nails on the edge of the cab floor and felt the tender coming at him behind.

Jimmy and Bob have a new run, though. They drive one of those new compounds with the limited—six Pullmans and an express—behind it, over the air line from Golden to Rossmore, and they do the division—it's a hundred and sixty miles, you know, only three stops—in 2.53.

—E. J. M.



IN A TUMBLING SEA ON THE GRAND BANKS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

## Glastonbury

K. SMITH, '02.

GLASTONBURY was in ancient times an island formed by the River Brue. The Britons called it Avalon, Apple Tree Island; and one of the Roman conquerors describes it as—

“The Isle of Apples, truly fortunate,  
Where unforced goods and willing comforts meet;  
Nor where the fields require the rustic's hand,  
But nature only cultivates the land,  
The fertile plains with corn and herds are proud,  
And golden apples smile in every wood.”

No spot in Britain has more often been the theme of the poet's song. It will be known to readers of Tennyson as that mystic valley where the legendary Arthur and his knights were wont to repair for rest, health and the care of the forest nymphs. Mediaeval history reveals its abbey as one of the chief seats of learning in England in the Middle Ages, preserving in its library, through the diligent labor of the monks in the Scriptorium, a choice collection of Greek and Roman classics. But Glastonbury is associated with yet an earlier legend of interest, one which Tennyson refers to in the *Holy Grail*:

“The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord  
Drank at the last sad supper with his own,  
This, from the blessed land of Aromat—  
After the day of darkness when the dead  
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint,  
Arimathaen Joseph, journeying brought  
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn  
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord,  
And there while it abode, and if a man  
Could touch or see it, healed at once  
By faith, of all his ills.”

and Spenser, in the *Faerie Queene*, when speaking of the first converted British king,

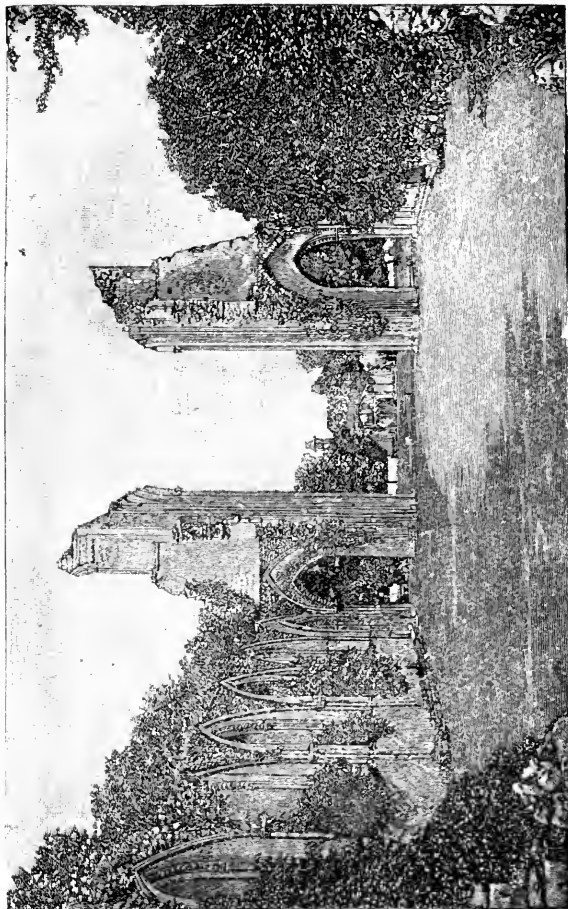
“ . . . . . good Lucius,  
 That first received Christianity,  
 The sacred pledge of Christe's Evangely.  
 Yet true it is that long before that day  
 Hither came Joseph of Arimathy,  
 Who brought with him the holy grayle, (they say)  
 And preacht the truth ; but since, it greatly did decay.”

while it receives a further confirmation in the history of Glastonbury, thus chronicled by Malmesbury:

“ Thereupon, the storm raging violently against them, the disciples dispersing, went off into divers countries, and as they travelled along, preacht the gospel to the Gentiles. Amongst these holy men, St. Philip, arriving in the territories of the Franks, converted and baptized a great number of them. Therefore, willing to spread abroad the Gospel, he chose out twelve from his disciples . . . . and sent them into Britain to declare the Word of Life; over whom, as it is reported, he set Joseph of Arimathea, a most dear friend, who also had buried the Lord. Then, coming into Britain . . . . these holy missionaries were faithfully publishing the Doctrine of Christ. But the barbarous King and his subjects, hearing things so new, and being rather alarmed at so unusual an undertaking, and not willing to change his paternal traditions, refused to consent to become a proselyte to their teaching; yet, in consideration that they had come a long journey, and being somewhat pleased with their soberness of life, and unexceptional behaviour, he, at their petition, gave them for their habitation a certain island bordering on his region covered with trees and bramble bushes, and surrounded by marshes, called *Ynis-Wytren*. . . . . These holy men, thus dwelling in this desert place, were, in a little time, admonished in a vision by the Archangel Gabriel, to build a church in honour of the Blessed Virgin, in a place to which they were supernaturally directed; obedient to the Divine precept, they immediately built a chapel of the form of that which had been shown them; the walls were of osiers, wattled together all round. This was finished in the one-and-thirtieth year after our Lord's Passion, and though rude and misshapen in form, was in many ways adorned with Heavenly virtues; and being the first church in this re-

gion, the Son of God was pleased to grace it with particular dignity, dedicating it Himself in honour of his mother."

Thus we learn that Joseph of Arimathea journeyed as a missionary to Britain, and to him was due the erection at Glastonbury of the first Christian church in England. But the



GLASTONBURY ABBEY, GLASTONBURY, ENGLAND.

chronicler omits in this short account to state that according to tradition Joseph of Arimathea not only planted the Christian faith in Avalon and brought with him the Holy Grail, but that wandering through this fair isle which was later given him and

his followers, worn and tired, they arrived at a rising ground, now called Weary-all-hill, and unable to proceed further, Joseph thrust his staff with violence into the ground. And, behold, this staff, which he had brought with him from the Holy Land, suddenly blossomed forth, though it was Christmastide, and this, we are told, is the origin of Tennyson's "Winter Thorn," or the Glastonbury Holy Thorn, which blossoms twice a year. The spot upon which the little wicker church was erected remained throughout the succeeding centuries the site of a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and although larger monastic buildings were built up in connection with it, the "old church," as it was called, remained the point of interest for all time. It was to Glastonbury that Gildas, the historian, retired and at the altar of the little chapel that his body was interred at his death. Beside him rested St. Patrick, Abbot of Glastonbury, after the completion of his successful mission in Ireland. To the south of the "old church" was the monks' cemetery. One of the proudest traditions of the monks of Glastonbury was that this was the burial place of the renowned King Arthur and his Queen Guinevere. It is recorded that this fact came to the knowledge of King Henry II. through the songs of the bards of South Wales, that he caused an investigation to be made, which resulted in the discovery of the grave, under a huge, flat stone, upon which was engraved in rude characters, "Here lies buried in the Island of Avalonia, the renowned King Arthur." The remains were thereupon removed to a chapel in the Great Church. Tennyson's "*Morte D'Arthur*" once more furnishes us with a verification of the legend in verse:

"But now farewell, I am going a long way  
With these thou seest—if indeed I go  
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
To the Island—Valley of Avilion;  
Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow  
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns,  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

In 1184 the monastery was almost totally destroyed by fire, but rebuilt within a few years after its destruction. Through

some confusion the building occupying the place of the original wicker church now received the name St. Joseph's Chapel. To-day there stands only the beautifully sculptured but crumbling walls of what was once a complete series of mediæval monastic

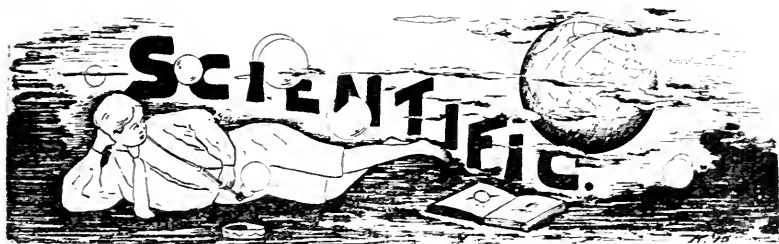


GLASTONBURY, FROM WEARY-ALL HILL.

—From "A U. E. Loyalist in Great Britain," by permission.

buildings. But by virtue of the legends they recall they have made Glastonbury a shrine of British glory and the Vale of Avalon a world of unending delight.





## Fossil Ferns

J. H. FAULL, B.A., PH.D.

AN examination of the rocks laid down in the Carboniferous period reveals the presence of an abundant vegetation, representing a diversified flora and including some very highly organized plants. There is evidence of seaweeds, fungi, and mosses; there are great quantities of horsetails and clubmosses, many of which attained the proportions of trees as large as oaks and spruces, and which constituted the principal part of the swamp forests; and there are flowering plants—the cordaitales, plants distantly related to the pines and hemlocks. Finally there are “ferns” preserved in such abundance as to numerically equal the fossils of all of the other groups put together, and until recently believed to be true ferns belonging to still existent families. Thus at this stage in the history of the earth every great group of plants had made its *début* except one, the Angiosperms.

The student of botany from the standpoint of evolution has long been at somewhat of a disadvantage, because of the almost simultaneous appearance in the Carboniferous period of so many of the more specialized phyla. Here were clubmosses, horsetails, ferns, two or three groups wholly extinct, and flowering plants looming up on the horizon all at once, and yet, according to comparative studies of their structure and life histories, they are related to one another in such a way that one would believe that there must have been a sequence in their order of coming into existence. To be unable to verify this conviction from the geological strata has been embarrassing, and especially in the case of fossil ferns because of the evident relation that maintains between ferns and the flowering plants.

Hence the paleobotanist has returned again and again to the fossiliferous deposits and has prosecuted his researches not only in the coal measures, but also in the underlying strata, with the result that brilliant discoveries have been made, discoveries that have supplied missing links, that have straightened out sequences, and yet that have disclosed a need for much more information than has so far come to hand.

The climax was reached about three years ago, when discoveries were announced that led a responsible English botanist to declare that it was doubtful if ferns occurred at all in the coal measures. To say the least, the announcement created a pro-



A COLONY OF *OSMUNDA CLAYTONIANA* FROM HIGH PARK, TORONTO.

found sensation, and at once many questions arose, to answer which will entail a thorough searching of rock beds, and a patient examination of the finds. Thus, if there were no ferns in these strata, what are the fern-like remains scattered throughout and what are their affinities? When did ferns first appear and what is their story? Perhaps the first is the most difficult question that has been propounded, and it may never be possible to tell just what all of the fern-like fossils really are. But we know at least one of them, the recognition of which resulted from the epoch-making discoveries mentioned, and which now require an explanation.

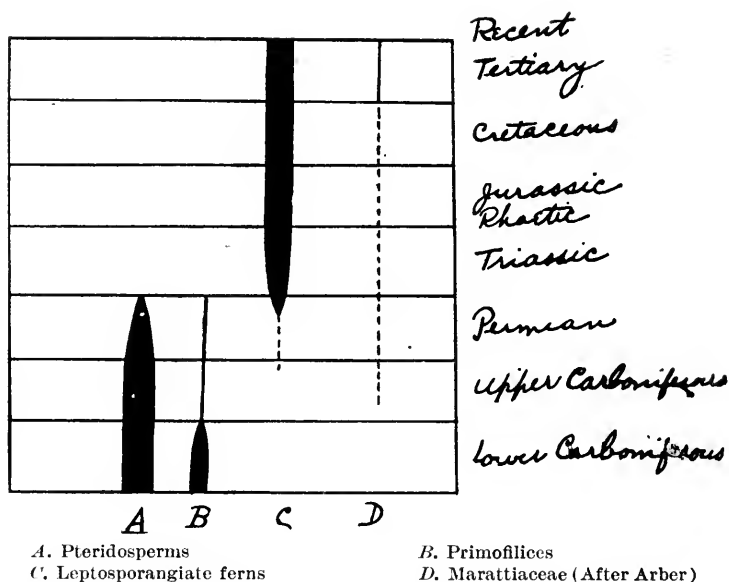
It is a well-known fact that fossil plants rarely occur intact, the fossil specimen is either a root or a stem or a leaf or a fructification, or more commonly, only a fragment of some one of these. There was no way at first but to give each characteristic specimen a tentative name of its own in the hope that some day after the collections had been sufficiently augmented there would be a possibility of piecing the organs together. Towards this end progress has naturally been slow, but now and then by a fortunate chance somebody finds a leaf attached to an identifiable stem, someone else digs up an undetached fruit, and so on, until, by co-operating, the reconstruction becomes possible. This, in brief, is an epitome of the events that have transpired in making the acquaintance of certain of these Carboniferous "ferns."

The first important find was a "fern"-leaf in connection with a stem, the anatomy of which declared it to be very like that of a Gymnosperm stem. Here, then, was evidence, which has continued to receive additional support from later finds, of a group of plants intermediate between ferns and Gymnosperms, but which, so far as was known, had not yet acquired the habit of seed bearing. Of course, suspicions were aroused with regard to the fern nature of other fossils, but not all, since some were known to bear what seemed to be typical fern fruits or spore cases. The next discovery threw a flood of light on this intermediate group of plants, namely, the finding of seeds still attached. These plants were then farther removed from the ferns than was at first suspected, in fact, they were flowering or seed-bearing plants, and hence have received the name Pteridosperms. They now stand as the most primitive of the Gymnosperms. But the greatest sensation was to follow a third announcement. Fern-like reproductive organs, to which reference has been made, were found on the foliage of a certain Pteridosperm. What now shall we call the beautiful "fern" impressions from Carboniferous rocks, so well known by everybody? Are they ferns or Pteridosperms? Well might the paleobotanist suspect that they are all Pteridosperms.

Such discoveries have led to a searching self-examination to determine what we know with certainty of fossil ferns. It transpires that positive statements cannot be made regarding

specimens dating much earlier than the beginning of the Mesozoic age, and it is interesting that the *Osmunda* ferns, a still widely-spread and prosperous family, are considered to be among the most ancient. Curiously enough, the Marattiaceæ, a tropical family to which the great majority of the fern-like Carboniferous fossils had been referred, has been relegated to recent times—the tertiary, and is possibly among the most modern of all.

Evolutionary theories have been subjected to keen criticism and modifications of greater or less import as discovery has succeeded discovery, but one commonly accepted view has re-



mained undisturbed, namely, the belief that flowering plants have originated from ferns. Now, as certain primitive flowering plants formed a part of the Carboniferous vegetation, and the "ferns" of that period may have been Pteridosperms, it is argued that the relationship must be carried back to a well-known extinct group of plants, more primitive than ferns proper, yet resembling them in so many respects as to merit the name Primofilices. Not only did they occur throughout the coal measures, but it is significant that they antedated the specialized

phyla found in them. From the Primofilices, it may be supposed, sprang, independently, the flowering plants and the ferns proper.

A summary of our knowledge of fossil ferns thus begins with the Primofilices, a group that appeared in the upper Silurian and died out towards the close of the Palæozoic. Somewhere in the Devonian the Pteridosperms made their appearance as an offshoot of the Primofilices. They flourished during the Carboniferous age, but were overtaken by the same catastrophe that blotted out their forbears, not, however, before giving birth to the ancestors of modern Gymnosperms. The Marattiaceæ, that family of ferns so long honored because of its supposedly great antiquity, may prove to be a very modern assemblage, and at no time to have constituted a very important part of the earth's flora. And finally some of our common ferns date back to the early Mesozoic, possibly further, from which time they have increasingly flourished. But the darkness that enshrouds the identity of the Carboniferous fossils that up to the present have been so trustingly labelled "ferns," has yet to be dispelled; here is a chaos the ordering of which is piously to be desired.

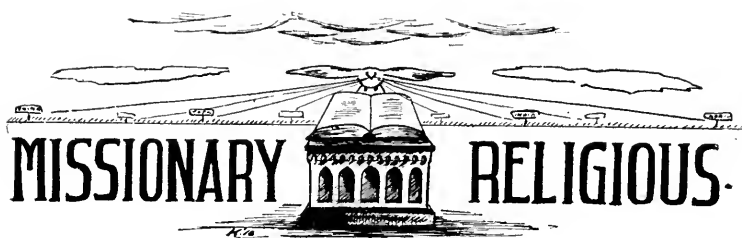
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### Notes

Gifford Pinchot, United States Government Forester, recently made the statement "that in twenty years the timber supply in the United States on Government reserves and private holdings, at the present rate of cutting, will be exhausted, although it is possible that the growth of that period might extend the arrival of the famine another five years." In view of these statements, it is well that our own university has shown her interest in this live question by the establishment of our faculty of Forestry.



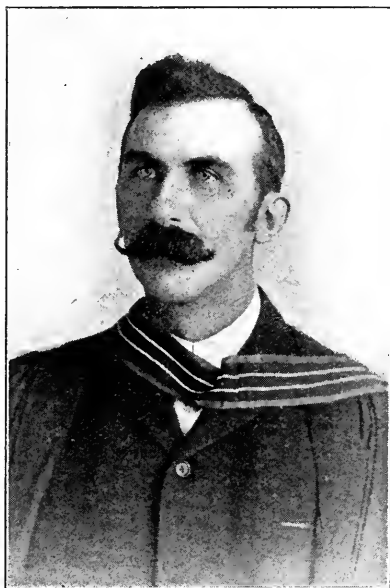
A very instructive illustrated article appears in this month's *The Century* on "The Evolution of Life." Incidentally the question of life on Mars is discussed. The article is by Percival Lowell, LL.D., director of the Lowell Observatory, who has lately done such striking work in the photography of Mars.



## **The Philosophical Basis of Religion\***

J. G. HUME, A.M., PH.D.

**T**HIS volume consists of a series of lectures by Professor Watson, that may be regarded as a continuation of the discussion in his earlier work, "Christianity and Idealism." At the outset the author discusses the problem of authority in religious belief. An examination is made of Cardinal Newman's views and their modifications in the writings of Dr. Wilfrid Ward, and Abbé Loisy. Against the view that the church must guarantee a faith that is supposed to be incomprehensible to reason it is affirmed that the history of religious growth is the genuine development of a living principle ever coming to clearer self-consciousness, and indestructible because of its own inherent significance and truth.



J. G. HUME, A.M., PH.D.,  
Professor of Philosophy and Ethics,  
University of Toronto, Canada.

A number of lectures follow, dealing with recent controversies in philosophy, special attention being

given to Pragmatism, as taught by Professor William James, of

\*By John Watson, M.A., LL.D., Queen's University, Canada, MacLehose and Sons, Glasgow, 1907.

Harvard. Some keen criticisms of Pragmatism will be found here, especially in the note on "The Pragmatic Conception of Truth."

The author next discusses Harnack's historical method, which is condemned because of its futile attempt to exclude philosophical interpretation. Against Harnack's static view of Christ's teaching in relation to which later theological or philosophical speculations are regarded as extraneous excrescences, the author affirms that Christ's teaching should be regarded as dynamically progressive and vitally informing in succeeding Christian experience and thought. The influence of philosophical speculation on the development of Christian doctrine is traced through the mediæval and early modern period, with special attention to Philo, The Gnostics, Augustine, Aquinas and Leibnitz.

Probably the most important and interesting discussion in this series will be found in connection with Philo and Augustine. To demonstrate that beneath superficial resemblances in terms and method there is a fundamental opposition between Philo and the New Testament writers, St. John and St. Paul, in the "whole spirit and outlook on life" is a valuable contribution. The criticism of Philo that "he never comes into direct contact with the minds of sacred or profane writers at all, but approaches them with *a priori* conceptions of what they ought to have said," has a very significant comment, "Christian writers of the early centuries borrowed the method of Philo and even in our own day there are theologians who have not shaken off its influence."

In connection with Augustine some very important issues are discussed. The persons in the Trinity, various interpretations of predestination, the function and place of the human will, and the nature and origin of evil. The book concludes with a refutation of Agnosticism, Mysticism and Pantheism, and a brief presentation of the author's views on the inter-relations of God, World and Man, from the standpoint of "constructive idealism."

In dealing with the vexed problem of evil it is said that "from the highest point of view evil is a necessary element in the development of a finite self-conscious being, who only be-

comes good by the exercise of his freedom," and also that "free subjects only come to the clear consciousness of the higher through experience of the lower."

Many who would admit the freedom would hesitate about making evil a "necessary element," a lower to be experienced to reach "clear consciousness of the higher," for this seems to be diametrically opposed to the view that evil is a stage in a descent not in an ascent, not a preparation for good, but a perversion of it.

In more accordance with the usual opinion is the statement that "the teaching of Jesus was based upon his direct intuitions, not upon a process of scientific ratiocinations," but, as it is on this theory that the Christian mystic rejects all "scientific ratiocinations" in his own procedure, which is to be an "imitatio Christi," the opponent of mysticism might well pause to ratiocinate a little more on this subject. Is it reasonable to suppose that the one who as a boy of twelve years of age was found in the temple with the teachers, asking and answering questions, would spend the later years of youth and manhood until he was thirty years of age without pondering deeply and often on these same questions of life, duty and destiny? It by no means proves that there has been no "scientific ratiocinations" and that everything has been secured by "direct intuitions" when results and details have been so fully and clearly thought out and comprehended that all the earlier tentative partial aspects have been superseded by complete mastery of the principles involved.

The book contains an excellent summary and index. It would improve the arrangement of the lectures if those dealing with Kant and modern philosophical controversy had succeeded Leibnitz, where they belong chronologically.

In every part of the book subjects of long standing debate have been so treated as to bring out the most recent phases of the controversy, and it is scarcely necessary to add that these lectures will be warmly welcomed by many earnest students of Philosophy and Theology.



## The Old Fact and the New Emphasis

**I**T is, really, the old fact we face,—the fact that a great section of the race to which we belong needs Christianity. The emphasis is new and gives the problem a deeper interest. It sets it in a clearer, stronger light, and presents aspects whose freshness occasions surprise. This in itself were a sufficient reason for bringing the subject before you, but there is another. The new emphasis on the old fact comes from men who own our College as their Alma Mater. In a report, to which further reference will presently be made, appear the names of several men who know Victoria and her life from the inside, and who turn to her for help and inspiration. They make their appeal to you through this medium.

On February 26th of last year a Special Committee was formed for the purpose of securing accurate information concerning the needs and opportunities of work on our West China mission field. That information has been supplied by our West China Mission Council, and may be considered thoroughly reliable. Some features demand our attention as students at Victoria to-day.

The field in West China assigned to the Canadian Methodist Church for evangelization, has a population of six million souls, for whom we are responsible. These people are accessible as never before in all their history as a nation. Not only is the field open, but inviting us on all sides. As the desire for reform grows the people turn to the foreigner for teaching. This longing for political and commercial reform brings the Chinese into close contact with the Westerner, and makes religious teaching possible. Anti-opium laws and the increasing hospitality accorded to medical methods tend to lift the Chinese into the line of progress. The demand for literature is phenomenal, and its distribution from large centres is made easy by the fact that the people from the surrounding districts come to town two or three times a week to do their marketing. Finally, but by no means least, the women are gradually escaping from the cruelties of the old system into the higher family relations sacred among us.

To the most superficial observer these facts are a sufficient

indication of the enormous possibilities before the Chinese. When it is added that similar conditions obtain everywhere throughout the Empire, and that a strong national spirit exists, it will readily be seen that the influences of the next decade will play a great part in the making of the China that is to be. "What impresses one on coming to China is the tremendous latent power in this people. Everywhere is the impression of unlimited reserve force ready to be used in the future for good or evil." So writes Edward Wilson Wallace, in a soul-arresting letter. "To help win this land to truth and integrity, to charity, to purity, in a word, to Christ,—is this a task too small for any man?"

For this work seventy men are required during the next five years. Doctors, teachers, preachers, a builder, and a pharmacist are urgently needed. The financial side of this great undertaking is safe enough, and the challenge comes to us. Are we ready to supply these men?

They must be strong men, of sound physique, clear-headed, whole-souled,—the work demands it. These men must have an intellectual training, and furnish evidence that they are fitted for leadership. But above all, they must be men of intense spirituality. We would lift the world from the narrow rut in which it runs to a high plane. The man of character, all aglow with a passion for saving, is the man we must have. There is small danger of our over-emphasizing this aspect in our summing up of the qualifications of a missionary. He may be clever, even to brilliance, plucky, to the point of heroism, and of untiring industry, yet if all this be not bathed in real passion, he had better stay at home where he will do less harm. We have men of the needed type at Victoria, men of real parts. To them this appeal is directed. The greatest opportunity you ever had is before you in this call. It is worthy of the best the strongest man can give; and none dare give less. Life is before you. You need not misread the facts. Will you face the old fact in the light of the new emphasis?

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J. H. ARNUP, '09, Personals and Exchanges.	J. V. MCKENZIE, '09, Athletics.

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## Editorial

### Questions of the Day

THE unusual interest evinced in the meetings recently addressed by Earl Grey, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Mott, strongly emphasizes the need for more of the same kind. Not that a plethora of meetings does not already exist. On the contrary, there seems to be no end of them; but we do need more of a certain sort. We get public speakers, many of them the leaders in their particular professions, to come and address us on topics designed especially to interest students. Consequently they appear to think they must adapt everything they say to suit what they consider our peculiar type of mind. They speak to us not as to men and women, but as to students: and they endeavor to so treat their themes as to make the application of their words clear to us as students. Necessarily we live in a somewhat isolated atmosphere, and are inclined to view things in a sort of *ex cathedra* way, but surely it is a reflection upon our intelligence and upon the efficacy of a university training to assume that the exposition of the ordinary affairs of the world must be

couched in specially interpretative language to make them intelligible to us with our peculiar point of view. We do not want to be "spoon-fed." If a university education has done anything for us it should have given us the power of interpretation, of understanding the significance of world events, and of making the necessary application of the lessons they teach in our own lives. What we do want and need are addresses by leading men on subjects in their own lines,—finance, politics, business, religion,—delivered to us not as students but as men and women who are intelligent and strong enough to recognize and grapple with the problems of the everyday world about us. Let us have, in short, just such addresses as would be given down town at the Canadian Club. We get enough of the musty air of college halls; we occasionally need a breath from the outside world to keep us in touch with life as it is.



### **Wit Run Wild**

If it be true that "true wit to madness is allied," many of those who try so hard to be funny on the occasions of public meetings may rest assured they have nothing to fear from insanity, whatever lack of judgment or good taste they may be guilty of. The desire of any person to brighten the dull prosaic round of college life is most laudable, but we cannot condemn too strongly the manner in which of late this desire has often been manifested. Whether it be due to mere thoughtlessness or to what someone has called "a perverted sense of humor," many of the recent attempts to create fun have been personalities of the most offensive type. That pseudo wit which vaunts itself in petty quips on the relations between the men and women violates every principle of chivalry and good-breeding; but more than this, it mocks and degrades one of the most sacred things this life has to offer—the mutual respect, confidence, and friendship of man and woman. It is unnecessary to specify cases further than to state that the "Kids' Korner" remarks at the last open Lit. were the most flagrant breach of gentlemanly conduct within the writer's experience of college life. But the "Kids' Korner" outbreaks are only one aspect of an offence of

which many others are guilty, even some of the co-eds, though it may seem ungallant to say so. As college men and women we pride ourselves on our superior culture, which, if it means anything, should give us an abhorrence for conduct to which a self-respecting day laborer would not deign to stoop. Is it not time we revised our idea of a joke and closed our school for scandal?



## The Sorority

Co-education has its disadvantages as well as its compensations. In the former category may be placed the inevitable discussion, by the college at large, of matters which, at first glance, concern only the men or the women alone. During the past year few topics have been provocative of more comment among the men than the latest addition to our student organizations,—the sorority. Perhaps the judgments of the men on this matter are not always fair nor based upon adequate knowledge of the facts. Nevertheless, we are social beings, and to see ourselves as others see us is often enlightening, even when disturbing to our *amour propre*; hence our attempt to reflect the consensus of student opinion on the sorority question.

With the sorority question in general, we do not intend to deal here. It has been effectively and fairly discussed by abler pens than ours. But of this particular sorority we venture a few remarks to indicate how it is regarded by the men, whose views on this matter are at least likely to be more or less impartial.

We believe the sorority is not generally wanted. Certainly it is not needed. Whatever arguments may be advanced on behalf of such an organization in other places, they do not necessarily apply here. Nor is the case analogous to that of fraternities. The men lack the social advantages of a residence, while Annesley Hall supplies the ladies with opportunities for social intercourse of the most wholesome kind. Under such conditions a sorority can only be anti-social; it becomes a mere clique, with narrow outlook and selfish interests. The instinct of self-preservation and the desire for perpetuation engender jealousy, suspicion, and often alienation of the affections of dear friends. Loyalty to the class, the college, and the university becomes dwarfed to a mean, petty, self-aggrandizing loyalty

to the sorority, while avowed or implied assumptions of superiority lead to attempts to manage affairs generally. We quote from an admirable article by Dr. Seelye, President of Smith College, in the September issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

“The members of the sorority are led to consider primarily the need of the little coterie to which they belong. It lessens their interest in communal life and their sense of responsibility which membership in the academic family imposes. The dominant ambition is to make the society strong and influential, and to draw to it those who will increase its power. In their rushes to secure the most desirable candidates; in their combinations to monopolize college honors, to put in office those whose eligibility is determined, not by personal fitness, but by society membership, the societies give rise to the most disturbing and belittling factions of college life.”

These are not mere fanciful nor theoretical objections. One short year has been sufficient to show all these influences present in active operation. Some of the results we see in broken friendships, class divisions, and the apparent reluctance of the charmed circle to mingle with the vulgar crowd,—such as might be expected of public school children, but hardly becoming college students. The sorority may have some real advantages, but do they outweigh the dwarfing of the individual and the menace to college unity that its presence has created?





# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

AT least two more numbers of ACTA will be issued this year. In order that the paper may serve its function of keeping our graduates in touch with each other and with their Alma Mater, it will be necessary for all news items of personal interest to our readers to be reported for insertion in one of these two numbers. A similar suggestion by the editor during the fall term met with a most generous response. Again we would call attention to the fact that the interest of this department for our readers depends very largely upon the graduates themselves.

## **The Class of 1904**

Miss Sydney Baxter is living with her mother in Markham Street, Toronto.

H. N. Baker graduated from Osgoode Hall last May, and has opened an office for the practice of law at 834 Main Street, Winnipeg.

Rev. C. W. Bishop has charge of one of the largest Methodist churches in Calgary.

Rev. G. K. Bradshaw and Mrs Bradshaw (nee Miss Florence Watts), are living near Burlington, Ont., where Mr. Bradshaw has charge of the Methodist Church.

H. W. Brownlee is conducting the Continuation School at Hintonburg, Ont. Hugh can be found at 339 Lyon Street, Ottawa.

F. S. Carr is teaching the young idea at Innisfal, Alberta.

W. G. Cates is editor of "*The News*," at Moose Jaw. Incidentally "Bill" runs the athletics around town.

Dr. E. E. Cleaver is at the present a house surgeon, attached to St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

Miss Alice Fife is living with her mother and brother at Kenora.

C. L. Fisher is President of the Fisher-Hamilton Company, and is located in the Union Bank Building, Winnipeg.

Rev. W. A. Gifford has charge of the Methodist Church at Sandon, in the Kootenay Valley, B.C.

Miss Helen Grange is teaching in the Newburgh High School, and living at home in Napanee.

Rev. F. W. K. Harris has charge of a Presbyterian Church near Peterborough.

Rev. C. J. P. Jolliffe is in West China with the Methodist Mission.

Miss Bessie Lingham is living with her mother and brother at 1 1-2 Delaware Avenue, Toronto.

Miss Mary Jeffrey is the Secretary of the Y.W.C.A., at Ottawa.

W. G. McElhanney is with a Governmental survey party in British Columbia.

C. B. Parker is teaching science in the Vankleek Hill High School.

Rev. Robert Pearson is the assistant pastor in the First Methodist Church at Calgary.

Miss Greta Peterson is the assistant Preceptress at Albert College, Belleville.

D. A. Walker is studying actuarial work with the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Rev. E. W. Wallace is another one of our members who is at Chentu, West China.

C. T. Ward is lecturing in modern languages at Wesley College, Winnipeg.

Miss Edith Weeks is teaching at the mission at Pakan, Alberta.

The secretary of the class does not know the whereabouts of the other members, but if such members would send their addresses either to the personal editor of ACTA or to S. W. Eakins, 408 Broadway Court, Winnipeg, they will be inserted in ACTA.

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## Personals

The following extracts from a letter of Rev. H. H. Coates, '85, M.A., B.D., came as words of greeting to old friends, and of inspiration to Victoria graduates and students generally.



Speaking of ACTA he says: "It is no small satisfaction to me to have this link to old 'Vic.' kept unbroken. Though the personnel of the college is constantly changing, the old 'Vic.' spirit ever seems young in each succeeding class. . . . The high-grade work, the lofty ideals of Victoria, and the noble personality of her professors and students have made no small contribution to the solution of the missionary problem in Japan, and the bringing in of the Kingdom of Truth and Righteousness." In the making of this contribution Mr. Coates has taken an active and important part. We can also assure him that Victoria hopes and intends to do still greater things in the work of which he speaks.

D. R. Moore, '02, who won the Political Science Scholarship in his year, after teaching for several years in the United States, is now doing post-graduate work at the University of Chicago. Mr. Moore is a candidate for the degree of Ph.D. in the department of English and Modern History, and expects to spend the summer of 1908 in research work in the Dominion Archives at Ottawa.

N. W. DeWitt, '99, Ph.D., has repeatedly distinguished himself in Classics since he entered Victoria with the Prince of Wales Scholarship in '95. After graduation he held a fellowship at Chicago, studied archaeology at Athens, Ohio, and is now teaching Greek in the University at Miami, Ohio. An article from his pen recently appeared in the *Journal of Classical Philology*.

A case of scarlet fever in the home of Prof. Langford has been the occasion of much concern for a few weeks. We are glad to report that the boy has practically recovered, and will probably be out of quarantine before this reaches our readers.

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### Marriages

HARVEY—BICKNELL—At the home of the bride's parents, Boise, Idaho, on Feb. 26, Mr. Howard Henry Harvey was united in marriage to Miss Lillian Charlotte Bicknell, a graduate of '07. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey will reside at Woodlawn, Chicago. ACTA extends congratulations.

### Exchanges

The following very important motion was lately adopted after long deliberation, in a mass meeting of the students at McGill: "That a student society should be formed which would represent all the student interests and control all funds contributed by the general body of undergraduates." This centralization of student forces indicates an attempt to stimulate the development of "that elusive something called college spirit."

At Queen's the publication of a weekly instead of a fortnightly college paper is under consideration.

The *Manitoba College Journal* for February is a class number. The words—and pictures!—of wit and wisdom, contributed by the various classes, make up an interesting number.

Queen's University has followed the example of Toronto in the appointment of a general Y.M.C.A. secretary. In a plea for the creation of such an office it was stated that despite the great increase in the student body the Y.M.C.A. meetings are not so well attended as they were five years ago. This, and the further fact that the society fails to interest or to influence the class of students for whose especial benefit it exists, leads the *Journal* to believe that the needs of the college Y.M.C.A. at Queen's has outgrown its present organization and methods of work. Hence the change. In answer to the question, "What is the function of a college Y.M.C.A.?" some thoughtful statements are made: "Is it not to keep before the students, in general and individually, the highest ideals and the true end of life, to cast about them influences that will assist them in maintaining these, to secure especially, that amid the pressure of college work, and social and athletic activities, the spiritual side of life shall not be lost sight of. It should, too, furnish a sphere in which students who are interested in Christian work may find an effective and well-directed outlet for their energies in work among their fellow-students, and so be trained for service in the wider life of the world."

"In the Winter Woods," in the *Queen's Journal* of Feb. 17, is the delightful record of a day with the forest folk, by Prof.

O. J. Stevenson. Field-mice, squirrels and rabbits are interviewed and written up with the charm and skill of a true woods reporter—though it should be mentioned that most of them when called upon are found to be “not at home.” The tiny screech owl and the great horned owl are alike subjects of gossip to this student of nature. He is on familiar terms with the whole relationship of wood-peckers, knows the nuthatch by sight or sound, can discuss the family affairs or the “family tree” of snow-birds and sparrows, and fraternizes with knights, cedar waxwings and chickadees. Besides chatting about the ordinary home folk the writer describes his dealings with some pine grosbeaks, the bird tourists who pay us an occasional visit when the winter is unusually severe in their great Northland. Altogether, any student-lover of nature who chafes at his present hindrances in its study—winter, and residence in the city—will enjoy this simple, uncolored sketch.

In congratulating the new ACTA Board upon their election we offer for their encouragement the following from the *Manitoba College Journal*: “For four reasons the student should make a highly successful journalist. First of all, he is in a college, in the midst of a life and work that trains him more directly for journalism than for any other profession, except that of teaching; also, he is in surroundings that train him better than any other school or occupation in which he could place himself. Furthermore, the college gives him first, the skill: second, the material; third, the principle he needs to make his college publication a highly successful one. The skill that is needed is mastery of English, a despotic sway over the mother tongue to command it in the purest and most vigorous essence, to make the thought master and not the subject of the language. Where is English taught if not in our colleges! Again, the material required is knowledge, the successful journalist is an educated man understanding the principles social, economic, ethical, political and historical that are working themselves out before him every day; the student is the one who has the pre-eminent chance of being educated in these things. Third, the principle is truth. A journal can render its readers small service with either lies or silence. By his whole training the student is led both to seek the truth till it becomes a habit, and

to be influenced but little by any speculation on how the truth will affect him." The editor goes on to say a few things on the other side of the question; much might indeed be said, in a general way, but each college journalist can be safely left to discover by experience those arguments which will apply to his particular case. Many—if not all—find a few, a few of us find many.

The first number of *Lux Columbiana* to reach us this year is now on the editor's desk, a welcome visitor. The familiar blue-and-white of its cover design is convincing proof that Columbian, the most distant member of our large University family, is not unmindful nor ashamed of her connection with Toronto, and what a few Westerners are wont to term "the effete East." Nor are we by any means displeased at being reminded that through Victoria the relationship of Columbian to the University was established and is maintained. Just to show that *Lux Columbiana* is "blue-and-white" in standard as well as cover design, we quote from an editorial: "From far-away corners of our new province comes widely varying student life. Crude thought comes with rude importations of 'Prof.,' 'Doc.,' 'kids,' 'suah,' 'goin' sum,' 'certinly swell.' Low ideals come that aim to be popular rather than genuine, and brilliant rather than earnest. Low ideals, that seek culture as a means of shirking life's humbler tasks. All these come knocking at the college door. It opens wide; refines the crude thought, raises those low ideals, inspires worthy motives. Any institution that does this, even partially, is building better than she knows. Out of the crude provincialism of a new country she is carving the corner-stone for an empire." ACTA extends Victoria's best wishes to Columbian, for success in this good work.



THE chief event last month was the Farewell Reception given by the graduating class to the college on Friday, the 28th. The Seniors were privileged to carry on their festivities to a later hour than is allowed to the other classes, and the function was none the less enjoyable for the extra time. Though nearly one o'clock when the gathering finally broke up, the students still seemed loth to go, evidently considering the time too short; the Seniors themselves, or some of them, lingered around the halls for another hour, till their farewells were cut short by the pleadings of Robert.

The programme all through was thoroughly enjoyed. Chancellor Burwash gave a brief, but interesting, introductory address. The musical numbers of the concert, a vocal solo by Miss Parlow, and a violin solo by K. H. Smith, were greatly appreciated.

As usual, the class history, poems and prophecy revealed, in part, the past, present and future of the class of '08, and were duly enjoyed by the audience. Unfortunately several of the speakers spoke in such low tones that much of what they said was lost upon the hearers.

A pleasing feature about the later part of the evening was the excellent way in which the promenades were run off, and the refreshments served, both being devoid of that confusion which has too frequently marred many of our receptions of late. Altogether the evening was a memorable one to the seniors, at least, and the conscious thrill of pride and unity which everyone felt on singing Auld Lang Syne, added another link to the bonds which will ever bind '08.

#### SNATCHES FROM THE PROPHECY.

"Yes, we've had plenty of adventure," Miss Pinel said, in answer to my question. "When we came down here first the island was inhabited solely by cannibals. I'll never forget our

first arrival. As soon as we disembarked, three of the belles of Galolo caught sight of us and we heard one of them say, 'Let's club together and have lunch, dear.' It didn't dawn on us what she meant till they started to 'club' together."

POSTER.

"Why devour your fellowman when you can get MacDonald's breakfast food? Just add hot water, and serve."

The natives have such polished manners that only an expert could tell them from regular readers of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

The ancients used to tell how Orpheus played so sweetly that the rocks and trees were drawn to follow him, and they say that whenever Miss Parlow returns to old Victoria to sing, the meteors and the Indian relics are affected in the same way.

(Miss Laird,—)

"I can rhyme by the yard or the Canto,  
In blank verse, or whatever I want to,  
But I haven't the power  
To talk prose by the hour  
As I used to do back in Toronto."

Miss B—n, '08, is President of the S.D.U.S.B.H. What's that?

The Society for Dissemination of Useful Sports among the Benighted Heathen.

[N.B.—We are postponing until next month's issue the revelations of the future of the men of '08.—Ed.]

McK., '09—I'm thinking of buying a pair of snowshoes.

S. H., '09 (glancing at the first speaker's feet)—Why, I shouldn't think you would need snowshoes, Mac!

Miss C—n, '11 (on the Rink)—Oh, I wish it would stay now and forever.

Prof. Lefroy (referring to antiquated customs)—I suppose if people had twenty-one days to think about it, they would not marry at all.

Miss C—ke, '09—Oatmeal always seems to me like Old English,—nourishing when once digested.

McNiven, '10—If I taught school I would bring up the boys by "lickin'," but I should bring up the little girls by love.

On the eve of St. Valentine's the male members of the class of '09 decided to give a miniature Mendelssohn concert at Mount Dennis. The ladies of the year were invited to join the party. The night was dark and the road rough and occasionally lacking in snow, which necessitated the muscular assistance of the able naughty-niners. Jammed tightly into a huge "dachshund" sleigh, the merry band bumped gaily along into the unknown. Mrs. Lang braved the storm to chaperone the noisy troupe.

The concert which '09 was billed to give had been widely and extensively advertised for weeks before. The church, which was the scene of the concert, was filled to its utmost capacity. and when, at the supreme moment, '09 filed up to the platform. it was the signal for wild and uproarious applause. The entire programme was indeed all that one could expect from so talented a class. The audience was highly appreciative and, as the vehicle drove off, a chorus of "Come again! You can't come too soon!" greeted the blushing amateurs.

The homeward drive was delightful, and was marred only by its hasty termination.

Mr. H—y (on the '09 sleigh drive)—Say, this seat is as hard as a log!

Miss W—m—Then you are literally a bump on a log?

Miss G—ge, '09 (observing a dray-horse)—What a fussy horse! See all his medals!

B-k-r, '08 (lapsing into a philosophical doze)—Pick out a good woman and then marry her daughter.

Connolly, '09—I had a funny dream last night: I dreamt I saved a girl twice.

H. G. S., '09—You ought to be an evangelist.

Miss G—n, '11—Teaching those Finnish youngsters will be the "finish" of me.

A-l-n, C. T. (after the first lecture in Christian Didactics)—Yes, he is a good lecturer, but I hope he changes some of his views.

By the way, we wish to congratulate 1911 on the "pin-cushion effect" of their shields.

Miss H—tt, '11—Let me see, what shall I give up for Lent? Ah, I know! I'll do without butter on my cake, when there isn't any cake.

The following are to be congratulated, being the bearers of Sticks of Honor :

Miss Clark, '09, Mr. Ockley, '09, and Mr. Miller, '09.

Mr. Ockley and Mr. Miller, who live together, are contemplating buying a puck, so that they may indulge in an occasional game of hockey, the novelty of their "Sticks" being still fresh with them. We hope they will not come to blows.

The meeting of the Woman's Literary Society was held Wednesday, February 12th, in Alumni Hall. The programme consisted of the final inter-year debate between '08 and '10. The subject was, "Resolved, That competition is more conducive to success than co-operation." The affirmative was upheld by Misses Baird and Scott, '08, and the negative by Misses Grayson and Jackson, '10. The decision was given in favor of the negative, thereby giving 1910 the championship for the year.

Two Political Science students blew into the Labor Temple the other day in time to participate in a meeting of the Cloak-makers' Union. On learning that they wished to get some information on the eight-hour day, the President asked them where they came from.

Ans.—Toronto University; you know, that plant up in Queen's Park.

Q.—Who is your boss?

A.—S. J. McLean.

Q.—What's the name of firm?

A.—Mavor & Co.

Among the brightest and most pleasant memories that '08 will bear with them on their departure from our college halls will be that of the farewell reception tendered them by the Dean and lady residents of Annesley Hall. The thoughtfulness of our hostesses was rewarded by the evident enjoyment



of those present, to which the tasteful decorations of the lower rooms contributed in no slight degree. In addition to the graduating year, members of the Faculty, with their wives, some recent graduates, and privileged souls of the younger years, were in evidence, all of whom were unanimous in voting the Twenty-first of February a bright spot in the college year.

The social functions of the class of '08 have so monopolized the local columns of ACTA for nearly four years, that we cannot forbear heaving an apologetic sigh as we record the fact that '08 has had another party. What occasion our worthy seniors had to regale themselves we do not know, unless it was that, with an abundance of snow and a full treasury, the time seemed opportune for a sleighride. What we do know is that, on the evening of February 13, strange, well-bemuffled figures, who looked like seniors, flocked into Annesley Hall from every direction, and that, presently, a large sleigh drew up and bore them all away. Beyond this we are sure of nothing, but next morning at breakfast, we heard vague rumors of an elaborate fish dinner at Sunnyside, verified by amusing snatches from after-dinner speeches, and were assured that the unexpected thaw had made it necessary to abandon the sleigh and make the return trip by car.

#### OPEN LIT.

It's a pity that we have so few Friday nights—else our social functions are too many. At any rate, Opon Lit. was crowded out to Saturday evening, February 22. There were the usual good-natured crowd, the usual indulgence in the joyous privileges of co-education, the usual mock gravity and sly playing to the galleries on the part of members of the House. The literary programme was one of especial interest. First, there was the final debate, '08 vs. '09.

The decision, carrying with it the college championship, was won by the Seniors, supporting the negative of, "Resolved, That an educational qualification should be a factor in the determining the possession of the electoral franchise in Canada." A duet by Todd Bros., and a selection by the College Octette, were both delightfully rendered, and Mr. K. H. Smith's violin solo was, as usual, much appreciated. Last of all, our

honorary president, M. de Beaumont, unveiled the '07 class photo, adding to the natural interest of the ceremony by a pointed, sympathetic, and inspiring address. In the business session, a real debate was substituted for the burlesque performance usual at Open Lit., the *casus bellendi* being a "feed" alleged to have been indulged in by certain leaders at the society's expense. Discussion was somewhat unduly prolonged for such an occasion, and the question was finally laid over for further consideration. Perhaps on account of the lateness of the hour "Victoria" and the usual yells were omitted when the meeting broke up.

On the evening of February 14th, in the College Chapel, Victoria, ably represented by M. E. Conron, B.A., and N. McDonald, '08, endeavored to prove in the face of opposition on the part of Messrs. Treleaven, B.A., and Rose, B.A., who championed the cause of Osgoode Hall, that there should be no expenditure of Canadian public funds in aiding immigrants into Canada. As was quite proper, our boys laid great emphasis upon the moral aspect of the question, contending that it would be detrimental to the best interests of our country, should there be a rapid influx of immigrants before we are able to assimilate them. On the other hand, Osgoode maintained clearly and forcibly that what Canada needed was population; and they dwelt more particularly upon the economic phase of the problem. The judges, Prof. Baker, Prof. Kilpatrick, and Principal O'Meara, gave their decision in favor of Osgoode Hall.

We are glad to say that the debate on the whole was a strong one. We are sorry, however, that so few of our Victoria students were present to show their interest in those who were upholding the honor of the college.

Miss B-b-l, '11 (after the Annesley Hall reception)—Yes, I think they're too strict over at the Hall, too. Now we had some of the loveliest cosy corners there last night, but we didn't dare make use of them. Cosy corners aren't meant to sit up straight in.

[What are they for?—Ed.]



## **New A. U. Officers Elected**

THE Athletic Union Executive for the college year 1908-9 will be composed of the following members:—

*Hon. President*—Prof. L. E. Horning, M.A., Ph.D.

*President*—H. L. Morrison, '09

*First Vice-President*—J. Pearson, '10.

*Second Vice-President*—J. C. Birnie, '11.

*Secretary*—L. M. Green, '10.

*Treasurer*—C. Connolly, '09.

*Fourth Year Rep.*—H. E. (Si) Hemingway, '09

*Third Year Rep.*—O. V. Jewett, '10.

*Second Year Rep.*—W. E. Wilder, '11.

*First Year Rep.*—To be elected.

*Rugby Rep.*—J. K. (Cassius) Ockley, '09.

*Association Rep.*—W. Vance, '09.

*Hockey Rep.*—To be elected.

*Tennis Rep.*—To be elected.

*Alley Rep.*—To be elected.

*Athletic Stick*—M. A. (Pat) Miller, '09.

*B. D and C. T. Reps.*—To be elected.

## **Victoria Ladies, 8 and 3—Varsity Ladies, 2 and 1**

Such were the respective scores by which our girls turned the tables on the girls from Queen's Hall in the last two hockey matches of the season, and thereby got more than square with them for the first defeat. As was mentioned in this column last month, all that the Vic. team wanted was practice, and they won the round from the Varsity bunch by a total score of 12—6, thus having a margin of 6 goals on the three games. The second game was played at the Vic. rink, and the third over in Varsity territory.

Miss Ross and Miss McLaren were the mainstays of the Vic. forward line, and did some very fast combination work. In the second game Miss Ross scored five goals, and in the last match she scored the whole three. Miss Denton also played a good game

The line-up of the winners was:

Goal, Miss Denue; Point, Miss Bearman; Cover-point, Miss Grange; Forwards, Misses Ross, McLaren, Laura Denton, and McConnell.

❧ ❧ ❧

### **Seniors, 10—Freshmen, 3**

The class of '08 have established the very enviable record of holding the inter-year hockey cup for the whole four years of their college course, and are to be congratulated on their achievement, as it is a very noteworthy one. From the time that they came in as freshmen they have been noted for their athletic ability along all lines, but particularly in hockey.

Once again it was the Freshmen septette which gave them the hardest tussle. Last year they had considerable trouble in disposing of the team of onety-naughters, and this year, owing to the sadly depleted condition of the last-named team, they were up against the class of '11. The final score was 10—3, and just about indicates the play, although, if the stellar member of the '08 team had chosen to let himself out a little more a few more goals might have been notched up by the redoubtable Varsity left-boards man. With Davy off, the result of a Senior-Freshman hockey contest would be very problematical.

The game was a fast one all through, with a lot of hard checking and a good deal of shooting. The Freshmen notched the first goal, but this awakened their opponents, and they came back strong, and the first half ended 6—1.

The best players on the '08 line-up were, of course, the old trio—Davy, Stocky and Oldie. They played good combination and shot as hard and true as they always do. But it is from the lower years that the material for the Jennings' Cup winners must come for the next couple of years, and it will not be out of place to mention the "comers" on that team. Reg. Gundy was as effective on the defence as usual, and Jack Birnie

showed his usual tricky form. On the forward line, one of the best was Livingstone, who will make a remarkably effective player as soon as he puts on the weight. He is a clever stick-handler and an excellent shot. Rumball and Wilder also did good work.

#### THE LINE-UP.

'08—Goal, McCubbin; Point, Sanders; Cover-point, Stockton; Forwards, Courtice, Oldham, Davidson, and Raymer.

'10—Goal, McCullough; Point, Gundy; Cover-point, Wilder; Forwards, Birnie, Rumball, Livingstone, and McLaren.



### Minor Matches

There have been several matches this winter between different years, courses, etc., that have afforded a good deal of entertainment for both the players and spectators.

One of the first matches of the season was that in which the Freshmen met the Sophomores and slaughtered them by the score of 14—0. It was a good game to watch, but, at the request of Lester Green and Jewett, the Sporting Editor is withholding further details of the disaster



The naughty-nine bunch gave the Seniors a much harder game than was generally expected, being defeated only by a 7—3 score, though even with Davy off '08 didn't let themselves out to the limit. Morrison, Baker and Manning shone for the losers.



Another defeat, although by a much closer score, was handed out to '09 when they met the Faculty of Education team and went down 4—3. The Third Year were plus the services of Jewett, '10, but even that didn't save them.



Political Science, '08, played a team composed of men from all the other courses in the year, and trimmed them 7—3, despite the fact that Davy and Stocky were absent. The Political Science team's victory was mainly due to the effective work of

the Editor-in-chief and Business Manager of ACTA, who put up a stellar brand of hockey.

[We wonder what "brand" the Sporting Editor was putting up when he wrote this.—Ed.]

\* \* \*

Philosophy, '08, and General Course, '08, played a tie game, two all. This match was particularly interesting from the spectators' standpoint. The feats of equilibrium and the balancing acts were particularly good, while the wrestling indulged in by some of the contestants to keep from falling down was also a feature.

\* \* \*

Political Science, '09, played the Classics students of the college, and were defeated 3—2. The stars of this game were the two goal-keepers, Fritz Moyer and M. H. Staples. By clinging to the goal posts, they managed to keep on their feet throughout most of the match.

[As there were no goal posts in the middle of the ice, the Sporting Editor's plight may be imagined better than described. Fortunately the ice was soft.—Ed.]

• • •

### **Another Coincidence**

The tale of woe regarding the fate of the hockey team does not vary materially from that of the Rugby team, and, in addition, there is a rather remarkable coincidence in connection with the outcome which gives some color to the theory that Vic. has often been up against hard luck in the Jennings and Mulock contests. In the Rugby series we were beaten in the first round, as every one will remember, by the close score of 11—8, the winning points being scored on a doubtful play in the last few seconds, and then the team that beat us won out the series and the Cup in ridiculously easy fashion. Now we see that the team which beat us in the first round of hockey by the narrow margin of two goals has won out the Jennings' Cup series, winning the final game against Senior Meds by the score of 8—4, and the intervening games by a comfortable margin. So perhaps there is a little of the hard luck element, but there is more than that

—the Vic. teams are generally prone to show a lack of training and team work, which would make the team a hundred per cent. better in play and more effective in all contests. Even those who are but casually interested will see that it is only by a very narrow margin that we failed to get at least into the finals into both the Rugby and Hockey series, and so, with the bright prospects of next year's achievements ahead of us we shouldn't feel discouraged. We had one winning team this year. Here's to three next year! But we must practise.



### **Victory for U. of T.**

As we have a brilliant representative on the University seven, the people of Victoria will be particularly interested in the fact that Varsity has, for the second consecutive year, won the championship of the Intercollege Hockey League. Laval and McGill didn't have a show with the blue and white's fast septette, and even the much-touted team from Queen's wasn't much of a mouthful. It is very gratifying to see in the papers that the Varsity hockey team is probably the best team, amateur or professional, in the world. They certainly won the City Championship with consummate ease, and the O.H.A. champions were beaten by a team from Queen's which Varsity easily put out of the running. It is easy to see why the 14th Regiment declined Varsity's challenge. So there is a good deal in the claim that we have the champion hockey team of the world. And W. W. Davidson's position as one of the best on that team makes it of peculiar interest to Victoria students.



### **Rink a Huge Success, Socially and Financially**

The annual meeting of the Athletic Union was held on February 28th., the president, W. W. Davidson, presiding. There was a lamentably slim attendance, and this should not be, as the annual Mass Meeting should be one thing with which lectures should not be allowed to interfere.

The report from J. E. Lovering, the Secretary of the Rink Committee, was presented, and greeted with the enthusiasm

which it deserved. Although a final report cannot yet be made, it is stated that the surplus this year, after all expenses are paid, will be over two thousand dollars. Considering the fact that there was no skating weather during the Christmas holidays, when the receipts are generally considerably swelled, this net profit is all the more creditable, and Mr. Lovering and the rest of the committee are deserving of a good deal of commendation.

The election of honorary members this year was much more successful than last. The following five graduates are now added to the honor roll of the Athletic Union: Cornell Lane, '06; P. B. McFarlane, '06; Douglas Henderson, '06; Homer Brown, '06, and Fred. E. Coombs, '07.

A more detailed report of the Secretary and Treasurer of the Athletic Union will be published in the next issue of ACTA.



### **New Alley Board**

Just as ACTA was going to press the alley board was hastily cleared of the shack and snow, and is now well patronized. The number of players only emphasizes the fact that we need a new alley board, and ought to have it ready for next Fall. The old one is in such a decrepit state that it will scarce stand any more patching, even if such action were advisable. This subject came up for discussion at the recent annual meeting of the Athletic Union, and a resolution was passed recommending that the Executive look into the matter of the relative cost of repairing the old board and erecting a new one, and act as they see fit in the matter.



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## EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR FOR 1908 (in part)

### March:

1. Night Schools close (Session 1907-8).

### April:

1. Returns by Clerks of counties, cities, etc., of population, to Department, due.
13. Annual examination in Applied Science begins.
15. Reports on Night Schools, due (Session 1907-8).
16. High Schools, second term, and Public and Separate Schools close.
17. GOOD FRIDAY.
20. EASTER MONDAY.
21. Annual Meeting of the Ontario Education Association at Toronto.
27. High Schools (Third Term), and Public and Separate Schools open after Easter Holidays.
30. Notice by candidates for the High School Entrance Examination, to Inspectors, due.

### May:

1. Toronto University Examinations in Arts, Law, Medicine and Agriculture begin
1. ARBOR DAY.
22. EMPIRE DAY.
- Notice by candidates for the District Certificate, Junior and Senior Teachers' Examinations, University Matriculation and Commercial Specialist Examinations, to Inspectors, due.

25. VICTORIA DAY (Monday).

26. Inspectors to report number of candidates for District Certificate, Junior and Senior Teachers', University Matriculation and Commercial Specialist Examinations.
30. Assessors to settle basis of taxation in Union School Sections.

### June:

1. Public and Separate School Boards to appoint representatives on the High School Entrance Boards of Examiners. By-law to alter School boundaries—last day of passing.
7. University Commencement.
12. Senior Matriculation Examination in Arts, Toronto University, begins.
19. Provincial Normal Schools close (Second Term).
22. Inspectors' Report on Legislative grant, due.
23. Model School Entrance and Public School Graduation Examinations begin.
24. High School Entrance Examination begins.
29. University Matriculation Examinations begin.
30. High, Public and Separate Schools, close. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months.
- Trustees' Reports to Truant Officers, due.

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# Acta Victoriana



Published monthly during the College year by the Union  
Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto

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**Vol. XXXI.**

**Toronto, April, 1908.**

**No. 7**

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## When the Prince Passed By

"HARK! What is it the people say?  
The Prince is coming this way to-day!"  
Quoth the beggar-maid by the roadside bare,  
"I will sing a song  
As he comes along.  
And twine these roses within my hair:  
It may be the Prince will find me fair.  
I have waited long," said the maid with a sigh,  
"To see the Prince pass by."

. . . . .  
A clatter of hoofs! a flash of steel!  
The sound of a trumpet's brazen peal.  
And the glittering knights, on their charges fleet,  
Came prancing along.  
A merry throng,  
The Prince in their midst, so tall and fair,  
With no thought for the maiden standing there,  
Whose liquid notes, so full and sweet,  
Were lost in the tramp of horses' feet.  
Louder the clarion trumpet blew,  
And faster the brilliant pageant flew.  
"He heeds me not!" came the bitter cry;  
And—the Prince passed by.

A. M. B., '10.

## Hewers of Wood

A STORY OF A WEAKLING WHO WENT TO THE WALL.

WALTER CORNISH.

**T**WICE the horn had sounded for supper, but still the knot of red-shirted men was tied to the quivering shadow thrown by the clump of gaunt hemlocks that Alphonse Tryon had christened "The Maiden Aunts."

A great star sparkled through the pillar of white smoke rising silently from the camp-kitchen to the sky of dark-blue, where a new moon dropped light on the crisp snow and squat shanties of yellow pine. The air was sweet as a nut; but Jack Cassidy remembering his hollow tooth, spat it out with a saying of impatience. And Happy Dick supplemented:

"Lak out, there. I'm pizened if this ain't the sleepest Cabinet meeting that ever gev me an invite. And onless you quit right now, I'm off to the cookery to toast my head: 'cause there's a wind ripping at my face like a stepmother's breath. Say, 'aven't you done?"

"Then ye bain't wishful of the honor of spokesman?" said the giant from the West of England, with a quizzical gesture.

"Sartinly," retorted the red-nosed boy, in sudden anger at being thus singled out. "Be-gosh, if you think I'm skeered of the chalk-face of Hector's dough-god, you're a blank sight bigger—"

To—o—t! To—o—t!

The wail of the horn triumphed over an undertone of suppressed chuckles, as the gang, with evident relief, moved away to supper, leaving Happy Dick speechlessly rooted to the spot, unconsoled by the well-meaning ministrations of his bosom friend.

"Dear Dickie," gurgled the delighted ex-school teacher, who had but lately taken to the woods, and whose virgin mind still revelled in irresponsible chatter and suggestions of backwoods daredevilry. "Dear Dickie, give me thy hand. I have some things to say. Thou art a smart coon, and if thou dost disappoint the assembly yonder, thou wilt bring the white hairs of thy servant to the grave. Dickie, give this man adjectives. Think of Beaver Johnson groaning last night with dyspepsia. Be an avenging angel. Think of Joe—"



"Stop your fool-talk," snapped the unhappy one, with a facial expression of anxious worry. "'Tain't that I'm afraid of the blamed lad. But it's the quiet, gentlemanly way of him that makes me kind of sorry for the crass fool. I tell you, Johnny, when I called him down yesterday morning over the milk that wasn't there, he just turned and looked at me with them big, solemn eyes in a way that fairly froze the words in my throat. Gosh, I felt like a penny stamp."

For a moment the listener looked thoughtful.

"Where did he come from?"

"Dunno. Old Hector picked him up somewhere, and brought him in on the same jumper that took Jim Pringle out. Sort of stray dog, I guess."

"Well, my son, if you don't make him yelp after the banquet to-night, you'll be a mighty unpopular man. That's all. Come along."

"But, say!"

The face of Richard was a study in subdued agony.

"Come on!"

"Say, Johnny, how'll I—?"

"Come on!"

The phrase cracked like the whip of doom, as the tormenting figure of the mentor slipped into the blaze of light which suddenly burst from the shanty's threshold.

Then the heavy door voluntarily closed, leaving the frantic blacksmith in the outer night. For quite a couple of minutes he paced up and down over the crackling snow-crust behind the camp, his hands agitatedly tearing the linings of his pockets, and his lips muttering jerky phrases, which sounded suspiciously like the rough draft of an oration.

Finally, he raised his head, took a long breath, a few hasty strides, and with his own hand opened the ominous door.

The big, rough dining-room was filled with rows of variegated humanity, intent on the swift swallowing of Tom Taplin's weak tea, raisin pies and stewed beef.

Now, whilst it is perfectly correct that any mild obliging Government inspector or benevolent minister would have discovered nothing but a pleasant glow of moral sentiment at the sight of four-score stalwarts wading through the toppling piles of provender, yet, at the risk of hurting the feelings of any genial romancist, the naked truth must be revealed.

A decided swirl of ugly rebellion flowed through the low chatter which ran round the half-dozen long tables, in defiance

of the printed cardboard, "Camp Regulations of Boothby, Biggs & Co.," hung on a beam overhead.

Ragtime Bob swelled visibly with moral indignation.

"Wot d'ye call this?" he appealed to his fellow-diners, holding up a sickly piece of half-baked paste between a grimy thumb and forefinger. "The biggest hog at this table, which is the wall-eyed Yankee—"

The gentle-looking man from Michigan dropped his fork in mild surprise.

"The wall-eyed Yankee," continued Bob, gleaming with secret joy, "never put his long teeth into such measly tack. If this feller don't get the bounce to-morrow, I'll tell Charley Biggs to his face that he 'aven't got a head big enough to fill a tin dipper. Sixty-five dollars a month for That!"

The remorseless finger and thumb shot out under Johnny Dudman's nose, which disgustedly drew back from the sticky morsel. Johnny was a Cockney East-ender, with a weasel-like air and a seventh-day partiality for cheap scent and gold stick-pins.

"Sye, you fellahs, ain't you going to kick up a bloomin' riot? This 'ere putty ain't fit for a dawg."

A unanimous growl of assent arose, and Mr. Dudman was proceeding to catalogue loudly the culinary atrocities of which he had been the pathetic victim for the past two months, when the chore-boy smote him in the small of the back.

"Dry up, loon. Here's Hector!"

The funny big man who had just jumped into a seat was capable of securing silence simply by the moral force of his fierce moustache. And if this had, by any wild stretch of imagination, proved insufficient to maintain the homage demanded by Messrs. Boothby, Biggs & Company, the pair of iron-rimmed eyeglasses, perched on a huge Roman nose, would have sufficed to daunt the soul of the most sanguinary insurrectionist.

Save for a stealthy whisper here and there, and a somewhat vicious clatter of tin utensils, a respectful cessation of warfare dwelt in the camp of Hector McFail.

Thus, it was not until the foreman began to pick his teeth that the faint-hearted Richard made desperate essays to rise to his feet. That he failed thrice was probably due to the soreness of his shins, which had been mercilessly battered under cover of the table. When success crowned his attempts, he found, to his unspeakable alarm, that the temperature of his face was swiftly rising to a Fahrenheit degree of slightly more than 102,

and that—worst horror of all—his tongue had unkindly fastened itself to the roof of the mouth. A tremendous subterranean thump, however, speedily remedied these little matters, and the soul of Cassidy promptly rushed into a terrific string of sentences which, in the calm opinion of Political Pete, might easily have proved the everlasting fame of a budding statesman at Ottawa.

Turning towards the quiet figure of the cook, but keeping his eyes glued on the latter's old-fashioned watch fob, he began:

"Friends-all-and-Mr.-Cook. In-the-hull-course - of - my-life-right-back-from-the-benefits-of - civilized-serciety-and-good-whiskey- (Hear! Hear) -has-my-duty-ever-been-so-onpleasant-in-all-my-career. If - everything- was -good-and-tight-we'd-live-a - life-time-and-never-yelp. But 'tain't! That's the thing of it! The pertaters is worse than shingles: there's coal oil in the bread, and Bill Murdoch has counted fifteen bits of rock in three currant pies to-night." (A voice: "Ear!") "And, be-gosh, we've all been chewing rag for a month."

"Mister Cook, I don't know who you are, nor what you are. I only know you're a blamed gentleman, and a blank sight better man than Tim Fossett,—(Hear!)—who's been sneakin' like a grass snake after your dibs ever since you hopped in."

The chore-boy glared angrily, but did not try to speak.

"But yez can't cook, lad. Yez positively can't,—for beans. An' you've got to quit! You or us. We wishes you to jump the camp. Onderstand? This is puttin' it rough, and it'll hew up your feelings considerable; but that's a part of the bargain when you go to work among the scallywags who 'ave put me in this 'ere—"

As the sentiment was evidently growing among the assembly of hearers, that Mr. Cassidy was becoming too eloquent for a purely business affair, a bull-necked teamster, who sat close at hand, considerately applied a pointed hint in the shape of a large brass pin, which abruptly finished the orator, and made the swelling neck of the infuriated foreman grow redder still.

In the expectation of a banner pyrotechnic display, the audience turned with interest to watch Hector's outburst on behalf of the *protégé*, for whom he had nursed some unaccountable liking. But the big man had not the chance to find his feet, or a suitable avalanche of hair-raising diction, when the quaint, lanky figure standing by the stove began to speak.

The voice was not ungentle, but calm and distinct.

"Gentlemen,"—a strange hush arose in the place—"I regret that I have not pleased you. On your behalf I have done my best, and failed. It was honest of you to tell me your wishes direct. I appreciate the spirit of your spokesman, and wish to thank you all, particularly my friend, Mr. McFail, for the forbearance shown to me."

The speaker paused, and put his hand to his breast, as if troubled by some physical pain. Then he went on slowly, in the calm and measured tones that a professor of mathematics might use:

"I have no desire to do anything save submit to the welfare of all. As soon as Mr. McFail can secure a fresh cook, I shall be perfectly willing to withdraw."

The voice stopped, and the man walked steadily to a bench and began to work. For a few curious moments there was absolute silence. Not a foot stirred. The muffled yelping of the clerk's terrier could be heard across the clearing.

Then a great jeering yell of spontaneous laughter rang and rang through the room, until every tin on the tables vibrated.

Tim Fossett at last thought he might safely give vent to his spleenful glee. Though, for some hidden reason, he dared not look at the fellow working unconcernedly in a corner.

In a few minutes the room was empty: in an hour the work for the night was over, and the camp began to lapse into rest. Tim Fossett extinguished every light in the cookery, save one.

"Good night," he said to the cook, with a tinge of malice in the tone.

"Good-night," came the abstracted reply.

It is certain that some very peculiar things were passing through the cook's brain. No sooner had the door closed with a clatter, when his blue-grey eyes began to shine with an unaccustomed glow, and a dark flood of color rushed into his mild face. With nervous restlessness, he paced to and fro across the room, eyeing in succession all its rude contents.

Once he stood looking, with vacant stare, at the gaudy clippings from past Christmas annuals pasted around his bed in the western corner of the room. There he remained for a long time, motionless in thought. Then, as if aroused by the last cracklings of laughter, sounding through the wooden partition, from the men's camp, he turned round to peer strangely at the tin clock ticking on the soap-shelf.

He seemed to be making up his mind to some action or journey, obscured by fitful doubts. Twice he drew from his pocket

a tattered letter, whose heading he scrutinized with anxious care; and twice he spread out on the bench a turkey-red handkerchief, whose several rents slightly displeased him.

After some meditation, he gathered together a few personal belongings—a jacket of mackinaw, a packet of yellow papers, old shoepacks, several photographs, a bottle of capsules, and a soiled apron—and knotted them into a tight bundle.

Then, with his thin fingers, he unhooked the hanging lamp, carefully blew out the light, and lay down awhile on the rough blankets.

It was unpleasantly cold when the foreman, being a mighty eater and a supernaturally early riser, thrust back the wooden catch of the cookery door. The faint lines of light slanting through the small windows made the surrounding darkness dense and provoking. Cautiously he groped around; but, in an unlucky moment, his foot struck a stray box, and down he sprawled in the jet-shadows, to find that his right cheek rested on the ice-cold, bony face of a sleeper who did not stir. Up he sprang, with hoarse, whispered imprecations, and fumbled in his pockets for a match. Only when he had lighted the lamp did he care to look toward the bed.

The face of the form seemed carved of snow-white marble, and oddly reminded him of an ancient stone figure stored in the crypt of the crumbling parish church at home.

At that moment his eye caught sight of the dead man's bundle. With a clumsy touch, not unmixed with reverence, he turned over its poor contents. When he got to the bundle of yellow letters, he sat down and read them through with slow and laborious care.

When he put down the last epistle, his eyes blinked redly, and a hard lump travelled along his throat. With a long glance at his silent friend, he saturated the yellow bundle with coal oil and dropped it into the great stove, to shrivel and melt in the rushing flames.

For a long time he stood listening to the roar of the kindled fire and the answering voices of the wind outside. The gloom lapsed into a shadowy light. The gruff grumbles of the waking men could be plainly heard. As if awakening from an ugly dream, the foreman sighed.

Troubled and bewildered, he again sat down and slowly scratched his head. Who the blazes, out of his hard-worked gang of men, could be spared to fetch a parson from the little settlement of Ridout, thirty-two miles away?

## A Review of Mr. John Morley's "Oliver Cromwell"

JAS. E. HORNING, '09.

CROMWELL has at last come into his own. He has appeared before us in many varied semblances, from blood-stained and hypocritical usurper up to transcendental hero and the liberator of mankind. The view of the event and of the most conspicuous actors was, for many generations, fixed by Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion. To Clarendon, Cromwell was a rebel and a tyrant, a creature of personal ambition, using religion for a mask of selfish and perfidious designs. For nearly two hundred years, this idea of the great Protector prevailed. It was modified to some extent by men like Burke and Godwin; then "the genius and diligence of Carlyle, and firm and manly stroke of Macaulay, have finally shaken down the Clarendonian tradition." But the pendulum swung to the other extreme.—Cromwell was hailed as about the greatest human force ever directed to a moral purpose, therefore, the greatest man that ever trod the stage of public life; he was hailed as one of the most prominent men in history, who, after overthrowing an old system of government, proved themselves successful constructive statesmen.

Where does Mr. Morley stand? His book is keyed above the tone and spirit of controversy. He aims at the clear sight and balanced judgment that will distinguish the correct historic view of that great drama and its actors. "History," he says, "is something besides praise and blame. . . . The thirst for broad classifications plays havoc with truth," but the keynote of his cool and dispassionate pages, in his treatment of the characters of the leaders of both sides, is indicated in the following sentence: "Just as the historic school has come to an end that despatched Oliver Cromwell as a hypocrite, so we are escaping from that other school that dismissed Charles as a tyrant, Laud as a driveller and a bigot, and Wentworth as an apostate." The book does not explain the paradox of Puritanism, which is nothing else than the strangeness of complete success, followed by absolute failure; but it does supply material for thought. It does not give a picture of Cromwell; but it does suggest peculiarities in his character, which go far to explain

his failure in every attempt to construct a system that should outlast his own life. He points out, for instance, Cromwell's impatience, which appears to contrast oddly with his tenacity in the pursuit of his main objects. His impatience made him throw away the one chance of conciliating that vast body of Englishmen who have always prized legality as the one security, either for freedom or progress. No doubt the Rump was a most irritating body; but then statesmanship is shown by not yielding to irritation. "Here we have the master-key to Cromwell's failure as a constructive statesman," says Mr. Morley, and here he is assuredly right. But if I venture to think Mr. Morley's final interpretation errs on the side of depreciation of his subject, I have come to that conclusion in spite of my great admiration for the book as a whole.

Of the five books into which Mr. Morley has divided his work, the third is perhaps the most interesting, as uniting the biographical and political interests of his study. Up to Charles' flight from Oxford, our attention is drawn mainly to Cromwell, as a man living in the midst of great affairs, but only indirectly influencing them. After the execution of the King, we think of him mainly as a statesman. Between these two events there is a marvellous coincidence between the thoughts that agitated Cromwell as a man, and the thoughts that agitated the nation at large. One-half of his mind is constantly employed in combatting the other; and when, at last, he comes to the conclusion that he will "cut off the King's head, with the crown on," he arrives at that conclusion, not exclusively on any well-ordered and logical grounds of argument, but, if an outsider may be allowed to form an opinion, very much as a parliamentary committee does, on grounds in which reason and prejudice, taken in its etymological sense, are mingled in about equal proportions.

Of the high quality of the literary workmanship revealed, it is hardly necessary for me to speak. Mr. Morley, is above all things, a stylist. No one can mistake the laborious care of his writing. No one can suppose he ever adopted Mr. Leslie Stephen's maxim, "To acquire good style, you should never think of style at all." Mr. Morley's style has all the earmarks of great care and labor spent on it, and we can never have it quite out of our minds; he has an epigrammatic power reminding us of Burke: we are filled with admiration for striking phrases, which are always forcible and sententious; but often he gives us a striking dictum or quotation where we want a

clear explanation. "Historians," he writes, "may argue forever about the legalities of what happened, but the two great actors were under no illusions. The only question was, who should draw the sword first, and get home the swiftest thrust. The game was a terrible one, with fierce stakes, *my head or thy head*, and Pym and Strafford knew it." Here we have sentences which mean something, and sentences which the reader will remember, but which do not, when carefully weighed, mean very much. The book fairly abounds in such sentences, which stick in your memory, and captivate your imagination, but are not always enlightening.

But Mr. Morley is full of his subject. There is a general air as if he were writing from a great storehouse of knowledge, of which he only gives us portions, and could give us much more if he thought it wise. And as far as I can judge, he has compiled his information from a close study of the original authorities, not from a study of the works of other men. Of course, only a close student of the period could be sure on this point.

I am heartily in sympathy with the two most sensible things which Mr. Morley repeats as his final comments on the proceeding, namely, that the King's execution was defensible, if defensible at all, as an act of war; and if Charles had got a chance, he would as surely have cut off Cromwell's head as he lost his own. As it was plain to all that there could be no peace for England till Charles was got rid of, it was perhaps for the best that he was got rid of completely and beyond hope of recall.

Mr. Morley is very well fitted by his experience to write on historical and political subjects. His intimate acquaintance with political matters and political men enables him to speak with authority on things which the armchair historian could only touch with hesitation, while his extensive studies keep him for the most part free from the danger besetting the politician who attempts to interpret the thought of past ages, while his knowledge is limited to his own.

But he also finds himself hampered to some extent by his mode of life, and one notices in him an inclination to regard violence offered to a parliament as something much more wicked than violence offered to a king. With him, the forcible expulsion of the Eleven Presbyterian members by the army is the fountain and origin of evils. "For the first time, 'Purge' took its place in the political vocabulary of the day. So now the army attacked eleven, and demanded the ejection of the whole



group of Presbyterian leaders. . . . When we think that the end of these heroic twenty years was the Restoration, it is not easy to see why we should denounce the pedantry of the Parliament, whose ideas, for good or ill at last prevailed, and should reserve all our glorification for the army, who proved to have no ideas that would either work, or that the country would accept. The demand for the expulsion of the eleven was the first step in the path, which was to end in the removal of the Bauble in 1653."

Is there not a point of view from which this is the very opposite of Truth? The removal of the Bauble was a direct attack upon an assembly calling itself a Parliament, and to some extent entitled to the name. "The demand for the expulsion of the Eleven," and even "Pride's Purge," were attacks on the King, when he could only be reached through Parliament. Nor is this a distinction without a difference. It is rather the very essence of the situation. "In every revolution, a concourse of many grievances and a co-operation of many parties is necessary to set the pace; yet in the English, as in every revolution, there was one predominating demand, which towered above all others—a demand for the readjustment of relations between King and Parliament in favor of the latter." (Gardiner.) To enunciate this doctrine was the especial merit of the Presbyterian members, and if doctrines alone were to be taken into consideration, why did not the turmoil cease after August, 1641, or why may we not praise the Eleven rather than the Army, "who proved to have no ideas that would either work, or that the country would accept"? The answer surely is, while nations are influenced by ideas, they are governed by men. The fact is that the whole civil war and the political uprising accompanying it revolved, not around the ideas, constitutional or otherwise, held by this party or that, but around the question whether Charles' character being what it was, he could be trusted to work out the reformed institutions to a beneficial end. The extraordinary interest of Cromwell's biography at this point is that, while his mind was spacious enough to take in the importance of constitutional ideas, he recurred at every crisis to the personal one as towering above all others. At one time he burst out with, "If I met the King in battle, I would pistol him as soon as any other man;" at another time it was, "We will cut off the King's head, with the crown on," and so on. The expulsion of the Eleven and Pride's Purge were means of reducing the King's power to do evil: the

removal of the Bauble can be justified, if at all, on considerations of an entirely different order. This being so, I reserve my glorification for the Army, which proved to have at least one idea which would work, whether the country would accept it or not.

It does not follow that I do not sympathize with Mr. Morley's horror at the employment of force. Yet it does seem to me that he has not rightly distinguished between the employment of force to crush the opinions or aspirations of large bodies of men, and its use to prevent one individual from exercising a baneful influence on the march of affairs. As far as the first is concerned, the doctrine that "force is no remedy" is a golden rule; so far as the latter is concerned, it is constantly set aside in the daily action of every state. Whenever a man is arrested, whenever a prisoner is sentenced to jail or the scaffold, force is used to render it impossible, either temporarily or permanently, that one particular man should use his opportunities for the injury of others. The Army did no more, when it set up the High Court of Justice which sentenced Charles to the block. Mr. Morley has rightly dwelt on the illegality of the sentence, and there may be much room for discussion on the one hand, whether Charles' conduct was such as to require his forcible suppression, and on the other hand, whether banishment or imprisonment would not have been equally successful in attaining the desired end. "Charles I. was remembered and venerated because he was put to death; James II., on escaping to the Continent, lost not only power but prestige, and it may now fairly be doubted if one educated Englishman in a hundred knows the date of James' death." (Gardiner.)

But, on one point especially, has Mr. Morley's clear view and sure touch failed him. His experience as Member of Parliament and Minister of State has led him to blame too harshly actions and ideas which seem to collide with Parliamentary notions, as conceived at the end of the nineteenth century. He absolutely fails to understand Cromwell's constitutional position after Worcester. His eyes are fixed only on Cromwell's action in breaking up three Parliaments directly, and a fourth indirectly. He says, "The development of the British constitution has, in fact, proceeded on lines which he profoundly disliked. The idea of a Parliament always sitting and actively reviewing the details of administration was, in his sight, an intolerable mischief. It was almost the only system against which his supple mind, indifferent as it was to constitutional forms, stood inflex-

ible. Yet this, for good or ill, is our system of to-day." Mr. Morley's idea that Cromwell was contending, in the seventeenth century, against the development of the constitution along the lines it followed during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, I regard as untenable. What he really did attempt was "prematurely to bring into existence the main principles of our present constitution, and he failed, partly because his attempt was premature, partly because he attempted to get his way by force instead of by persuasion." (Gardiner.) What Cromwell had to face was not merely a Parliament consisting of a single House, absolute master of the executive, but a single House, subject to no check of any kind, either from any constitutional body outside it, or, what is far more important, from the nation itself. Is it possible to hold that, in combatting the pretensions of such a House, Cromwell was acting in contravention to the spirit of the later constitution? Is it not a fact that, as soon as the nation felt itself secure, in 1689, it set out to strengthen the checks on that very supremacy of the House of Commons? Mr. Morley might reply, that the House of Commons of the present day is very much like a sovereign assembly,—it calls ministers to account, and, on occasion, breaks down the authority of the House of Lords. My position is that the guardian of the constitution is the nation, not the House of Commons, and the checks on the authority of a single House, which Cromwell desiderated, are to be found in the national conscience. The House of Commons is incapable of shutting up Roman Catholic or Baptist houses of worship, or of passing a Bill to prolong its own life for twenty or thirty years. Its incapacity, however, lies in the overwhelming resistance which would be opposed to such designs by the constituents of the members, with whom they are constantly in touch, and who know, through a free press, what those members are saying and doing from day to day. The power of rejection by the Lords, and of dissolution by the Ministers, are merely pieces of machinery adapted more or less satisfactorily to securing that the wishes of the constituencies are carried out.

If Cromwell had been able to secure this intervention of the nation, he would have raised no objection, as far as I can see, to the existence of a single powerful House. Cromwell's part in the matter was not that he was careless of constitutional forms—unless forms be interpreted in its most limited sense—but that he was inspired by the full constitutional spirit. Up to Jan. 30th, 1649, he threw his whole force into a struggle

against an arbitrary King; after that date he threw his whole force into a struggle against an arbitrary Parliament. The part was too comprehensive to be filled by any man then living; he undertook the work of two centuries, and we can hardly be surprised, not only that he failed, but that he was driven in his haste to have recourse to methods which were not only reprehensible in the eyes of modern politicians, but which raised obstacles impeding his own course. He attempted the impossible task in a spirit which even a constitutional historian may justly commend, though he may also justly criticize the means which the circumstances of the time drove him to adopt. His best epitaph, from a constitutional as well as from every point of view, is:

*"Magnis tamen excidit ausis."*

### **The Gospel of the Lilies**

YE gracious characters by God's own hand  
 Upon another page of promise writ,  
 Whose deep tranquility with joy is lit;  
 Like laughing eyes o'er all the quiet land:  
 Sweet flowers of spring that in your beauty stand,  
 Fairer than his array who, throned, did sit  
 On ivory, with gold emblazing it,  
 Which Ophir yielded at his high demand:

Before the drama of your quiet life,  
 Our restless spirits bow in secret awe:  
 For blessed moments we are freed from strife  
 And live according to our being's law,  
 Showing to eyes that may not view His might  
 Some softer glory of the Eternal Light.

M. E. C.

## A Sketch

"A. H. MANSON."

EVERYONE is familiar with that old-fashioned type of country farmhouse still to be seen on many a concession road in almost any part of Ontario. It is the kind where the house is built around a deep-set verandah; where the verandah is in fact, part of the house, not a mere cumbersome and unsightly addition. Such an abode was never planned by architect, for style and beauty have given way completely and unreservedly to plain, honest comfort. The material of the house may have been roughest, plaster, or just plain clapboards, but so long as the distinctive feature, the cave-like verandah, was present, the heart of the builder was satisfied. But this type of farmhouse was of a generation or two ago, and the present-day survivors are quietly making way for their garish red and white brick descendants.

It was one of the architectural grandfathers of the present age of house-building that nestled down in a contented state of partial decay behind some patriarchal walnut trees a short distance from a well-nigh deserted concession road in one of the back townships. The latest wagon track was, at least, several days old; even the road itself was only making a feeble protest against the riot of weeds and bushes. In front of the house a picket fence was slowly succumbing to decay and rot, and whole sections were ready to topple at the touch of a hand. Even the gravel walk from the creaking gate to the house was fast losing its identity amid the dandelions and grasses.

But the house itself presented the saddest sight. Originally it had been covered with a glaring white plaster: now, where the plaster was still adhering, it was dirty and mouldy. The door at the front was supported by a prop from the inside, boards covered the windows, and even the flooring on the cave-like verandah showed great gaps. Ruin and despair was written large over the house and its surroundings.

All was in contrast with a heavy touring car drawn up close to the fence along the roadside and partly buried in the tall weeds. The sole occupant of the motor-car was a man,—a man of about sixty years, enveloped in a long ulster and wearing a hideous pair of dust goggles. He carefully removed the goggles, felt his way from the seat into the jungle of sweet clover and golden rod, and glanced towards the house with a very perceptible look of surprise. He mused as he thought of the changes wrought by the years.

“So this is the old home, is it?” he said, half to himself, as he made his way towards the house, through the tangled undergrowth of the once prim and well-kept garden. It was very different from the time he saw it last; but still it was home—the old home—his home. As he sat down on the edge of the verandah his thoughts wandered. He recalled the summer evenings spent on this very verandah when the chores were done and the bars put up in the pasture field, when the family would gather together just before the dusk, and his father would read from the weekly newspaper, the *Montreal Witness*, of the strange world to him that lay over the hilltops. How he used to yearn to take part some day in that bigger life! What a name he would make for himself!

He smiled grimly. He was a great man now. Flatterers did not need to tell him that. He knew it. His associates called him a “giant of finance”; his enemies attacked him as a “close-fisted shark.” He had conquered the great pulsating world of finance that lay over the hilltops.

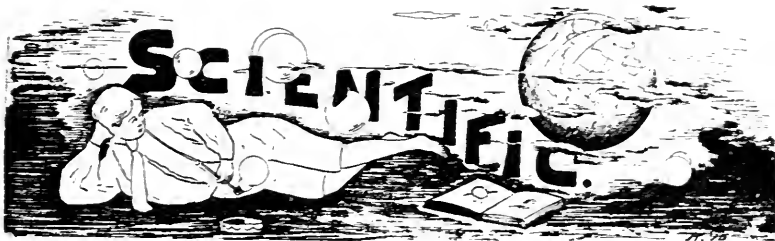
Often he had thought he was happy in an ambition attained, but just as often he knew deep in his heart he was not. He had fought his way to the pinnacle of success well within the doubtful ethical code of modern business. That did not bother him. He knew he was unhappy—that there was a craving he could not satisfy—a craving that demanded more the higher his fortune soared—a craving that fed on money-lust.

But now, within the range of the hilltops, and sitting on the verandah of the old home, he felt a quiet peacefulness steal over him. The drowsy hum of the summer afternoon lulled him. He began to live the old life over again.

For the space of an hour or so he mused. His hard face became mobile, every now and then relaxing into a smile at some pleasant remembrance.

At last the call of the world came to him again. The struggle for success had not been closed as far as he was concerned. He must plunge once more into the turmoil and strife. The past was dead and gone, while the golden future was still lying before him as of old. The fascination of the fight for a material success was stronger than ever. He must bid adieu to the old forsaken home and its memories.

A few minutes later a large touring car glided out from among the tall weeds in front of the house. The sole occupant was a man of about sixty years, who wore a long ulster. He was starting out again to conquer the world that lay over the hilltops—this time to complete the struggle.



## Our Heritage from the Ocean

PROF. A. B. MACALLUM, PH.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

THE history of the ocean is a question of absorbing interest to the geologist, the biologist and physiologist. To the geologist, it is associated with the history, on the one hand, of erosion and denudation of the land surfaces, and on the other, of the formation of all sedimentary strata. The ocean, ever since the first condensation of water on the surface of the globe, has acted as a gigantic solvent, and the salts it now holds in solution represent what it has retained after its action for millions of years as a leaching and filtering agent. The sedimentary rocks are thus but a vast precipitate from the ocean of what had been partly suspended and partly dissolved matter in it during the geological periods.

To the biologist, the sea is the original home of all life on the globe, and it was in the sea that the differentiation between animal and vegetable life began. To the biologist, therefore, the solution of some of the problems bearing on the early history of the composition of ocean water affect, also, the questions how life first originated, and why the differentiation occurred.

To both the geologist and the biologist, the history of the chemistry of the ocean recently acquired a new interest from the attempt made by Professor Joly, of Dublin, to determine the age of the earth by estimating the amount of salt annually added to the ocean from the land areas by the river discharge of the globe, and using this as a divisor into the total quantity of sodium chloride in the ocean. The quotient is about 90,000,000, which would represent in years the period which has elapsed since water first condensed on the rock crust of the globe.

It is, however, to the physiologist that the history of the composition of the ocean is of surpassing interest, for it may be

shown that all vertebrates, including man, manifest in the composition of their blood evidence of an oceanic origin; or, to state it more explicitly, the blood plasma of vertebrates, so far as its inorganic salts are concerned, is but a reproduction of sea water of a remote geological period.

It is this point that I wish to develop here.

The composition of ocean water everywhere on the globe is uniform. It is true that, at the mouths of rivers, and in the neighborhood of Arctic ice sheets, or where ice packs or masses melt, it is more dilute than water from the main oceanic basins, and it is further to be noted that, as in the Red Sea and in the Adriatic, where the river inflow is small, or none, the sea water is concentrated; but in all cases the relative proportions of the salts present is the same. The salts present are the chlorides and sulphates of sodium, potassium, calcium and magnesium; and whether the sea water be diluted or concentrated, there are, for every 100 parts by weight of sodium, 3.61 parts of potassium, 3.91 of calcium and 12.00 magnesium.

Now these proportions have been changing, and are at the present time changing; but this change takes place so slowly that it requires millions of years to make a perceptible difference in the proportions. The change is due to the fact that, while river water brings its constant charge of all the salts of sodium, potassium, calcium and magnesium, it is chiefly the salts of the first and the last elements that the ocean retains, and thus the sodium and magnesium have always been, and still are, on the increase in ocean water. The calcium, on the other hand, is very slowly on the increase, for, although it is added in very large quantities in river water, the amount constantly being removed from sea water is almost equally great, simply through its forming carbonate and sulphate of lime, which are insoluble; and further, the potassium is being continually eliminated by the sea weeds and in the mineral glauconite, which is being formed at the sea bottom along the margins of the continents. As the addition of the sodium and magnesium and the removal of the potassium and calcium have gone on in the past, as they now occur, it is obvious that the ocean was once less rich in sodium and magnesium than it is now, and that many millions of years hence there will obtain much higher proportions of sodium and magnesium.

This will make ocean water denser than it is now, and eventually so much so that it will be impossible for air-breathing



animal forms to drown in it, as is the case with the Dead Sea and other densely saline lakes.

Now, in the blood plasma of vertebrates, including man, the proportions are, with one exception, strikingly like those of ocean water of to-day, and this may be seen by placing both series of proportions side by side:

	SODIUM.	POTASSIUM.	CALCIUM.	MAGNESIUM.
Blood Plasma of Man . . . . .	100	6.69	2.58	0.8
Sea Water . . . . .	100	3.61	3.91	12.0

The difference between these series of proportions is easily explained. The plasma represents proportions of the sodium, potassium, calcium and magnesium which obtained in ocean water when the circulatory fluid in the ancestors of the vertebrates was simply the sea water of that remote period, and when the circulatory system was as yet not closed off from all connection with the exterior of the body.

When, later, the circulation became closed, the tissues, accustomed as they were to the salts in certain proportions and strengths, reproduced these in the circulatory fluid, and thus the latter has handed down these proportions, although the sea water has since then changed in its composition.

There are forms existing to-day in the sea possessing an open circulatory system, that is, one communicating with the exterior, and in which the circulatory fluid is sea water. Were such forms to develop a closed circulation, their circulatory fluid millions of years hence would repeat the proportions of the elements that are found now in sea water.

There is perhaps no more striking illustration of the force of heredity than is seen in this reproduction, in the blood plasma of the vertebrates of to-day, of the ancient sea water. How long the invertebrate ancestors of vertebrates had an open circulatory apparatus cannot be even surmised: but that it was inconceivably long may be gathered from the fact that the tissues in such forms must have required ages before they could become so physiologically fixed in their relation to salts as to reproduce in the closed circulations the proportions of the salts of the very remotely ancient sea water.

The ancient ocean has fashioned us and given us an inheritance in our blood which we can never dissipate nor alter.

The child who puts a sea-shell to its ear and fancies it can hear the murmur of the ocean still lingering in the shell is told

that it is merely due to the flow of blood in the ear, giving a murmur, which is rendered distinct by the shell resonating it. He does, indeed, hear *a* murmur of the ocean, but of the ocean of long ages ago!

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## Science Jottings

WE are pleased to offer to our readers an article from the pen of Prof. Macallum. Prof. Macallum is one of the outstanding figures in the physiological world to-day, and was one of the very few to be honored by the recent four hundredth anniversary of Aberdeen University.

Experiments recently performed with balloons show that, at a height of 14,000 yards, there is a zone where the temperature does not diminish with recession from the earth. This recalls former similar results obtained by deep-sea soundings.

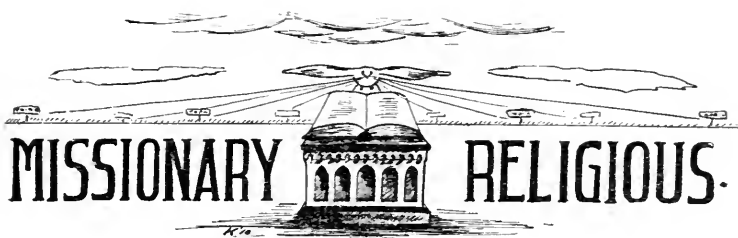
The *New York Medical Journal* recently appeared with an interesting article on "Circus and Museum Freaks." The article accounts in a scientific way for many of the famous freaks familiar to us in our younger days.

A book has recently appeared which has much interest for the student of science. It is by Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the co-worker with Darwin in his evolution theory. In this book he criticizes Prof. Lowell's book on "Mars and Its Canals," and takes the view that life is not possible there because of lack of water, vapor, low temperature, etc.

Astronomers are at present working on "Saturn's rings." The rings are turned edgewise to the earth to a greater degree than for forty-five years, and it is in this position that they are being studied. Astronomers have much better facilities for studying them now, and many interesting results may follow.

In England, women scientists are making another effort to gain admission to the Geological Society. Attempts have been made several times since 1889 to gain admission, but without success.

The perennial campaign against vivisection is on in London. Dr. Herbert Snow, a well-known London surgeon, claimed recently before the Royal Commission on Vivisection that, after thirty years of experiments there had been no practical results. Lord Rayleigh also was quoted as having been unable to point to any instance of progress furthered by vivisection.



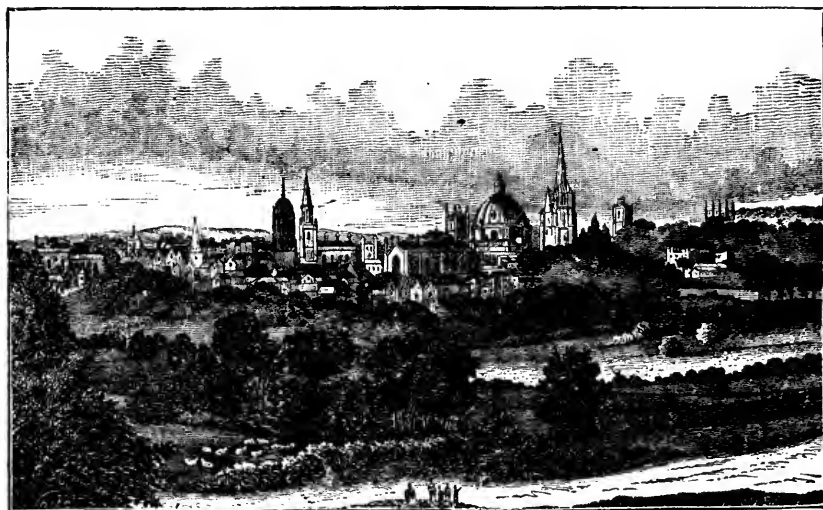
## Religious Life in Oxford

E. BRECKEN, B.A.

**I**F we would understand modern Oxford aright, we must first know mediæval Oxford. For there is nothing Oxonian, from boat-races to chapel prayers, that does not have its roots in the past. And to understand why the life of Oxford is so distinctly religious, or, rather, ecclesiastical, in form, we must take a hasty glance at the conditions under which the great universities of the middle ages arose. In an age when the culture of Roman civilization had been displaced by the ruder, if more vigorous, life of the northern peoples, the Church alone withstood the onslaught of barbarism, and became the sole repository of learning. There were no printed books, and the few manuscripts were carefully preserved in the monasteries, which afforded shelter to groups of eager scholars. Every monastery, with its common life, and bands of studious neophytes, became a college in embryo. Chief among the English monasteries were certain priories of the Augustinian, Benedictine, and Franciscan orders at Oxenford, in the upper valley of the Thames. Gradually these cloistral schools attracted students from all England, and even from the Continent, until they embodied in the scope of their teaching all that is meant by a university. But there was no secular education; all the scholars were clerks or clerics; it was regarded as a great innovation when, at the foundation of Merton College in 1246, special provision was made for secular students. Wadham and St. John's, Trinity and Christ Church, are all the outgrowth of monastic institutions. Even the more secular colleges were established with a religious purpose, as is instanced in the charter of Queen's College, which was founded by Edward III. "to the honor of God, the profit and furtherance of the Church, and the salvation of souls."

With such an origin, it is easy to understand why the life in an Oxford college to-day centres in the Hall and the Chapel—

the common board, and the common worship, of a united household. It is true that many prefer paying the fines to attending the required number of chapel services, and since the removal of the religious test it is possible to claim exemption on the ground of Nonconformity, but every morning and evening the strains of the beautiful English Litany float through the "quads," reminding even the most careless of higher things than football and lectures. The choral service in Magdalen Chapel, whose choir is richly endowed, is considered the finest in England, not excepting even the Westminster Choir. The chapels are the most costly and beautiful of the college buildings, and indicate



GENERAL VIEW OF OXFORD.

the mediaeval conception of the place of religion in a liberal education—a conception that might do modern education no harm. The centre of this corporate religious life is the old University Church of St. Mary the Virgin—the church where Wycliffe denounced the errors of his day, where Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer were tried and condemned to the stake; where Wesley, as fellow of Lincoln, rebuked the vices of a dissolute age. In this church, where the English Reformation was born, the University Sermon is preached every Sunday morning, and in the evening there is preached a sermon especially for the undergraduates. When the preacher is popular, as in the case

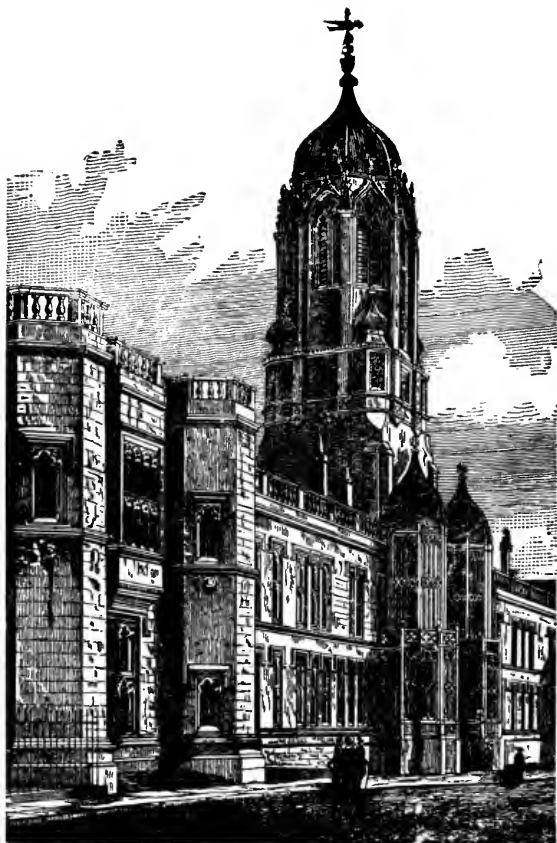
of the present Bishops of Stepney and of London, the church is crowded from chancel to gallery. But when the preacher is unpopular or unknown there will be but a corporal's guard to hear him, proving that the students do not attend from a sense of duty. In the Easter term the annual Bampton lectures in defence of the faith are also delivered in the University Church.

Yet, while traditional influences may to some extent shape the religious life of the undergraduates, they do not constitute it. Can the typical Oxford man of to-day be called "religious"? If so, what does he understand by "religion," and how does he express it? Now, this is precisely the most difficult question of all to answer. In the first place, you must find your "typical Oxford man." And there is to-day no such thing as the Oxford "type"; or, rather, the type is being submerged by other diverse elements of life in the university. In this stronghold of aristocracy there is a flourishing society of Socialists; in this chosen training-school for the Anglican clergy there are many candidates for the Free Church ministry. The revolution that is freeing Oxford from her mediaeval exclusiveness began with the abolition of religious tests in 1877, and has been further hastened by the influx of the Rhodes scholars. Oxford has ceased being an organism, and has become a microcosm.

Added to the hopelessness of determining the "type" is the fact that of all sentiments which the Englishman hides beneath his impassive exterior, that which he most carefully conceals is his religion. This does not mean that he is irreligious, but rather that his religion is too personal a matter for vulgar parade. "No doubt there is in Oxford a great deal of indifference to religion, just as there is a great deal of indifference to everything else. But, on the whole, it is a religious place." This is the estimate of Wm. Temple, M.A., in an article on "The Religion of the Oxford Undergraduate," which he contributed to the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* of last June. Mr. Temple is a son of the late Archbishop, and a fellow of Queen's, one of the most brilliant of the younger dons, and a consistent supporter of Christian Socialism. We shall have occasion to quote him frequently, since he speaks with the authority of an intimate acquaintance with Oxford life. "The main channel of religious life in Oxford," he says, "is not directly ecclesiastical at all: its outward forms are not so much the observances of the church or any other religious denomination, as social work, and critical discussion."

The societies which give expression to the religious life of the undergraduates are three: (i.) The Oxford University Church Union, (ii.) The Oxford Intercollegiate Christian Union, and (iii.) The Christian Social Union.

(i.) The Church Union has the reputation of being exclusively "high." Its influence is limited by the fact that its prim-



WEST FRONT OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

ary purpose is to hold together convinced Churchmen, rather than to enlarge its sphere. As an indication of the attitude of Oxford men to the National Church, may be taken the fact that last term, after a spirited debate in the Oxford Union, the house voted for disestablishment by a decisive majority. This, of course, does not mean disloyalty to the Church, but a desire to free it from State control.

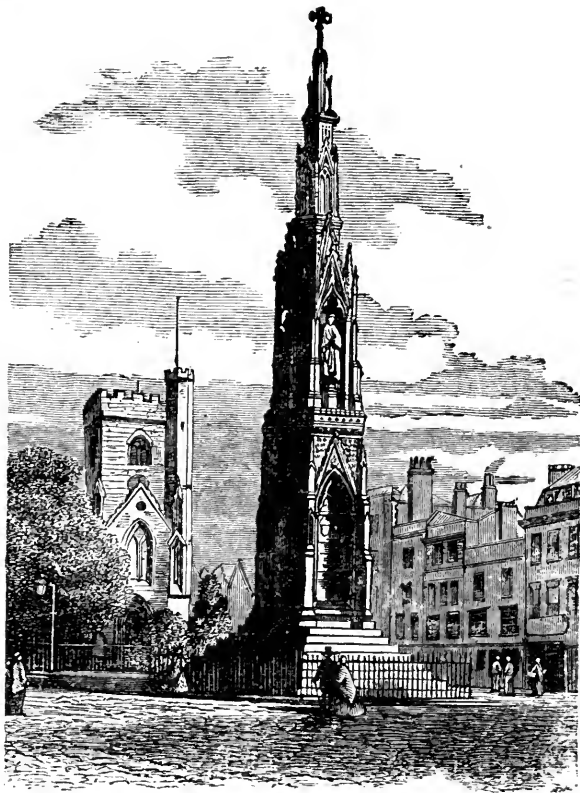
(ii.) The Oxford Intercollegiate Christian Union is un-denominational, or rather inter-denominational, in character, and its meetings mainly devotional. As such, it is not as yet an unqualified success with Oxford students; for, as Mr. Temple tells us, "the number of undergraduates who would care to join in informal devotional exercises in the company of any but their closest personal friends is very small." The O. I. C. U. is the Oxford branch of the Student Christian movement, which takes the place among British students that the Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. holds in America. There is a summer camp at Conishead, which is largely attended and has done much to strengthen the influence of Christian students in the University and bring Oxford into touch with the other universities of Great Britain. The main support given to this Union is by the Nonconformist students, and as their numbers increase the Union will grow.

The rallying point for the Free Churches in Oxford is Mansfield College, which was founded in 1886, under the leadership of the late Dr. Dale and the present principal, Dr. Fairbairn, as a centre of evangelical teaching and influence for all the members of the University. The Sunday morning services in the chapel attract a large number of University men to hear such preachers as F. B. Meyer, Dr. McLure, Dr. Geo. Adam Smith. In the Mansfield Students' common room after dinner there are frequent informal conferences on such topics as "The use of the Bible in preaching," or "The relation of the Church to the workingman." There is also a weekly prayer-meeting, with free discussion of such questions as the meaning of "repentance," or of "forgiveness." There is a strong missionary spirit in Mansfield. Though the students number less than forty, only graduates studying theology being admitted, there are six student volunteers. One of the younger tutors, Mr. Evans, M.A., was chairman of the Student Missionary Conference at Liverpool last January, and is under appointment by the London Missionary Society to go to China next year.

The Volunteer Band at Oxford numbers about forty men, who meet on Saturday mornings for a prayer-meeting, and then have breakfast together. There are five Rhodes scholars in the Band, and one of them, Mr. Moran, of Wadham (scholar from California), was leader for the Michaelmas term. The undercurrent of missionary interest that pervades Oxford was shown by two crowded mass meetings, one held in Christ Church Hall before the Liverpool Conference, and the other after the Conference, in Balliol Hall. At the former, Canon Weston, of Zanzibar, appealed for six men to go to Central Africa for the

work of the Universities' Mission, which was established by Cambridge and Oxford under the direction of David Livingstone. Before the term closed there had been thirteen volunteers. The spirit of the martyred Bishop Patteson, late fellow of Merton, is yet alive in Oxford.

(iii.) There is, however, more interest in social than in missionary work. The influence of John Ruskin's teaching is strong



THE MARTYR'S MEMORIAL, OXFORD.

in the University, and the Christian Social Union exists for the purpose of making professing Christians feel their responsibility for social and economic conditions. There are discussions of such subjects as "Child Labour and Physical Deterioration," "The Ethics of Wealth"; and members are encouraged to patronize only good employers, of whom a "white list" is published. Oxford men support and direct three social settlements in East London: (1) Toynbee Hall, which has no definite relig-



ious basis: (2) Oxford House, which is definitely Church of England; and (3) the Oxford Medical Mission in Bermondsey, which is frankly "evangelical." There is also a Mansfield Settlement House in Canning Town, east of Whitechapel, while Methodist students take an interest in the Bermondsey Wesleyan Settlement, which looks to the universities for workers. In the city of Oxford itself, one college recently established a boys' club in a poor district, and has made itself responsible for the management. In these institutions the dilettante Socialist has the opportunity of adding personal experience to a theoretical acquaintance with social problems. England is on the verge of a tremendous social revolution, and it is well that among her students there are being trained men who in years to come will from the floor of the Commons, from the editor's desk, or from the pulpit, meet the inevitable crisis with a sympathetic understanding and unselfish devotion to the highest good.

Perhaps the most characteristic form of religious life at Oxford is the informal discussion of individual and social religious problems, as already mentioned. Men meet in groups at luncheon or tea and talk freely and intimately of the deepest things in life, as they would not talk in a public meeting. "Nowhere is discussion so thorough as among undergraduates," says Mr. Temple again, "because they have tolerably well-trained minds, and no sense of responsibility to cramp them. A steady fire of criticism is maintained upon all possible theories, but upon none more unceasingly than upon the theories of religion. . . . Taken broadly, the result is a deepening of reverence and a widening of tolerance." This is true of the writer's experience in such discussions at Mansfield, and at the weekly class for Methodist students which meets in the Wesley Memorial Church. There are about sixty Methodists in the University, several of whom are local preachers on the Oxford circuit "plan." They are held together by the Wesley Society, and this University class, of which the former is more social and the latter more religious in character. But there is no constraint, no unnaturalness, no cant. The Oxford man is a sworn enemy to cant. He has learned to think too deeply to tolerate cant. "The deepest religious force in Oxford," to conclude with another quotation from Temple, "is the spirit of remorseless search, willing, with Descartes, to doubt everything that can be doubted, but proving its belief that God is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him, by its continued search and its resolute refusal to take metaphor for definition."

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## Editorial

### A Plea for English

"IT is a pity they use such poor words to express such excellent ideas" is the criticism Rudyard Kipling makes of Canadian newspaper men, after paying a tribute to their energy, resourcefulness, intelligence, and clearness of thought. Striking as is such an indictment from a man of Mr. Kipling's perspicacity and judgment, it arrests our attention, and, if we are honest, compels a reluctant admission that the charge contains more than a modicum of truth. While our best papers compare favorably with any others in the world in general appearance, moral tone, and as guides and reflectors of public opinion, it must be conceded that most of our writers lack the ease, grace, force and finish that mark the master-hand.

To charge our professional writers with being deficient in powers of expression is to arraign the whole nation, and, what concerns us more particularly, the university graduates. This question should engage our serious thought. Are university men, as a rule, facile or skilful with the pen? The answer is emphatically negative. The vast majority appear to lack both

the inclination and the ability to write well, and regard even the simplest composition as a real task. Many a time have we approached a person for a contribution to our pages, only to receive the reply, "Oh, I can't write; really, I can't." One would think, to hear these people talk, that the world of letters was a *terra incognita* to them. Such an answer might be partially forgiven in a Medical or School of Science man, but, coming from an Arts student, is of more serious import. Not long since, we asked for a certain article from a recent graduate, a scholarship man in the Humanities. Modesty may be a partial, but not a sufficient reason for his refusal, because, with an evident desire to oblige, he offered to gather the material and furnish the information for the article in question, if only we would get someone else to write it. Could an uneducated man have overheard, what a fine opinion he would have formed of the value of a university education!

The foregoing case is by no means exceptional; it is fairly typical. The question, then, naturally arises: What is the cause, and wherein lies the remedy for this literary ineptitude? The fault cannot lie entirely with the individual, or it would not be so general. The more probable explanation is to be found in the defective training, or, rather, lack of training, provided in our educational system.

Facility in the expression of ideas cannot be acquired in a day by haphazard methods or chance, so it is absurd to expect a student to acquire it during four short years at the university, when other studies make great demands on his time. Of course, much can be done even here, and the increased importance that is being attached to the study of English and essay work is encouraging. Still more might be done along the same line: but, after all, this is only poking the fire at the top. The source of the trouble lies in our primary schools: there it is the remedy must be sought.

In our public and high schools, of which we boast so much, there is possibly no subject that is taught in a more perfunctory and unsystematic way than the English language and literature. Legislators and teachers alike seem to have combined to render this subject the shame of our educational system, the former, by supplanting it in the curriculum by fads: the latter, by neglecting, either through inability or inertia, to properly teach it. As a result, the time devoted to Literature, Grammar, Rhetoric, and Composition is entirely disproportionate to the importance of the subject: particularly is this true of composi-

tion. Thus it is that so many matriculants enter the university with a knowledge and appreciation of good literature, and an ability to put their thoughts on paper than many an English common school boy could surpass. This handicap he bears through his university course, and frequently through his whole future career.

Our system of education has passed through repeated stages of faddism and experimentation. It is time that adequate recognition is made of the supreme importance of the study of our mother tongue. Some of our graduates will enter the teaching profession; all will, or should be leaders in educational thought. It is to be hoped their influence will be strongly and persistently exerted towards securing for the teaching of English a much larger place in our educational system.

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### **About the Rink**

As has been announced in the Athletic columns, this year has witnessed the wiping out of the Athletic Union's debt, leaving a large surplus still on hand. It should be no small source of gratification to the retiring executive to note the flourishing condition of the Union, and the increased interest that is being shown in athletics generally. For this prosperity they deserve the congratulation and gratitude of all students. Perhaps few of the men of the lower years realize how many of our present facilities—the Athletic Building, the tennis courts, the rink—in fact, nearly everything we possess along that line—are due to the energetic and persevering action of former executives. Many things which we think should have been provided by the college authorities would not be ours to day were it not for the Athletic Union, and the vigorous policy it has pursued in the past.

\* \* \*

Now that the debt is paid off, it is to be hoped that in the future the rink will be run less as a money-making concern and more as an institution for the students. With practically unrestricted admission, the crowds have become so great, particularly during the past winter, as to preclude the possibility of real enjoyment, or even of adequate exercise. We believe the rink should exist primarily for the physical and social benefit of our students, and as it is not large enough to accommodate more than our present members, some plan should be devised whereby

it may be reserved almost exclusively for Victoria students and their friends.

Unrestricted admission has two very serious disadvantages. In the first place, it permits the assembling of a more or less motley crowd, and the enforced association, in close contact, with many people who do not tend to elevate the social or moral tone. It savors too much of Bohemianism, which, while it may advertise Victoria, can hardly be said to exalt her prestige. Students are, of all classes, pre-eminently democratic, but this does not mean that we should throw aside all the barriers which private life recognizes as its safeguards; rather should our education incline us to greater care in our choice of associates, even if it be only for an evening's skating: but the present system deprives us of all choice in the matter.

The second evil is so obvious as scarcely to require mention. Our rink can nicely accommodate about four or five hundred. Multiply that number by three or four and it is apparent all must suffer. Fifteen hundred people cannot be crowded in the space of five hundred without a serious sacrifice of comfort and pleasure, yet this has occurred in the past. The rink should be first, last, and always for the students. Relieved now of the necessity for making it a source of revenue there is no reason why next year a policy of restriction should not be adopted.

\* \* \*

There is also another point to consider. In the past the excess of receipts over running expenses was applied to the reduction of the debt, so there never was a very large surplus from year to year. This was well and good, but now, without a definite demand upon the revenue if the present policy is pursued there must inevitably be large surpluses. All agree it is a very comfortable thing to have a favorable bank balance and to be able to report a large balance of cash on hand. As a matter of fact, however, large surpluses are opposed to all sound doctrines of public finance. They tend to looseness and lavishness of government and a lessening of the sense of responsibility. History is strewn with wrecks of this kind. Everyone has been rejoicing of late because of the generous gifts of the Athletic Union to the Lit. Y.M.C.A. and other needy institutions. While these donations reveal a laudable spirit on the part of the Athletic Union executive, and at first glance seem most timely, it would be extremely unfortunate to establish them as a precedent. If the other societies once feel that in time of need they have only to call upon the Athletic Union for funds, there will be a

strong tendency to destroy their self-reliance and independence, two qualities necessary for any foundation of real strength. Good feeling and friendship between the societies is one thing; interdependence is another, and likely to develop into one bearing the burden of all. Irresponsibility of this kind is often the forerunner of extravagance and weak management. We cannot afford to take the risk. Surpluses are all right in private concerns. Public functions are best performed by an attempt to balance receipts and expenditures as nearly as possible.

\* \* \*

Regarding restriction several suggestions have been made. In the first place, the position of Sec.-Treas. of the rink should be changed. Instead of receiving a salary on a percentage basis, which puts a premium on the revenue producing policy, let him be paid a definite salary independent of receipts. This is a necessary preface to any scheme of reform. (2) Raise the prices to all outsiders. (3) Exclude young children entirely. (4) From the hours four to six on ordinary days the whole rink should be open to students, say, two hockey rinks and the rest for skating. (5) On band nights and Saturday afternoons open all four rinks for skating. Perhaps it isn't generally known that the hockey teams are the chief source of revenue, and to restrict them would mean a serious loss. If the rink should fail to prove self-sustaining we believe we have a fair claim to support from the college authorities. In the past their policy seems to have been one of *laissez-faire*; we could do as we liked so long as we didn't ask them for money. Under the circumstances past Athletic Union executives have done wonderful work and deserve nothing but praise. But we do think that present conditions require a change in policy next year—the rink for the students, not the students for the rink.

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### A College Dining Hall

The announcement that the plans for the new library have been practically accepted is a welcome bit of news to all students and friends of the Victoria. In our next issue we hope to give a somewhat detailed and illustrated description of the building as far as can be given from the plans and specifications. Meanwhile we can only say that in every respect it will be worthy of its founder and of the institution of which it is to form a part.

With the practical disposal of the library question one more barrier to the long talked of residence project is removed and

the students are looking forward with hopeful anticipation to the realization of their unanimous desire for a residence. If the increased interest displayed on every hand in the residence scheme is an earnest of what we may expect to see an accomplished fact within a few years the outlook is very encouraging indeed. But this is still looking to the future, and in the meantime it is imperative that some temporary expedient be adopted to provide a common dining hall at least. The general advantages of a dining hall are pretty well known, but there are especial reasons why it is particularly needed now, why something should be done *at once* even at the sacrifice, if necessary, of considerable trouble and money.

It is a commonplace to assert that no college can be a real success, unless among its students there exists the unifying, energizing force of a strong *esprit de corps*. This it is that maintains its traditions, keeps unsullied its ideals, and serves perhaps more than any other one factor to prevent it from becoming a mere institution—a factory for grinding out knowledge. College spirit means college life; without it is no corporate feeling, no unity, no real identity of interests. It might be remarked in passing that a strong college spirit is not, as some people seem to think, destructive of university spirit. Quite the reverse. Just as no country can possess a strong national feeling where the ties of the smaller unit, the family are weak, so no university can be truly strong or united if unity is lacking in its constituent parts.

The means for the promotion of college spirit are various. Some we can see and know; the working of others are more mysterious, but one chief requisite is the assembling on some common meeting ground. To this end lectures, sports, Lit., Y.M.C.A. and social functions all contribute, and in the past when nearly everybody belonged to every society, any one of them was a sort of gathering place for the whole college. Now, however, due largely to our increased attendance, conditions have changed. Particularly during the present year has there been a very marked tendency among the students to break up into little groups, each more or less self-centred and indifferent to the welfare of his fellows. Such a condition of affairs is pregnant with the elements of disintegration, and is a portentous sign of the times. Already there can be noticed a decadence of the strong college spirit that animated the students of former days. If anyone doubts this, let him reflect on the lamentably small attendance at Lit., Y.M.C.A., the Athletic Union mass meet-

ing, the intercollege debates and games and every other function at which the students are expected to attend *en masse*. These are facts that cannot be explained on the ground of mere coincidence.

It is a truism that the process of disintegration is usually more rapid than that of construction. So a few years might suffice to destroy the ideals and college spirit that have been the growth of generations. Such ideals and spirit have been ours. What are we going to do with them? The question must be faced now. If a residence or dining hall would help to bind together the diverse elements of which our student body is composed—and we believe most emphatically that it would—and if, as many who have most closely observed the course of recent events believe, there is danger of our falling apart as it were by our own weight, and the next few years will be crucial ones for Victoria, it is imperative that the authorities take the necessary steps, even if they be only temporary, to provide a dining hall at least. Of what value are a few paltry dollars compared with MEN? Of what use will a residence be in five or six years if in the meantime the continuity of our existence has been broken, our traditions have been forgotten, and our ideals lowered? These are the very heart and life of the college. We dare not neglect them for we cannot afford to lose them.

Material considerations, though less important, also give weight to the demand for a dining hall. Not for years, if ever, has there been such difficulty in securing good wholesome board at a reasonable price. It may sound sordid to talk of such things, but we cannot neglect them. It is all very well to say we are here for intellectual development, but it is also well to remember the maxim, *mens sana in corpore sano*. For our physical well-being, exercise, fresh air and good, wholesome food are necessary. Of these, the first two have received some attention from the authorities; the latter has been almost entirely neglected. With the men the board question has become acute. High prices and wretched board have been the common lot all year. "It's time for a change" is the unanimous cry. They are looking to the college for remedial action.

The practical difficulties of the scheme should not be very great, nor should there be any serious financial burden connected with it. Once the dining hall were started it should prove self-sustaining. As we said before, in default of something permanent, a temporary expedient ought to be adopted, such as renting a number of houses near by, say on Czar St., or if that were



impossible, renting a dining hall on Yonge Street, fitting it up and running it with some regard to the comfort and general welfare of the students. The financial and administrative difficulties are not so great. All we need is the initiative and determination.

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## Lockers

Another matter of less importance, but none the less demanding the urgent attention of the authorities, is the installation of lockers in the men's cloak-rooms. For a long time the men have been agitating for this but have of late desisted on the understanding that they would be provided in the new library. It therefore came as somewhat of a shock to learn that owing to conditions attached to the deed of gift it is impossible to have lockers in the library building. The matter ought not to be postponed further. Too often we have been put off when asking for needed reforms with the plea that comprehensive schemes were on foot, in view of which it would be unwise to spend money on improvements that could only be temporary and might on that account involve unnecessary expenditure. This argument does not hold with reference to lockers, for even if they were installed in our present building and in a few years it was desired to remove them to a new one whose erection is still a matter of conjecture, it could be done with practically no extra cost, except that of moving. There is nothing about them that would be injured by removal.

The need for lockers has long been felt and each year the necessity becomes greater. The racks, which are at present our only accommodation, are quite inadequate for their purpose. Apart altogether from the opportunities they give for petty thieving, which has been so common this year in the whole university, they do not sufficiently protect the coats and hats hung upon them. It might astonish us if we knew the exact pecuniary loss caused every year by hats and coats being accidentally thrown off the racks on the floor. With increasing numbers and consequent increased crowding, the loss from this source each year grows greater.

Lockers would also be advantageous in other ways. In the morning students bring to the college books which they expect to use during the day. At present there is no place where they

can be left other than the tables and windows downstairs. This was very unsatisfactory, but now has become intolerable. Books become lost or interchanged and an endless amount of inconvenience and annoyance is caused the owners. With individual lockers every man would have a place for his own clothing, books, etc., for which he alone would be responsible, and of which he alone would have the opportunity to use at will. Lockers are not a luxury, but under present conditions, a necessity to safeguard the rights of private property. Between the college and every student there is an implied contract that it will protect his property while in it. Surely then the request for lockers is eminently just and reasonable.

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### **Editorial Board, 1908-9**

The following is the personnel of ACTA staff for 1908-9:

Editor-in-Chief—J. V. McKenzie, '09.

Literary—Miss C. Dunnet, '09; M. H. Staples, '09.

Missionary and Religious—Clyo Jackson, B.A.

Scientific—J. E. Horning, '09.

Locals—Miss K. Lukes, '10; F. J. R. Staples, '10.

Personals and Exchanges—A. L. Burt, '10.

Athletics—O. V. Jewett, '10.

Business Manager—F. C. Moyer, '09.

Assistant Business Manager—W. Moorhouse, '11.

Secretary—W. A. Deacon, '11.



# PERSONALS AND REXCHANGES

## Personals

A. G. SINCLAIR, '96, Ph. D. (Heidelberg), has accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church at Dawson City, Y. T. On leaving St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, which pulpit he has filled for the past six months in the absence of the regular pastor, he was presented by the congregation with an address and purse.

F. W. H. Jacombe, '96, M.A., '98, M.F. (Yale), was recently elected Assistant Secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association, and also Secretary-Treasurer of the recently formed Canadian Society of Forest Engineers.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Riddell, '90, B.D. '92, now Principal of Alberta College, Edmonton, paid a welcome call at his Alma Mater in the course of a recent trip East.

Rev. J. F. Knight, '05, M.A. '06, has been renewing acquaintances around the halls.

J. W. Miller, '04, B.D. '07, is spending a few weeks at Victoria since his return from Glasgow.

The announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss May L. Scott, Vesta, Minn., to Arthur R. Ford, city editor of *Winnipeg Telegram*. The marriage will likely take place in the fall. Mr. Ford is a graduate of '03 and was prominent in college circles of a few years ago, being President of the Athletic Union in his final year.

Several important changes were made at a recent Board Meeting.

Rev. J. W. Graham, acting Secretary of Education, was added to the board, as was also Dr. Addison.

N. W. DeWitt, '99, Ph. D., of whose excellent work mention was made in our last issue, was appointed to the chair of Ancient History, to succeed Dr. Bain.

Rev. A. P. Misener, '00, M.A. '01, B.D., formerly lecturer in Semitics, was made associate professor in that department.

M. St. Elm de Champ was appointed lecturer in French.

His friends of '07 will be glad to learn that F. B. Owen has been appointed to the College staff as Lecturer in German. In

pursuance of his appointment, he has left (Friday, April 17th) for a summer's study in Germany, and will return in the fall to take up his duties on the staff.

W. K. Fraser, of University College, a son of Professor Fraser of the University, has been chosen as the Rhodes Scholar for the present year.

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## Exchanges

The students of Manitoba College are following our action of last year in the amalgamation of the executive council of the Students' Mass Meeting with that of the Literary Society. Henceforth all college business conducted by the students, except the direction of athletics, will be done in the Lit.

Wesley College, Winnipeg, is about to begin the erection of a Ladies' College in connection with the University.

Rev. Howard Sprague, M.A., D.D., pastor of Centenary Church, St. John, N.B., has been chosen to succeed the late Rev. Dr. Paisely as Dean of the Faculty of Theology in Mt. Allison University.

### "FANCY VERSUS JUDGMENT."

"There are students who, in their intellectual work, exercise more what we may call the fancy than the other powers of the mind. More or less contemptuous as to their class manuals and their class tasks, they engage in a number of minor, but more attractive investigations. None, apparently, are more busy, and more studious, and none bear more jauntily the self-awarded diplomas of a vast erudition. Yet the show of learning will not bear close inspection. No crop can be gathered where there is no proper tilling, seeding and cultivation of the ground. Students make a mistake when they hurry through their exercises without revising them: when, in the lecture-room, they give themselves to vague reverie instead of being alert and attentive. Such students may get into a lazy habit of stopping at and noting things that strike or startle them; they may be satisfied with what amuses, pleases, attracts them, and they may think it is all right, and that nothing more is necessary. Yet they are using only their fancy, developing only a side of their mind, in perhaps the least perfect way they can . . . Things differ with the student who uses his judgment. He makes it his first and capital duty, in sporting parlance, to tackle the subjects

marked in the curriculum for his form. He tackles them all, and he tackles them low; that is, he goes beneath the surface ideas. He observes carefully, examines actively, compares judiciously, verifies strictly. He renders no verdict until he has thoroughly mastered the chosen subject by means of study and concentrated thought. Students of this sort are rare, but they need little surveillance and little urging. Their progress toward the beacon of true learning, at first sure, by-and-by becomes rapid."—"Univ. of Ottawa Review."

The *McMaster Monthly*, always bright and attractive, is becoming a magazine of more than local interest. "Recent Canadian Poetry" in the February and March numbers is full of choice quotations and apt criticism of the recent work of Ethelwyn Wetherald, Robert W. Service and Mrs. M. A. Maitland. The article is fresh and inspiring. "Henry David Thoreau," beginning in the March number, is a personal sketch of the life and teaching of that well-known philosopher and man of letters. Short stories, travel sketches and the usual college news and discussion of college questions make up a magazine that is at once an accurate reflection of life and thought at McMaster, and a real addition to current literature.

#### UNDERGRADUATE NARROW-MINDEDNESS.

One of the most pitiful faults of the Harvard undergraduate is his narrow-mindedness. I do not mean narrow-minded in the technical sense, but simply the unwillingness to believe that any point of view, other than one's own, is worth consideration. Most men enter college with a certain fixed code of what they approve and disapprove, and whomever they are thrown into contact with, they damn or sanction accordingly. We take little pains to ascertain or measure the real quality of men different from ourselves, and are much too apt to form our opinions hastily. It is surprising how often two men, both admirable types, who, if they really understood, or tried to understand each other, would be the best of friends,—are estranged by laziness and a few superficial differences. Each man thereby loses an enormous opportunity for broadening himself. Opinions should not be swords with which to ward off possible modifiers. If a man's opinions do not change from year to year, it is pretty likely that they are already dead and rotting.

There is room in the modern world for all sorts and conditions of men, and because A is a good fellow and a Republican

it does not follow that B, who is a Democrat, is a fool. If the undergraduate could only realize that it is not weak to change his point of view when he has found a better one, and that the man who is in reality the master of the situation is the man who has an inquisitive and serious attitude toward the views and personalities of others, even when they conflict with his own!

To lose oneself in the general mass and multitude of men, and to feel a fundamental, underlying basis of passionate sympathy with all human modes of emotion, is the only way to find one's best individuality.—*Harvard Monthly*.

"Notes from Oxford" written for *The Acadia Athenaeum*, by a Rhodes scholar from Acadia, is the most interesting account of student life at Oxford that we have seen in an exchange.

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The Ladies' Department in *Manitoba College Journal* furnishes the latest literary freak, in the form of an attempt to show how Wordsworth, Tennyson and Milton, respectively, would have written the story of Jack and Jill. Since reading it we have forsworn limericks entirely:

"Wordsworth, his heart touched by the rustic pathos of the story, might have written:

' There dwelt within a humble cot,  
Beside a towering hill,  
A farmer lad whose name was Jack  
And his loved sister Jill.

One day they wandered forth full gay  
To find a mountain rill,  
At eventide they made their graves  
By that unfriendly hill !'

Tennyson, too, would have sighed as he wrote:

Rich sunshine fills the vales and hills,  
Two tender children, girl and brother,  
Start out to bring from the high spring  
A cup of water for their mother.  
O hie, children, hie! they hear her faint voice crying;  
Yes, mother, yes! the children answer, hieing, hieing,  
hieing!

Oh Fate! oh Death! they feel thy breath!

For as they climb the rocky slope,  
The brother slips, the sister trips,

And shattered is the mother's hope!

Come, children, come, her faint voice still is crying;

Come, children, come! the echoes answer dying, dying,  
dying!

And the mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies, with his organ voice, would have rolled forth:

“Of Jack's great fall from that high eminence—

From which fell also his loved sister, Jill,

While they were climbing upward to a spring,

From which they thought to quench their raging thirst—

Of this great fall from lofty place and great,

Sing, oh, my muse, and let the heavens be mute!”

# AD AMICUM.

“At one dear knee we proffer'd vows.”—*Tennyson*.

Do I remember? how can I forget  
The dear dark hills which knew me, whom I knew;  
The splash of streams at morn, the beaded dew,  
And all the natural miracle that you  
And I with you had watched in earlier days,  
Ere in Time's garden we had gathered rue  
Of sundered lives and our divided ways.

Divided ways! but Time shall not beget  
Division of our hearts, if we be true  
To those old visions, nor no fire of fate  
Consume the bands that bind us being two,  
But of one mind; and whether skies be blue,  
Or whether dark: through good hap or through ill,  
Each new day's dawn our compact shall renew.  
And childhood's memories keep us faithful still.”

—*The Student*.



THE Annual Senior Dinner held on the evening of March 6th was a fitting climax to the round of social functions of the present college year. All things being considered, the Dinner was a complete success and reflected much credit on the Committee which had it in charge.

Those who were entrusted with the sale of tickets feared for a time that the much-talked-of stringency in the money market had become localized in our College, but as the hour drew nigh college spirit triumphed over such obstacles, and the number that finally gathered to bid farewell to the graduating class was larger than in any previous year. Of course, the Seniors were all there; the Juniors proved excellent hosts; the Freshmen are always present at a college function, and this year the Sophomores broke all previous records, marshalling for the occasion the goodly number of forty.

The speeches of the evening were of a high standard of merit and were noticeably shorter than usual. Some were witty and raucy, others earnest and thoughtful, and it has been a matter of idle curiosity since whether Mr. C. M. Wright, '08, in proposing the toast to the ladies was quite serious in all he said. The Senior Dinner Song, an ebullition from the pen of J. L. Rutledge, B.A., was well rendered by F. J. R. Staples, '10, and was accorded a splendid reception. The choruses provided by the different years and generously interspersed throughout the programme served to enliven the proceedings, those of the Third Year being especially appreciated.

A very pleasing feature of the evening was the first appearance in our midst of the recently elected head of our University, President Falconer. During his term of office President Falconer, by his strong, winning personality and his sympathy and interest in all student affairs has won the utmost respect and admiration of the student body of Toronto University, and his presence added much to the general interest and appreciation of the dinner.

Prof. A. R. Bain, LL.D., was the guest of honor of the evening in view of the fact that he is entering his fiftieth year of



service to the college. From his long experience and intimate association with the history of our College, he was able to give a very interesting *résumé* of its growth and expansion from the time of its early Cobourg days.

Space does not permit any detailed account of the several speeches to the different toasts. Below we give a few quotations, picked up here and there during the evening:

Principal Hutton—I never object to being introduced as the “polished head” of the University.

“Rejoice, O young men of Victoria, in the co-education of your University!”

“The professors cannot be distinguished from so many policemen.”

C. M. Wright, '08 (proposing toast to the ladies)—After all, about half of a man's life is a woman, and, alas! in some cases more than half.

“He who would understand woman is face to face with the sphinx—sphinx-like in all save silence.”

J. E. Brownlee, '08—By education we mean either that we know a subject ourselves or that we know where to get a great deal of information on a subject.

“To cultivate the body of an athlete with the soul of a sage should be the aim of the college man.”

E. H. Ley, '08—Here at college we make friends who will stick to us through life.

[We would like to quote some of the classical parts of Principal Hutton's speech if we could; and some of the classical parts of President Miller's speech, if we dared.—Ed.]

Miss C—ke, '09 (to a Freshie who had been plugging for a Religious Knowledge exam.)—Say, I can see the five gospels fairly sticking out of your eyes.

St—s, '10 (modestly)—Two or three girls asked me to stay with them on the next Glee Club trip.

Miss L—, '11—I think Mr. Br—ee must have a lot of memorizing to do; he looks round the library so much!

Miss L—, '10—Well, if our pin is so inferior, why don't you wear your own?

Miss M—er, '11—Oh, I left it in Ottawa.

Miss S—n, '11—But you said he sent it back!

Photographer (to Senior Dinner Committee)—Do you want head and shoulders only?

M—r, '09—Oh, yes, I haven't shined my shoes.

Miss L—, '08—Next year when Mr. M— is leading the Bible class I can imagine I hear him say, "Oh, yes, that reminds me of a story away back in Genesis."

At Eaton's: Miss G.—What are you buying?

Miss M.—Nothing; I'm just shopping.

G—n, '09—If the girls do the arranging of partners for the Senior Dinner, I'll have to take three or four.

St—le, '08—One thing has impressed me all through my college course. When I attended my first Anti-Bob meeting I was told that ——— was the best-looking man of the year. It struck me as so funny that I have never forgotten it.

Miss L—, '11—What course is Miss G— taking?

Pedagogy.

Miss L.—Has that anything to do with feet?

The following was discovered on the autograph page of a Senior Dinner menu:

Our eyes have met,  
Our lips not yet.  
Here's hoping.

Miss L—, '11—Where is Jerusalem? In Egypt?

E—ge, '09—Isn't Miss H—l—d the occasional student at the S. P. S.?

The following report was received from one of the measles patients at the hall:

A.M.—White with red spots.

P.M.—Red with white spots.

Judging from the following poem, the learning and wit of the Senior Dinner speeches were not fully appreciated:

Freshmen are asleep,  
Sophs were in a daze,  
Juniors were resigned,  
Seniors were composed.  
Toasts were long  
Jokes were few,  
Speakers many.  
Big menu!

It was told on good authority that Ap—th spent his time during the lecture at Lit. a few weeks ago looking at the Buster Brown page of *The Star*. Fie!

Miss B— '09 (absently contemplating a laundry sign)—Sam Wo,—in other words, Where is Sam?

Freshman—Where do we write our Religious Knowledge?

In the Chapel.

Freshman—Well, do we write with our paper on our knees?

No, the theologs have to kneel down and write on the benches.

The motto at Annesley just now is, "Don't get rash!"

To Freshette—So you got measles teaching the Finns, did you?

Freshette—Oh, no! Several men at the College have measles.

The following is a copy of an epistle received by the vice-president of the First Year:

"Dear Madam.—On receipt of the accompanying confection, please favor the undersigned with desirable partners for the approaching festivity known as the Senior Dinner. Yours sincerely, —, '11."

Dr. Edgar (to crowd of Freshettes)—What are you going to do?

Freshette—Practice Senior Dinner songs.

Dr. E.—Well, don't sing near me.

At the '09 election to Torontonensis Board Miss Birnie and W. P. Clement were the victims. It looks like a straight ticket.

Clerk at the "Elm"—This meal ticket is no good; it should have been used last week.

M—l—er, '09—Well, that's all right; the meals should have, too.

The last meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held in Alumni Hall on March 18. The meeting was well attended, as all the undergraduates were anxious to benefit by the words of advice which custom has established must be given by the Seniors on that occasion.

The programme consisted entirely of the speeches by the members of the graduating class. They were all interesting and entertaining, and caused each undergraduate to look ahead to the time when they would be uttering similar words under like circumstances.

Miss Scott, '08, presented a picture of McWhirter's Lake Como to the undergraduate years, on behalf of the graduating year, for which the former expressed hearty appreciation.

After an excellent speech from the President, refreshments were served. The meeting was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the usual Victoria class and college yells.

Miss Laird, '08, gave us the following poem by way of her farewell speech, and it certainly seemed suitable that her leave-taking should be in verse:

(With Apologies to Kipling.)

When the last exam. is over and the pens are cleaned and dried,  
While the profs. are correcting the papers of all the poor saints  
who tried,

We shall rest, and faith we shall need it, sleep for a week or two,  
Until at the Convocation they give unto each her due.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall wear a B.A.  
hood,

They shall talk in Greek and Latin as never the Ancients could;  
They shall go to the faculty dinner, with profs. both great and  
small;

They shall smile all thro' the dinner and never be tired at all—  
And everyone then shall praise us, and no one at all will blame—  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for  
fame—

But each for the joy of idling, and each in her own sweet way,  
Will spend the days as she pleases, and no one will say her nay.

The Executive of the Young Women's Christian Association for years 1908-9 is: Hon. Pres., Mrs. Lang; Pres., Miss C. Hewitt; Vice-Pres., Miss M. Bowers; Sec., Miss B. Archibald; Treas., Miss E. Locklin.

The following compose the Executive of the Women's Literary Society for years 1908-9: Hon. Pres., Mrs. Rowell; Pres., Miss I. Whitlam; Vice-Pres., Miss W. Knox; Critic, Miss E. Clark; Sec., Miss L. Henry; Rec. Sec., Miss H. Dafoe; Pianist, Miss E. Horning. Members on ACTA Board:—Lit. Ed., Miss C. Dunette; Local Ed., Miss K. Lukes.

At the closing meeting of the Union Literary Society the following were elected to the executive for the fall terms of 1908: Hon. Pres., C. E. Anger, B.A.; Pres., J. H. Arnup, '09;

1st Vice-Pres., H. P. Edge, '09; 2nd Vice-President, W. E. MacNiven, '10; Critic, E. G. Sanders, '08; Asst. Critic, H. G. Manning, '09; Leader of Government, C. F. Connolly, '09; Leader of Opposition, J. J. Pearson, '10; Treas., L. H. Kirby, '10; Rec. Sec., W. Moorhouse, '11; Asst. Rec. Sec., J. Rumball, '11; Pianist, H. E. Manning, '11; Asst. Pianist, C. S. Applegath, C.T. Councillors—M. A. Miller, '09; J. K. Ockley, '09; A. G. Doan, C.T.; Curator, H. Willans, C.T.

Every Professor in the University is required to make the following declaration: "I hold myself bound in honor to give no information to any student, directly or indirectly, by which the approaching examination of that student may be affected." Dr. Reynar explains that this is why the unexpected so often appears on examination papers.

Miss Lewis, '08—I hope you are coming to the Senior Reception, Professor Langford.

Prof. Langford—No, I think not. I'm afraid I'd cause an epidemic of scarlet fever in the college.

Miss Lewis—Oh, never mind that. You'd be most likely to give it to the Faculty, anyway.

The class of 1911 are contemplating designing, or having designed, a *new* class-pin, which they hope will be adopted as a college pin by succeeding years. We think it would be well if this could be done satisfactorily.



SINCE last the Athletic Editor sat down to grind out his monthly grist a big change has come over things athletic around the College. At this time last month the last game of hockey was just being played and the last band-night had yet to take place. Now every vestige of the rink has vanished except a few isolated heaps of snow and a few poles here and there in the ground. A month ago there was snow several inches deep on the tennis courts and it was freely remarked pessimistically that, on account of the unusual amount of feathery covering this winter, that we would be lucky to be on the tennis courts by the first of May. But Old Sol and the warm south wind have got in their work, and the three tennis courts are now fully occupied every day, particularly between the hours of four and six, when even the most enthusiastic plug has to take a couple of hours off to keep up his health for the long grind. The tennis courts are not the only things occupied, for the alley board was in use almost before Arthur had announced that skating was over for this winter. The crowds waiting for the game emphasize the fact that we need more accommodation there, and need it speedily. Also, before this number of ACTA is in the hands of the readers we believe the first baseball game of the season will have been played.



### **A New Alley Board**

We have long needed a new alley board, and the prospects are now that when we come back next fall we will have a new one in good shape. The old one will be torn down and a new one, which will be large enough to give accommodation for one four-man game and one two-man game at the same time will be erected. A welcome innovation will be the stringing along the top of the new board of netting a couple of yards high, which will prevent many a chase into the Chancellor's back yard. At time of going to press the alley schedule for the City Handball

League had not been drawn up, but it had been decided that Vic. should enter a two-man team. There will be plenty of material to choose from this spring, including the two Burts, Jewett, Alec Edmison, Kilpatrick, Bryce, Raymer, and a couple of others, and Manager Cass will have a hard job making his selection. At the annual alley meeting Fritz Moyer was elected to look after our alley interests next year.



### **An Inter-Year Tennis Cup**

Don't get excited over the headline, for we haven't got the cup yet, nor have we even been offered one. But we have inter-year cups in Association and in hockey, and so why shouldn't we have one in tennis, too? Here's a chance for some plutocratic grad. who isn't quite sure whether to spend his money on a prize for Spanish or Hebrew prose for the benefit of the Vic. students to get a vote of thanks for something really useful. Applications will be received by the Sporting Editor.



### **New Tennis Courts**

For the past two or three years particularly, it has been a recognized fact that the present tennis accommodation was totally inadequate, and now that there is a prospect of the new buildings being started within the next year or so something definite must be done. A committee appointed informally by next year's Athletic Union Executive will meet with the authorities, and the result—provided the authorities are willing—will probably be the building of three new grass courts on the east side of the walk, in addition to the three we have now. As the new grass courts will be fully equal to, if not better than, those at Varsity, we will have six first-class courts ready for use next fall, and that should suffice for the next few years.



### **Annual Meeting of Tennis Club**

The annual meeting of the Tennis Club was held on Friday, March 20th, with E. G. Sanders, '08. President, in the chair. It was decided to write to Whithy, asking them their wish re-

garding the tennis tournament on the 24th of May. It was also decided that in future no player shall be allowed to take more than two prizes, outside of the Championship Cup, in the autumn tennis tournament.

The following officers were elected for next year: Hon. Pres., Rev. J. W. Graham, B.A.; Pres., M. A. Miller, '09; Vice-Pres., Miss A. E. Spencer, '09; Sec.-Treas., Geoffrey Adams, '10; Assistant, W. M. McCullough, '11; A. U. Rep., J. V. McKenzie, '09; Councillors, Misses Whitlam and Hyland, Messrs. J. E. Horning and H. G. Manning.



## Annual Meeting of Athletic Union

As was intimated last month, a fuller report of the annual meeting of the Athletic Union is given. The following report was given by the Treasurer, R. P. Stockton:

### RECEIPTS.

Balance from last year's account.....	\$365 62
Balance from last year's rink.....	77 01
General receipts (fees, lockers, etc.).....	271 25
Received from Rink Committee.....	700 00
	<hr/> \$1413 88
Estimated balance from rink.....	1250 00
	<hr/> \$2663 88

### EXPENDITURES.

Balance paid on Dr. Pott's note.....	\$500 00
Current expenses to date.....	526 11
Estimate expenses for balance of year (estimated from last year and including \$100 to Treas. of Rink Com) ....	375 00
	<hr/> \$1401 11
Total receipts.....	\$2663 88
Total expenditures.....	1401 11
	<hr/> \$1262 77

Balance to credit of the Union at end of year will be about \$1250 or \$1300, with no outstanding debts or accounts against us.

The report of the Secretary, J. K. Ockley, is also given below:

*Mr. President*,—It is with some pleasure and satisfaction that I bring before you this report of the doings in the line of athletics for the past year. During this period true sport has shown itself around Victoria as it has never done before. At the begin-



ning of the year the men came back ready to stimulate any activity along athletic lines, and have continued to enter enthusiastically into each game as it came in season. We are pleased to note that it has not only been those who are already what we call "good sports" that have so interested themselves, but everybody seems to have joined in the effort to make the thing go.

At the first of the year it was apparent that either our predecessors or the college authorities showed considerable shortsightedness in the construction of our athletic building. The lockers, the baths, in fact, the entire building, has proved itself inadequate for the needs of our men. It will only be the matter of a year or so before we will be compelled to extend or rebuild our present quarters.

In the fall the tennis courts were constantly in use, players having to wait their turn in order to get a court. The executive took steps to have more courts installed, but were blocked by the authorities. It is evident that we need further accommodation, and as the Union is now free from debt I think it could, without embarrassing itself financially, meet the opposition and difficulties of the authorities and secure for us the necessary courts.

A new departure has been made by the introduction of basketball. By the enthusiasm already evinced we can predict (from this line of sport)—organization, entering a series, and then the bringing home of the silverware.

Rugby was again enthusiastically taken up in the fall, and though we were, as usual, up against hard luck, our prospects for the future are good. It was unfortunate that we did not have inter-year games before the Mulock Cup series, but for next year practice is provided for by the organization of a second team.

Victoria put up one Association team this year, the result being that we have at last secured the coveted cup. Seeing that our soccer team won out and that our Rugby team came very near being at the top, it can no longer be argued that Vic. will have to drop one or the other and confine herself to the one game. We have shown that we are in a position to uphold both Association and Rugby.

That a track club is needed around Vic. is shown by the interest taken in running last fall. Every night men made good time around the track and campus, and it is felt that with some organization this form of sport would be greatly furthered.

Our Union made a wise move in reserving two rinks for Vic. men. A great improvement in the hockey of the average man is noticeable, as more men have turned out this year than formerly. That curling be added to our winter sports has also been suggested, but at present it is deemed inexpedient to take it up, though in the future it may prove quite feasible.

To sum up—we won one cup, made a creditable showing in every contest which we entered, and during the year the interest in athletics has been maintained and increased. Therefore, you are to be congratulated, gentlemen, not only on what has been done in the past, but on the outlook for the future.

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June :

1. Public and Separate School Boards to appoint representatives on the High School Entrance Boards of Examiners.
- By-law to alter School boundaries—last day of passing.
7. University Commencement.
12. Senior Matriculation Examination in Arts, Toronto University, begins.
19. Provincial Normal Schools close (Second Term).
22. Inspectors' Report on Legislative grant, due.
23. Model School Entrance and Public School Graduation Examinations begin.
24. High School Entrance Examination begins.
29. University Matriculation Examinations begin.
30. High, Public and Separate Schools, close. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months.
- Trustees' Reports to Truant Officers, due.

July :

1. DOMINION DAY (Wednesday). Last day for establishing new High Schools by County Councils.
- Legislative grant payable to Municipal Treasurers and Separate School Trustees in cities, towns and village.

July (continued)—

2. Examinations for Entrance to Normal Schools and Faculties of Education begin.
6. Examinations for Commercial Specialists begins.
7. Art Specialists Examinations begins.
10. Trustees' Report on purchases for public School Libraries, to Inspectors due.
15. Trustees' Financial Statement and Inspectors' Report on Continuation Classes due.

August :

1. Inspectors' Reports on School premises, due.
- Inspectors' Report on Rural Library grants due.
- Legislative grant for Rural, Public and Separate Schools payable to County Treasurers and first instalment to District Trustees.
- Notice by Trustees to Municipal Councils, respecting indigent children, due.
- Estimates from School Boards to Municipal Councils for assessment for School purposes, due.
- High School Trustees to certify to County Treasurers the amount collected from county pupils.
17. Rural, Public and Separate Schools open.
25. Applications for admission to County Model Schools to Inspectors, due.

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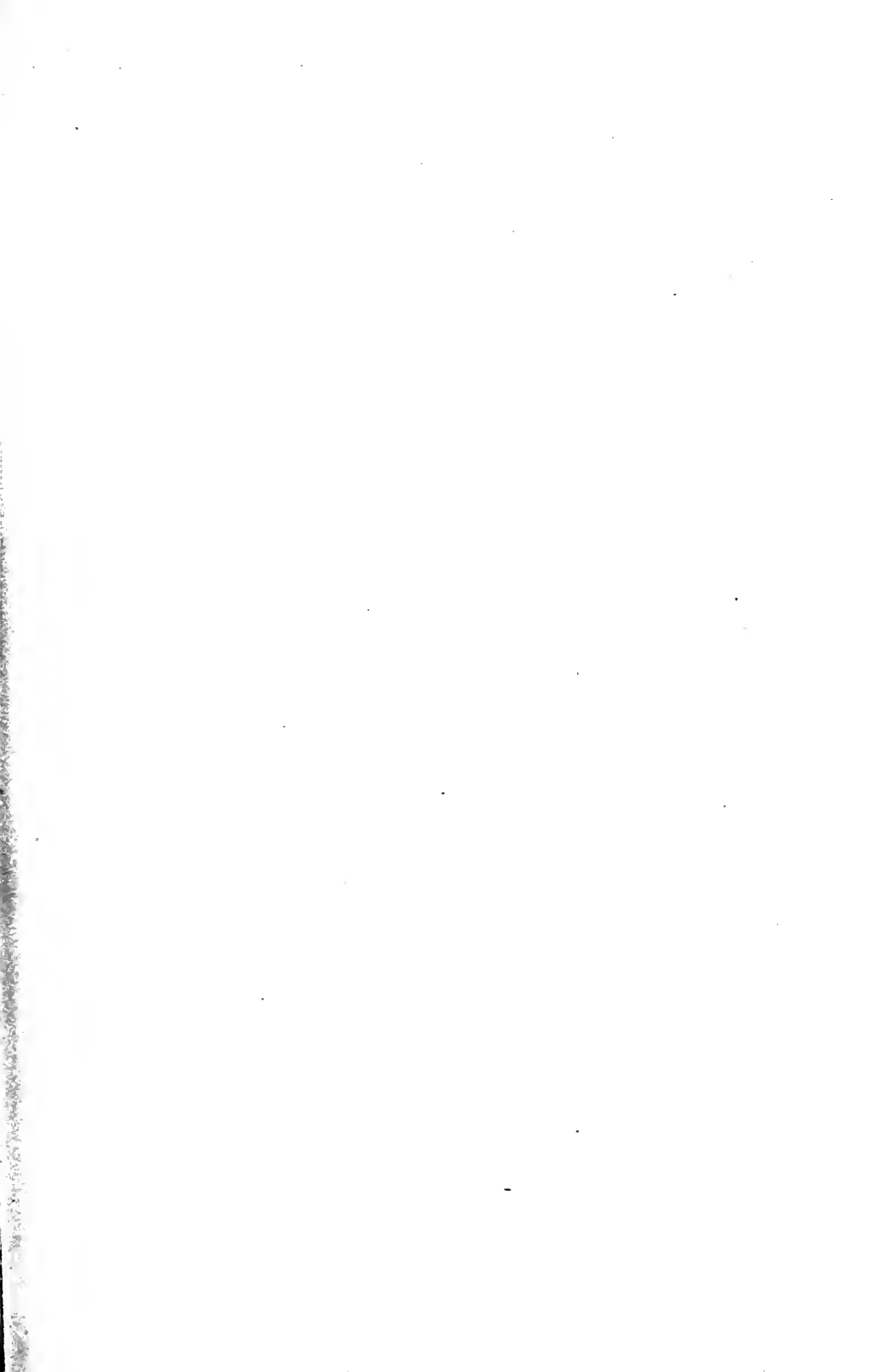
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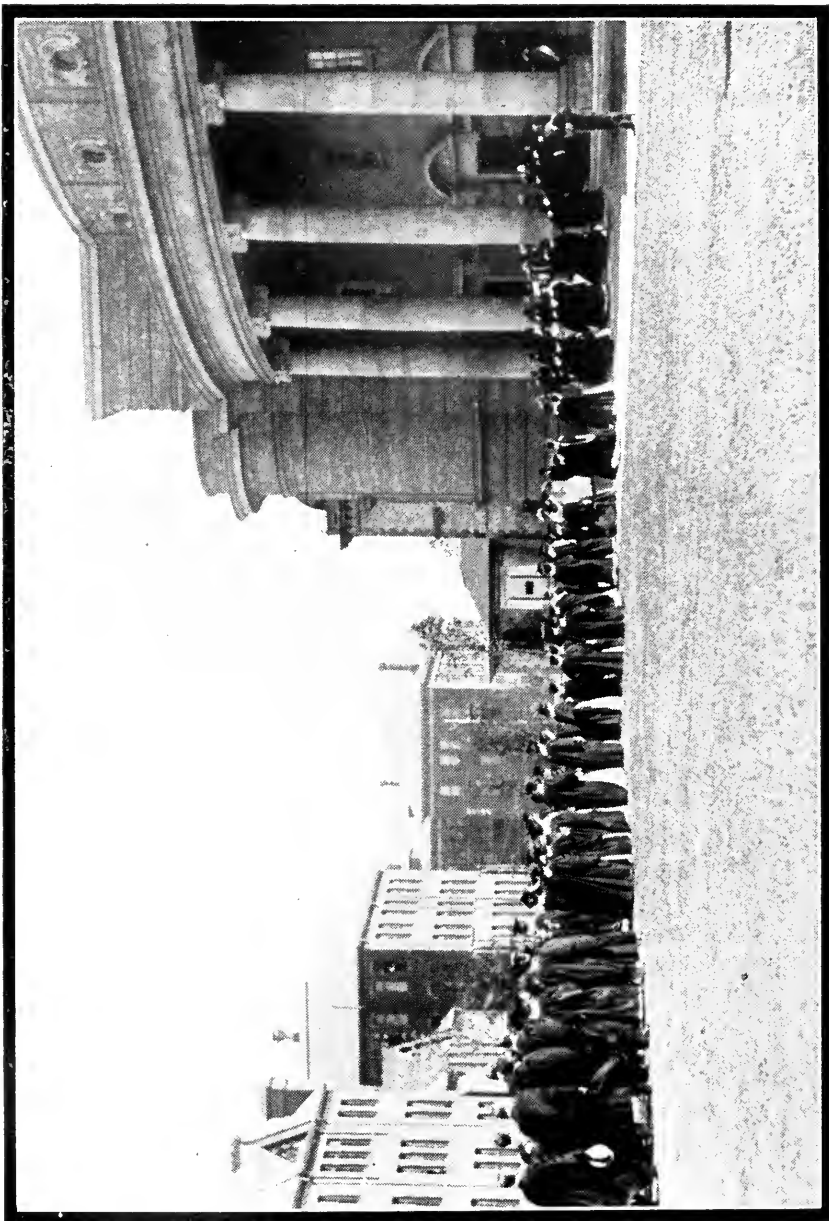
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## **J. BROTHERTON**

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STUDENTS PROCEEDING TO CONVOCATION HALL TO RECEIVE THEIR DEGREES

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# Acta Victoriana



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## True Living

W. A. McCUBBIN, '08.

**T**O feel the generous stream of Life which ever  
From the great throbbing heart of Nature pours,  
Flooding all living things; to feel its force  
Leaping in riotous tide in every vein;  
To feel the pulsing music of all life  
In beauty meaning purpose everywhere  
Striking its glad harmonies through the soul—  
That is *living*.

To sing a song that fires the human heart  
With glowing hopes and noble impulses,  
Or from a rough hewn mass of shapeless stone  
Set free a prisoned beauty to the world  
To pluck with arduous toil a single thorn  
From out the future pathway of the race,  
Or to the sum of human knowledge add  
One mite which will enrich posterity—  
This, too, is *living*.

To let the smile of human sunshine burst  
Into the darkened corners of the earth:  
To cast with generous hand the mantle broad  
Of charity o'er the frailties of mankind:  
To break the precious vase of life itself  
In shattered crystal bits of sacrifice  
Yet find it whole before the Lord of All—  
This is *true living*.

## Address to the Graduating Class of Toronto University, 1908

PRESIDENT FALCONER.

THE time that has elapsed since you sat in the examination rooms is sufficiently long to permit you to have forgotten the strain of the concluding weeks, and, seeing that, judged by the somewhat crude method of examinations, you are to be deemed successful; you probably look back upon your career in the University with a measure of satisfaction. For this you have good reason. A degree from the University of Toronto is recognized as valuable, and the great universities of the United States and the Old Country regard our teaching with respect. You will not need to apologize for your training, as far as the University is concerned, for, if others judge perchance in any individual case that the bearer does not wear the degree with credit, I am afraid that it will be thought that the graduate did not pass through the meshes of the University sieve, but by some luck was tossed over the edge. I congratulate you, therefore, as being judged worthy to receive at the coming Convocation a degree from the University of Toronto. The returns of the examiners show that a high standard of work has been maintained during the session, and there is, as usual, a number who stand out above their fellows. A university is always proud of its brilliant students. We share your elation at your success, and we anticipate a bright future for you, with only less interest and pleasure than you do yourselves. Remember that there are many distinguished alumni of this University, men whose names are widely known. Doubtless their reputation has often acted as a spur to your ambition, and there is no reason why some of you in your turn should not be cited by generations of students to come as examples of what great things a graduate of Toronto may do. I hope that I am addressing some whose present promise will be so realized in the not very distant future that your fellows will gladly say of you, "that was the time when X. was at the University." I have used the term X—the unknown quantity—for prophecy is never safe until after the event. College success is, as you are aware, only a presumption in favor of success in the future. However, if it has been honestly won and you have by your study disciplined your character, having kept yourself in control in order to accomplish a noble ambition, there is every chance that you are set forth hopefully on a notable career.



The brilliant men, however, will probably get from their contemporaries, as they have done from their professors and fellow-students, all the applause that is necessary to serve as encouragement. I desire to congratulate the average man—that is, the large majority of those whom I address. It is not so much in the intellectual ability of the few, as in the influence it exercises on the many, that the great work of the University lies. I congratulate you because your average is high. This first session has convinced me of that fact abundantly, and I base my opinion on a variety of reasons. With no surplus of financial or social resources, you have by your earnest intelligence put yourselves where you are. You have had before yourselves from the beginning a high intellectual aim. You have admired things of the mind and of the spirit; and, while acknowledging the social privileges of the University and the right that athletics have to your regard, you have consistently shown by the honor courses you have chosen and the results of term and final examinations, that in your judgment a university stands above all else for the cultivation of the mind of man. May we in the University of Toronto and in this Dominion never degrade our ideals until they become merely physical or those of a college clubland! There may, perhaps, be some unfortunate among you who feels that he has no right to be where he is, having by dishonest means imposed upon the examiner. I hope not, but if so I pity such an one and trust that, having entered so inauspiciously upon his career, he will resolve, whether anyone ever knows his disgrace or not, to abandon forthwith all such ways of dishonor and cast his meanness from him.

I wish to ask you to consider some of the acquisitions that you ought to have made during your career in the University of Toronto, and the first to which I would draw your attention is that you have become inheritors of the tradition of a great university.

Universities, like nations, become great not only through the possession of large material resources, not even primarily so, but through the possession of powerful traditions. The bare suggestion will show you how obviously men become assimilated to a place in the atmosphere of its tradition. The outsider may be a critic of a city or country, but when he lives day by day among the people, absorbing the ideas and prejudices of the average multitude, the process of adaptation proceeds so rapidly that none but the strongest characters can resist the change. It is a commonplace to say that the United States receives the constant stream of foreign population into itself, and, after straining off



ROBERT ALEXANDER FALCONER, Litt.D., LL.D., D.D.  
President of the University of Toronto.

in a generation or even less the most distinctive national customs and external habits, allows it to flow over the country, commingling indistinguishably with other streams of different origin to form its composite nationality. Cities also impart their characteristic tone to their inhabitants. So it is with a university. An Oxford man is distinguishable from a Cambridge man; a Harvard student from one from Yale; a Toronto graduate from a McGill graduate. What is the explanation of this? Presumably the possession of a great tradition. What are the strands that compose such a tradition? There is, of course, in some degree the local environment; but is this much more than a partially insulating wrapping in which the strands of the cable are concealed? One of the chief elements that go to make a great tradition is the fact that the institution has proved worthy of confidence. In the case of a State, its laws work well, they are suitable to the needs of the people, a fitting garb for their character. In times of great stress they have not impeded, but have facilitated action. So an academic institution becomes invested with a great tradition when it has been found to be a free and adequate expression of the noblest elements in the intellectual life of the people whom it serves. The universities of Europe have played a large part in history, having often been the homes of national movements. In the United States also among the older universities traditions of national service are preserved. In Canada, too, the history of the oldest universities is a part of the social and political history of the Provinces in which they are situated. Toronto, as it stands to-day, has such a national tradition bearing traces of the gradual developments of Provincial history.

Another, probably the most important, strand in tradition, is the influence of great leaders, the men whose personality has inspired not only their own generation, but those that followed. While, no doubt, the ideas of the unknown thinkers, and the hopes of the average man, are the dye which stains the master's hand, he mingles the colors and gives the right shade to the cloth. And this University has had master-dyers who have been famous for the blend of their color and have saturated the minds of many with their fine dye.

Another very vital strand in this tradition is the belief that the present days are good and that better are to come. Decadent countries and dying institutions may be crammed with memories or stories of a heroic past, but these memories are useless, for they stir no one. They are like stiff old ladies, descendants of notable ancestors, too proud of their connections to mingle with common mortals and too dull to know where the power of their

heroic progenitors lay. A real tradition is living. Men and women in whom it works have self-confidence. When the busy stroke of death cuts off the flower its seed is carried far and wide and springs up anew in soil that is not yet run out. Such a real and living tradition is, I am sure, embodied in these graduating classes.

The next acquisition that I hope you have made is an appreciation of the value of culture and of wisdom. Doubtless some of you who have received the degree believe that you have attained to a fair standard of knowledge, but I am afraid that you will have to admit that the amount of knowledge that you actually possess is small. It may appear to some of you to be really smaller since your examinations than you thought it was before. You have been merely led to the threshold of the sciences and arts and given a glimpse into a few rooms. Very few of you, probably, understand even the disposition of the vast galleries of knowledge. Such breadth of view is an acquisition reserved for the great scholars. But even if you have been given a glimpse of what is stored in these rooms and have read some of the labels on some of the cases, that glimpse will surely have awakened in you a desire to know more. The way of life may be such for some of you that you will have few opportunities in the future of looking through these rooms of knowledge as you have done in the past. You may be called out into a life of such active duties that it will be necessary to abandon your old desires. But I hope that at least you will have received the tradition of culture and that the University will represent to you some of the deepest wisdom of life, that lingering wisdom which is a greater blessing than knowledge. Culture, for which a university stands, is a certain harmony of the mind, a sense of the proportion of things, and is very much akin to wisdom, which is not so much definite knowledge of details as a conception and view of life. The university should teach you not the shallow wisdom of a shrewd worldliness but the profound wisdom stored for us in our institutions, our thinkers, our poets, our prophets, our scientists; the practice of which leads to the *summum bonum* of life, the highest wisdom being the wisdom of the spirit, an energy of the soul, as Aristotle said, "the realization of the true self in a thoroughly rounded-out life of virtue," and this wisdom of the spirit is attained, I believe, as one of the old Hebrew humanists said, "in the fear of Jehovah," the Supreme Moral Being.

Again, your education has given you your opportunity. In the University you have been disengaged from many things which hitherto may have acted as preservatives for the best of

your life, but which henceforth will clog you if you adhere to them too literally or too closely. You are escaping from your shell, and probably for some time to come bits of it will adhere to you. It is a very old world into which you are being ushered: of course, it looks very new to you, but you will find in this world something of the experience that some students find in preparing for examinations: those who study old examination papers will discover that any series of papers in one subject set by one examiner covering a series of years possesses a great likeness throughout the years. A month ago when you sat down to your own absolutely new paper you became suddenly aware perhaps that this time the examiner had struck into a new type of paper and that you had to venture upon the unknown. Five years after this, if you look over your papers again, I think that you will discover more of the old type in them than you imagined was there. Certainly this is so in life. Old men tell us their story, and one old man's story is not very unlike another's, with its hopes, fears, loves and hates. The current ran impetuously in youth between confining banks, it broadened out into a quieter lake in mid-life, and in old age it narrows again before it is lost in the great ocean. It is this sameness of life that gives us all our interest in literature; for literature is but the best expression of the common life of man. You have hardly begun to understand literature. Your deepest satisfaction in it lies in the future, when your own experiences will become its best interpreter for you. A proverb may have little in it for a youth: it is a storehouse of wisdom for the old man. Having received your opportunity in your education, you now go forth to stake out your claim and to seek your fortune. Old miners tell you very much the same story, how some strike a good lead early in the day, how they lost it, how their courage failed, how it rose again: some relied on their luck, others patiently and quietly accumulated a fortune. Now, life is not all a gamble, not even as much so as a miner's life is. There are certain rules. The old is found in the new. You have learned the standards of science, of literature and of your professions, by adhering to which your further progress will be determined. Quite new these seem to be, perhaps, to you, and yet so old that, unless you are guided by the experience of the world, failure will attend you. Certain facts of human life recur again and again in your individual life, as they have done in all other lives before you: fundamental facts, such as the self-vindicating power of truth throughout the years, the relentless working out of selfishness, subterfuge, vindictiveness, in hideous walkings of mind and soul. Follow the rules of

your profession; find the old in your new; follow the eternal rules of life, and do not be afraid to discover the old in your new. And yet you are going out into a distinctly new environment. Each generation has to discover afresh the meaning of what is presented to it, and the educated man should be able to meet with intelligence and solve without so many mistakes as others the new problems in which the world-old truths appear. When you look back to these days they will appear to you as days when

“ Warm broke the breeze against the brow,  
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail :  
The Lady's-head upon the prow  
Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd the gale.  
The broad seas swell'd to meet the keel,  
And swept behind ; so quick the run,  
We felt the good ship shake and reel,  
We seem'd to sail into the Sun ! ”

Exhilaration is in the air of our new country; we are keyed up with expectation. You have a fine sense of freedom and competence as you face the future. This future will be successful only as you throw yourself into it. Do not wander through life with lisping accent and a superior disdain for everything but the correctness of your appearance, intellectual or physical, and ready to lounge whenever you may borrow comfort. Our country has no place for the mere onlooker. It has been made by the workers, and only the workers may thrive in it. It is true that onlookers are found in a university, but this is not, as some people think, their true home. In a university there are, of course, men who discourse on problems of life with apparently some understanding, and who lack either the sympathy or the courage to grapple with them. They discuss history and never attempt to make it. They stand aloof and criticize the political vagaries of the time. They disdain the fanatics whose success is due, perhaps, to the fact that others more competent have neglected their duty. But these men are not the true representatives of the university. As you read you will discover that universities have often been the sources of a nation's rebirth. They should be the breeding-grounds of most powerful ideas. To the purely academic mind there is, indeed, a danger of making its home, as *The Spectator* recently said, “in the world within the world.” Undoubtedly thereby a man avoids many of the hard knocks of reality, but in this world of imagination—unlike the substantial, unseen world of faith—he soon grows mentally inert and morally infirm. I would, however, urge you to make

occasional excursions from your workaday life into this "world within the world." It is most delightful and refreshing to explore the realm of the imagination or of pure thought. Never become so absorbed in your profession as to have no moments for other things. These academic interests lend distinction to your life. Unquestionably you will do your work in the real outside world, where you mingle with all sorts and conditions of men, and this hard outer world will often weary you. Then turn to your "world within the world," as to a spring of cold water within a cave in summer, and you will refresh yourself with draughts that trickle up from below the surface, on which you are doing a world's work, from the wisdom, the poetry, the faith, the heroism of the past.

Look forward twenty years, till again you meet an old college comrade, with whom the days of the University will be talked over once more, the old stories, the adventures, the professors, the students. You will discover great changes in each other, but through it all will run some fundamental characteristics, the old in the new. Will it be with disappointment or pleasure that you will study the change? That will depend upon whether the finer elements in your character or the poorer have got the upper hand. Under steady and quiet perseverance there may be a gradual accumulation of power which will of itself enable you to meet and handle large tasks. On the other hand, you may discover that from the rudimentary capacity of to-day there has developed a keen, shrewd character, hardened under the experience of years. Eventually the distinguishing element will be the measure in which your life will have been determined by some selfish, narrow ambition or by a broad, compelling ideal in which your own selfishness has been lost. One man perhaps will never cease thinking of himself; the other will forget himself in his service of others. This has been the glory of Britain in the past, that men in great numbers have been found willing to quit the ease of life and take upon themselves the responsibilities of public service. Patiently each generation has sent forth many to identify themselves with the interests of others—the greater the difficulty the nobler the task. Men have not been wanting to carry abroad the civilization and religion of the Anglo-Saxon world, to face famine, plague, administrative abuses, thanklessness on the part of those who have been benefited. In our country, too, there is every incentive to you to choose this broader, self-forgetting ideal and to lose yourself in the large life of this new land. The deeds and fame of those who laid our founda-

tions and guarded our privileges call you to noble emulation. The silent endurance of hardship by those who made the first homesteads in this land challenges you to patient effort. The magnificent landscape of this country, its mountains and plains, noble rivers and valleys, calls you to prove that such a home may be peopled by a worthy race of men and women. The splendid constitution of our country bids you display a civic interest so pure and intelligent that we may devise new forms and powers of self-government. The high moral quality and religious aspiration of our people call you to crown your intelligence with reverence, to purify your energy with the spirit of duty.

Finally, let me urge upon you to think well of your University. Though you may perhaps feel that your *alma mater* has not done for you all that she might have done, be generous towards her for what you have actually received—no small gift, I am sure. Some graduates visit upon the University the results of their own mistakes; others the slights they have received, from one professor it may be; others, again, feel that they have a claim on the University. Let me ask you never to join the ranks of the discontented who bear grudges for many years, those who merely carp and criticize. The man with a grievance meets no sympathy; he who complains that his own large capacity has gone unrecognized is usually thereby displaying his own narrowness. If you criticize, do so in order to cure what you think to be diseased. Bear in mind the real greatness of your University, its history, its teachers, its distinguished sons, the quality of its students, its destiny. These things far outnumber its defects. If you will only contemplate the good you will discover how much there is to admire. Scorn him who would divide her counsels, supplant him who would breed dissension. Consider her destiny clearly shaping itself through all the ideals as yet only half realized, and the structure of which only the general outlines have taken shape. The full realization of these ideals, the completion of the structure, will depend in some measure upon your faith, your hope, your charity. To you we shall look when we are in need of support, moral or financial. Should fortune smile upon you and wealth come to you, remember that the University will always be one of your poor relations, and try to disprove the fallacy that State institutions are unable to win substantial endowments or gifts from their alumni. Be sure of this also, that in your success few apart from your intimate friends will rejoice with you more sincerely than those in the University with whom you have been associated during the years of your course.



## Inspirations of Vacation

HELEN C. PARLOW, '08.

"Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,  
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,  
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,  
Strong and content I travel the open road."

—"*Song of the Open Road.*"

WALT. WHITMAN.

SUCH words are a tonic to the spirit. They make the true man square his shoulders. They find their echo in every student's heart, but, in these last days, they bear a special challenge to the class of '08.

When the Reign of Terror which lasts through May has given place to the tortures of suspense, when the grand *éclat* of Convocation has drawn into one bond of student fellowship the "falsehood of extremes" of the class list, when all is over and the class of '08 scatters, for most of us the "open road" leads, for a time, "in green pastures and beside still waters."

How to enjoy a vacation, the student knows, if anyone does. If he be a wise man he will banish the regret that college days are done. To quote from Mr. Van Dyke:

"We often fancy, in this world, that beautiful and pleasant things would satisfy us better if they could be continued, without change, forever. We regret the ending of a good 'day off,' we are sorry to be 'coming out of the woods' instead of 'going in.' And that regret is perfectly natural and all right. It is part of the condition on which we receive our happiness. The mistake lies in wishing to escape from it by a petrification of our joys. The stone forest in Arizona will never decay, but it is no place for a man to set up his tents forever. If we are to be 'strong' as we 'travel the open road,' we must be content.

Someone has said that "a university, like a Christian church, exists to idealize life, to nourish contemplation, to promote thought." The alumnus tells us that his *Alma Mater* had not accomplished in him her perfect work on that day when he went forth from her walls, an undergraduate no longer. The idealizing of life, the nourishing of contemplation, thought—these things continue to be, to the true university man, a goal to be striven for with ever-increasing earnestness.

The brief and busy months of the academic year afford but limited opportunity for the testing of this, the *raison d'être* of the university. Within her walls our ideals have lost none of the true glory which belongs to the "Vision splendid," our thought has been stimulated by precept and by example, but the clamor of a multitude of voices has oftentimes banished the very possibility of thought. For many of us it is not until we reach the silent place that we can "make a space about ourselves" and think our own thoughts.

It is all but a truism that the world itself is evolved from thought. Our inner world, too, as it increases in richness and in horizon, derives its sustenance, more and more, from thought. If, as George Macdonald tells us, "to think a thing is 'to thing' it," surely we may hope to reap from our vacation a harvest not less rich than that which we gathered throughout the academic year. Although our creed for a while be *Dolce far niente*, yet we can recall how that our best thoughts have often come to us in idle moments. In the thought world we may breathe an air which will give the Italian words a deeper meaning.

All nature broods over us in our contemplation. The twitterings of the birds in the quiet of the early morning, the sunbeams aslant through the glory of the trees, that indescribable fragrance of the air, all hold our spirits within a sanctuary. In the hush we learn to know our best selves; our motive becomes purer and our ambition more noble. Voices of the great of old, whose spirits we have learned to love in college halls, float in upon our consciousness. It matters little whether we have their words before our eyes—they are written upon our hearts. It may be that now, for the first time, their mellow wisdom becomes part of us. Their words hold a new significance in these "hours of insight." Thought itself escapes the limits which have held it, and we are carried away—

"O to dream, O to awake and wonder  
There, and with delight to take and render  
Through the trance of silence quiet breath;  
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses  
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes:  
Only winds and rivers, life and death."

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

But nature may be more to us than an inspiration for thought. If we cannot follow those who project their own moods

into a surrounding landscape, we may, at least, learn to feel, more surely, the innate harmony of all creation. The bond joining man and nature is something beyond a common organic existence. The voice of the bird who loves Melampus, in Mr. Meredith's poem, strikes the keynote of their relation.

“ I pipe him much, for his good could he understand,  
And, at night, the stars repeat the same assurance, for  
The fire is in them whereof we are born ;  
The music of their motion may be ours.”

There is, perhaps, no temptation in college life more subtle than the desire to keep always with those few whose fellowship we prize most, whether they be people or books. It will not be long before we realize that the summer months are testing us in this respect. Has college limited our sympathies to the few who understand us, and whom we, perchance, have understood, or has it pushed wider our range of interest to the many who need what we may have to give? If we listen in the quiet of these summer months, we will hear a voice from the days that are to be—

“ Listen ! I will be honest with you :  
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,  
These are days that must happen to you :  
You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,  
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve.”

WALT. WHITMAN.

**Valedictory**

F. ETHEL A. LAIRD, '08.

WITH winged speed the moments pass,  
The four short years are o'er;  
In vain regret we say, "Return";  
They whisper, "Nevermore."

The days of visions fair are gone,  
Stern Duty beckoning stands;  
But how discern the path to take?  
In mist is veiled the land.

One guiding star alone we see,  
A point of dazzling light,  
Which shines undimmed thro' mist and fog,  
In beauty radiant bright.

Then follow on where'er it leads,  
O'er streams, o'er trackless plain,  
Up mountains steep, 'cross marshy fens,  
If ye the truth would gain.

Still not 'midst strife of mighty deeds,  
As dreams the ardent youth,  
But in the lowly acts of love  
The wise man found the truth.

## A Trip to Cobalt

EDWIN J. HALBERT, '08.

PERHAPS no other place on the American continent has attracted more attention during the last three or four years than a little mining town in the Highlands of Ontario—Cobalt. And why? Because, metaphorically, if not literally, its streets are paved with silver. Having heard and read much of the wonders of this place, I started out one morning last June full of interest and curiosity to find out for myself some of its wonders and to ascertain in a measure, at least, the strength of its attraction.

When I reached North Bay I was told that if I would visit the Cobalt mining camp I must go one hundred and two miles north on the T. & N. O. Railway line. I looked at my very artistically designed time-table and found that I was to make this distance in about three and one-half hours, and I mentally congratulated the Province on its excellent railway service in this northern country. The six passenger coaches which composed our train were crowded, and I was surprised to see so many women and children present. As the black horse sped along, wending his way through lakes and rocks and forest, I found time to make a study of some of my fellow-passengers.

Just opposite me sat a portly gentleman with a nicely-trimmed beard, grey cloth cap, dull, heavy eyes, and stolid look. In his hand he held a copy of the *Toronto World*, and I noticed that he was scanning the "Cobalt" column. Turning to his companion, he muttered: "Hem! Nipissing going down." After another glance: "Egad! Tretheway, too. What's trump now?" The other man, a small, fair, lean-jawed fellow, with sharp grey eyes, made answer quickly: "You see, doctor, it's this way. The moneyed fellows know they have a good proposition here; they keep beating down the stock and quietly buying it in. Lord, sir, I'm onto *their* game." And he leaned back in his seat quite confident that *he* had solved the doctor's difficulty. Behind me sat a crowd of Italians—dark-skinned, low-set, brawny fellows, with variegated neckwear. They were engaged in a heated conversation, of argument and expostulation evidently, but quite unintelligible to me; occasionally, however, I recognized the words "Cobalt" and "Lees-kar."

I turned from the contemplation of my fellow-passengers to admire the beautiful bits of lake and forest scenery afforded by this rugged north country. Pretty little lakes, skirted by pines,

tamaracks and firs, are scattered with a lavish hand. Now we would dart away from a pretty scene into the forest and leave the lake behind, when lo! we would emerge into a prettier place—a very spot of enchantment, passing our wildest dream of natural landscape beauty. But time and our engine carried us on, and ever on, past Temagami, with its pretty little stone station and restaurant, past Rib Lake, and soon we could perceive on either side of the track massive conglomerate boulders, which indicated, as we very soon afterwards learned, that we were nearing Latchford. Here a number of passengers entered our coach, and, among others, a low-set, stout, hardy-looking fellow, with a shaggy beard of about three weeks' growth, who from his appearance, I judged was returning from a prospecting expedition. He carried in his hand a short-handled axe and a bag containing all his personal effects. I instinctively moved away as I saw him approach the seat by my side. He smiled blandly, and, speaking in a very deferential, and yet familiar manner, said:

"Don't be frightened, mate; I'm civilized even I don't look it. I've been travelling all night, and I'm a bit seedy-looking to-day. You see, I'm just coming up from James Township. Been down there 'bout a month. Followed a blaze for fifteen miles and paddled up the Montreal River. Happened to strike a launch down the river a bit, and got in here about seven. One poor divil got lost over in James last week—couldn't follow a blaze. Bill there came across him a couple of days after and picked him up just in time." Then, with a very regretful look at his attire and stroking his shaggy beard, he continued: "Say, pard, I'm ashamed to go into town in this pickle; they never saw me looking as shabby as this up there. And besides, you know, I'm kind of sick (this confidentially). Didn't have any liquor for a couple of weeks, and I took too much with the boys at Latchford this morning. Striking some pretty good things down in James."

I asked him if he had ever worked in any other mining camps. "Well, I guess I've seen a few of 'em," he answered with a "knowing" sort of grin. "Last year at this time I was placer mining in the Yukon. Spent three years in California camps and six in Saxony silver mines. But, say, mate, just keep your eye on this camp. It has 'em all beat. I've seen a few of 'em."

By this time the brakeman had shouted out "Cobalt," and in a few minutes we were in the "Silver City." What a motley crowd greeted us at the station—young men and maidens, old

men and children, of all sizes and shades of color. Perhaps twenty or more dialects were spoken by that cosmopolitan assembly. Whence had they come? From the four corners of the earth. Here is luggage labelled "London—Allan Line." There is some from New York. Yonder sits a trunk labelled "J. H. Van Norman, Consulting Analyst, Eureka, Nev." Here one could see representatives of European, Asiatic, African and American countries. The phlegmatic Englishman, the vivacious Frenchman, the canny Scot, the good-natured Irishman, the crafty Chinaman, the wide-awake Jap, the cunning negro, the egotistic Yankee, and the business-like Canadian—all here—here as tourists, commercial men, prospectors, cooks, carpenters, miners, navvies, assayers, lumbermen, brokers, laundrymen, traders, mining engineers, surveyors, lawyers, newspaper reporters, and what not—many here to-day who will be hundreds of miles away to-morrow.

The town of Cobalt is built on a very uneven and rocky surface of diabase and slate conglomerate. The whole town has an unsteady look, as though it must soon become seasick, if its site persists in retaining its tilted position. The buildings are all frame, some large but of a very temporary nature, and to very few has the painter's brush been applied. The streets do not run parallel nor at right angles, but are somewhat like the proverbial calf-path through the woods on which a city was founded. If you wish to find any particular house or shop you will do well to follow Launcelot Gobbo's directions: "Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but on the very next turning of all on your left; marry, at the next turning turn of no hand, but turn indirectly down" to your destination. Sidewalks have been constructed along the more important streets, and very poorly designed shops signs inform you that here is an employment agency and there an "up-to-date" restaurant.

The railway line runs in a north-easterly direction, beside the town, and along it lie some of the mines we read about—McKinley-Darragh, Silver Queen, Cleveland-Cobalt, La Rose, and others. The little Cobalt Lake lies to the south-east of the town along the track, and across it is the bleak Nipissing property, furrowed with trenches, which lay bare the white metal in the veins. Tretheway lies over on the hill to the north of the town. Everywhere you look you see signs, "No Trespassing" and "Trespassers will be prosecuted." Naturally enough, these were the very places I wished to see, and to them I went first. I wandered at will over all this forbidden ground, looking down shafts, examining bits of rock which had been thrown up, and

asking questions of others, who knew quite as little about what I wished to know as I did myself. Frequently we heard the loud report of a blasting shot, now in one direction and now in another, followed by the hollow echo from the hills around. Where were all the millions represented by the highly-capitalized companies of which we had read? Perhaps beneath our feet, or perhaps not at all. A vein may peter out, nature may fool even a mining engineer, and we wonder if after all the blacksmith who made the first important discovery on the railroad cut had not been doing better service for mankind plying the heavy sledge on the anvil. But such thoughts found only a temporary lodging place, for, after spending almost a week in the vicinity of the camp, and interviewing prospectors, engineers, assayers and mining men in general, I began to catch some of their optimistic spirit, and I decided to take the advice of my good friend, the prospector from James Township, and "keep my eye on this camp," for perhaps his judgment was not much in error when he said "This has 'em all beat."

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## Graduation Thoughts

B. MABEL DUNHAM, '08.

**I**N the springtime of the year the gardener prepares the soil and sows the seed. Gladly, then, he welcomes the pelting rain, the warming sun and the gentle zephyrs. After many days of anxious watching and careful weeding, the little shoots appear and all his labor is forgotten when he beholds the opening bud and the perfect flower.

Friendship is the sweetest flower that grows in God's garden of humanity. In the springtime of life the Master Gardener sows some seeds of friendship in every human heart. He sends scalding tears to water them, sunshine and joy to ripen them, and winds of adversity to strengthen them. He roots out all the tares of the enemy, that sap the life of each tender plant, and finds a compensating joy in the perfect flowers of human friendship.

This month another graduating class goes out from college halls. Surely all the friendships formed during the past four years must not now be broken? Oh, no! This is God's transplanting season. It is a critical time for the little plants, but the Master Gardener will, for a time, take them into His special care. A few of the weaker ones may wither and die, but the strong and healthy will blossom in another corner of His garden with greater richness and beauty.



## The New Library

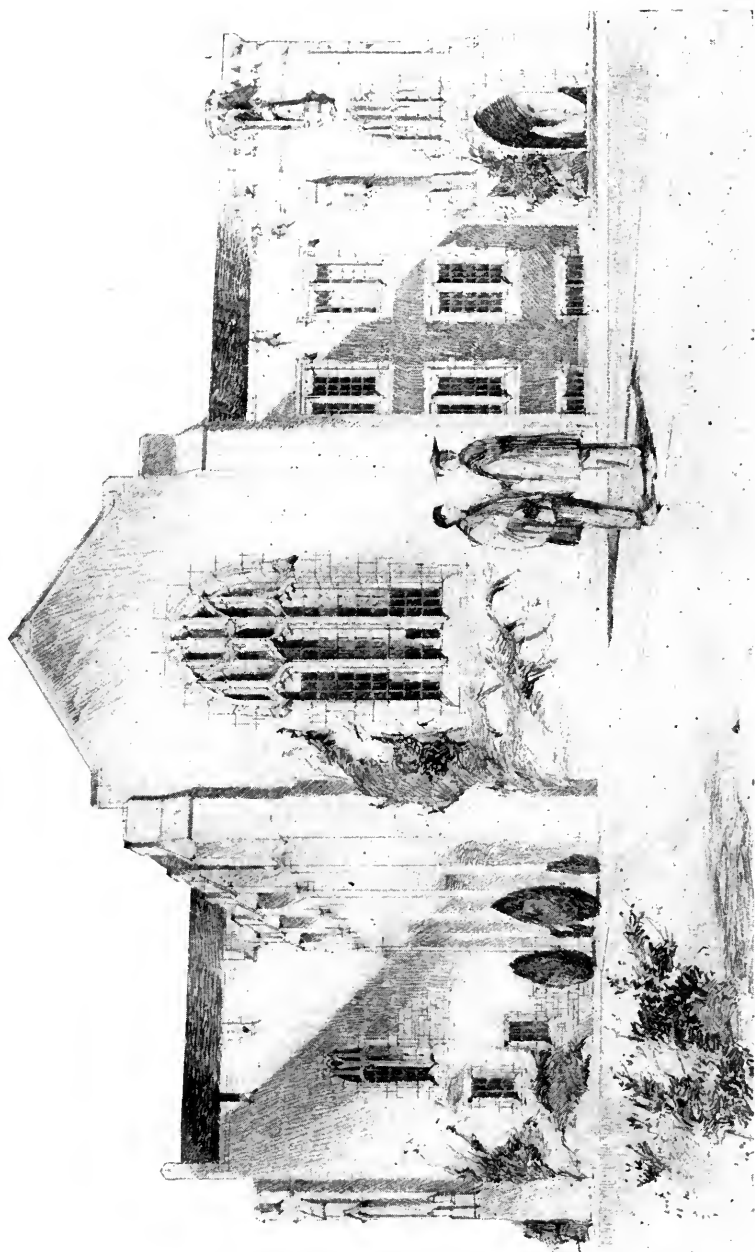
PROF. J. C. ROBERTSON, M.A.

FOR the following information regarding the new building to be erected for the Victoria College Library we are indebted to the Librarian and other members of the Library Committee.

That there is urgent need for greater and better accommodation no one who has been at Victoria during the past year or two can have any possible doubt. Day after day the reading room has been overcrowded, during the dark days of winter the light is very poor, and the shelf room for new books has been exhausted for some years.

The first step towards securing a new building was taken when in 1906 Mr. Andrew Carnegie offered to give \$50,000 for this purpose, on condition of an equal amount being raised for endowment. Within a few months the graduates and old students of Victoria, on being appealed to, raised between \$6,000 and \$7,000 for the endowment, and last fall saw the full amount secured through the generous donation of Mr. Cyrus A. Birge, of Hamilton.

The Board of Regents thereupon appointed a Committee, with whom were associated several representatives of the Senate and Faculty, to draw up a plan of the grounds, which should indicate the best disposition that could be made of the available space in order to accommodate the various buildings that, so far as can at present be foreseen, might eventually have to be placed upon the grounds. After consultation with Messrs. Burke and Horwood, architects, the following plan was finally reported to the Board and approved by it. The Library is to be placed on the north-west corner of the grounds, the corner nearest to Annesley Hall; the south-west corner, now occupied by South Hall, formerly the Drynan residence, is to be reserved for a college chapel, to serve as a church home for the thousand and more Methodist students attending the University in the various faculties. Along the whole eastern border, and crossing the St. Mary's Street entrance by a covered doorway, will be the men's residence, taking the form of a series of halls or houses, each holding some fifteen students. These residential buildings would also be continued along the north border, that is, along Czar Street to the present north entrance to the grounds; this part of the structure would contain the dining hall. On North



THE NEW LIBRARY.

*From the Architects' Sketch.*

Drive, between the Chapel and the Library, and on Czar Street between the Library and the Residence dining hall there would be room for such additional buildings for academic purposes as the expansion of the College might make necessary in the future.

It will be seen that when all these buildings are erected the general plan will be that of a more or less continuous group of buildings on three sides of the main College building, leaving the south aspect unchanged. The enclosed grounds will still be ample to provide the proper setting for the present building, and with some well-considered planting of shrubs and trees, which cannot be begun too soon, Victoria will have something resembling (yet with a difference) the quadrangles of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Board's Committee was then authorized to choose an architect and prepare plans for the Library building. After a competition of suggestive plans, Messrs. Sproatt and Rolph were chosen to be the architects for the Library, and they have, in consultation with a special committee appointed for that purpose, elaborated and perfected their plans. The accompanying view is from an early sketch prepared by Messrs. Sproatt & Rolph, and is not in every detail an accurate representation of the plans as finally drafted, but the differences are too slight to require mention.

The style of architecture chosen is the perpendicular Gothic, a style that lends itself pre-eminently to such buildings as have been enumerated above, and which, besides being beautiful and appropriate in itself, will give an harmonious setting to the present College building, which is of the Romanesque order. The Library building will be of grey Credit Valley stone, in rubble-work, like St. Paul's Anglican Church, on Bloor Street East.

The illustration shows the west front, that facing on North Drive; the main entrance will be from Czar (or Charles) Street, from the north (see the projection at the extreme left of the cut). There will be another entrance near the south-west corner, on North Drive (as shown at the right of the illustration), and still another on the east side and south of the stack room to provide access to the main building. The stack room forms a projection to the east directly opposite the projection to the west, shown foreshortened in the cut. Thus the building assumes the shape, roughly speaking, of a cross with its arms east and west and the top towards the north.

To understand the interior arrangement, let us imagine ourselves entering from the north (at the left hand). A wide corridor about 25 feet long brings us to the central hall with its stone pillars; this hall is 25 feet wide and 28 feet long. Let us stand in the centre and get our bearings. Immediately to the right (west) is the men's reading room, 23 x 60 (about the size of the present reading room), occupying the wing of which the end window is shown prominently in the cut. The other windows in this room (four to the north and three to the south) are of the same beautiful design. On our left hand (east), and occupying part of the central hall space, will be the delivery desk. Directly back of this and still further to the east will be the stack room (34 x 31), arranged in three tiers, the central one being on the level of the main floor. The stacks and floors will be of steel and glass, absolutely fireproof, and will hold some 65,000 volumes. When necessary this room can be still further extended eastwards. On each side of the passage leading from the delivery desk to the stack room is a room about 17 x 18. that on the north being the Librarian's office, that on the south the cataloguing room, where the clerical work of the Library will be done.

Looking straight before us to the south from our central standpoint, we see an 8-foot corridor, with rooms on either hand. This corridor turns at the south end of the building into the entrance shown at the right hand of the cut. Except for this entrance all the space on the right hand (west) of this corridor is occupied by the women's reading room (21 x 42). The main entrance to this room is at the north end, immediately into the central hall, and, like the entrance to the men's reading room, within about 15 feet of the delivery desk.

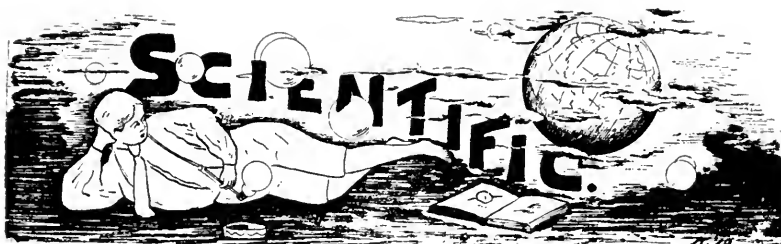
On the left hand (east) of the same corridor are three rooms. First a room lying immediately south of the delivery room, and separated from it only by the counter, in which will be kept the card-catalogues and the books to which students are to have direct access, including atlases, dictionaries, encyclopaedias and other works of reference. This room leads to a magazine room (17 x 18), in which will be kept both current numbers and the bound volumes of those magazines and reviews which are in most constant demand. These can be read and consulted in the room itself when so desired. Next in order comes a passage leading from the corridor to the entrance already spoken of nearest the main building, after which comes the Faculty room (also 17 x 18).

At both the north and the south entrances are stairways leading to the upper floor, which extends over every part except the men's reading room and the stack room. This floor contains ten rooms, which can be used for seminary or class rooms or for study and research rooms. The best experience is against large reading rooms in college libraries, and favors providing a number of additional rooms where groups of students or single students may go and work by themselves. A lift from the delivery desk makes it easy to secure books from the stack room, and in some cases it will be found possible to devote certain rooms to definite purposes and keep permanently there the appropriate books. The rooms vary in size: four are 7 or 8 feet by 13, for individual workers; three are 15 or 16 x 18; two are 21 x 21, and one is 18 x 27.

Commodious cloak rooms and lavatories are in the basement, under the two reading rooms; entrance to the men's cloak room being by a stairway close to the north or Czar Street entrance, that to the women's cloak room at the south entrance, on North Drive. Besides boiler room, coal room and caretaker's room, the basement will also contain an unpacking room, reached by a separate basement entrance near the Librarian's room, and a room for the library attendants, just below the cataloguing room. Here, too, will be located a room (15 x 17) for the book bureau, so situated and arranged as to have one counter accessible from the men's staircase and another from the women's staircase.

Because of the slope of the land, all the basement rooms will be well lighted. It may be mentioned here, too, that the building will be heated by steam and lighted by electricity, the intention being to have the lights in the reading rooms placed immediately on the tables, and not high up in brackets or chandeliers. Between the Librarian's room and the corridor at the main entrance will be built a vault for the storing of rare and valuable documents or books.

It has been estimated that the cost of such a building would be nearly \$75,000, and the Board is now seeking to secure the additional sum required, believing that the "manifest destiny" of Victoria will not justify them in so reducing the accommodations provided in this plan or so cheapening its structure as to bring the cost down to the sum provided by Mr. Carnegie.



## **An Account of Dr. Fisher's Report of the Effect of Diet on Endurance**

FOR many years Voit's estimate for man's daily diet has been accepted without question. His standard for a man 70-75 kils. in weight, doing muscular work, was 118 gms. proteid, 56 gms. fat, 500 gms. carbohydrate, and 3,000 calories fuel value daily. These results, however, have been drawn from what men are accustomed to use rather than from experiments on how much the body really needs.

For example, we may find that under certain conditions of diet people appear to be well nourished and doing their work with apparent ease and comfort; but might not the diet consist of really smaller amounts of food and the person remain in just as good condition? If this were found true there would be a considerable amount of physiological economy under such a diet, and a consequent ultimate gain to the body through the diminished wear and tear of the bodily machinery.

Professor Chittenden, of Yale University, conducted a set of experiments on professional men, trained soldiers and college athletes, which showed that a gradual and systematic reduction in proteid from the amount ordinarily consumed has resulted in an increase in strength and comfort to the body.

Dr. Fletcher, in 1902, spent several months making careful tests under Mr. Chittenden's care. He found that on a diet of 7.19 gms. nitrogen the total output averaged 6.90 gms., showing a gain to the body of 0.29 gms. nitrogen, and this on a diet containing less than half the proteid required by Voit's standard. In the Yale gymnasium it was found that Dr. Fletcher was in prime physical condition, yet his fuel value daily was only 1,603 calories. This was a case of remarkable economy in fuel value coupled with remarkable strength and endurance.

Perhaps the most interesting experiments to students were carried on under Dr. Fisher in 1907 by nine healthy Political

Science students at Yale. They had been studying the effect of diet on endurance, and became so interested in the material collected that they asked to experiment for their own satisfaction.

Accordingly, under Dr. Fisher's supervision, they organized themselves into an eating club, and the experiment began with an endurance test January 14th, and consisted of two main parts of ten weeks each. The first ten weeks they made a test of Dr. Fletcher's claim—that thorough mastication combined with implicit obedience to appetite would increase two-fold the endurance of the men. The rules were that the food be thoroughly masticated, but enjoyed as much as possible, and not consciously kept in the mouth: in the choice of food and quantity they were to follow their instincts and only eat when hungry. The second experiment followed the same rules, with the added one that when in doubt of choice of food the men were to use their reason. This demanded a little knowledge of foods and food elements. Two lists were made of foods, one in a tentative order of intrinsic merit, beginning with fruits and ending with alcohol; the other in the order of the proportion of proteid. Only when the appetite was willing did they choose the purer and better foods, the low proteid foods in preference. Thus the last rule only hastened the tendency already shown of lessening the percentage of proteid and fuel value used daily.

The object of the experiment was to find what effects on diet and endurance would follow from a strict obedience to the taste instinct when this instinct was given a longer chance to act by prolonged mastication and attentive tasting. The men were encouraged, therefore, to follow their own appetites and choose their own food for the day. In the first half of the experiment they were careful not to reduce the proteid or meat consciously; on the other hand, during the second half of the experiment, when the force of suggestion was consciously introduced, the men reduced their flesh diet rapidly.

In the first part of the experiment the men gradually reduced the flesh food forty per cent., or fifteen per cent. proteid, and the fuel value ten per cent. In the second part a greater decrease was noticed. The calories dropped twenty per cent., the proteid twenty-five per cent., and the flesh food twenty per cent. Comparing the diet at the close of the experiment with that at the beginning, it was found that the total calories had fallen twenty-five per cent., proteid forty per cent., and flesh food eighty per cent., or was one-sixth of the original diet. The average energy

value used for the men was 2,760-3,030 cal. per day; of this proteid was .14-.16 gms. per kg. of body weight.

Professor Chittenden had given as his figures 1,500-2,500 cal. daily, with .09-.11 gms. proteid. The men in this case consumed nearly double this amount in the first experiment, but in the second half of the experiment held closely to Chittenden's standard, the calories ranging from 2,270-2,620, with proteid .08-.11 gms. per kg.

The result of the experiment proved very favorable. And the results of the endurance test surprised even Dr. Fisher himself. During the first period only one man lost weight, but during the second period all lost somewhat in weight, though the loss was trifling in most cases, 1-13 lbs. The gymnasium tests were made at the beginning, middle and end of the experiment. They were of two kinds—tests of strength and tests of endurance. At the end of the first period their strength increased, and during the second period a slight decrease of about eight per cent. of original strength was noticed. This latter result was due probably to the over-study and lack of sleep due to examinations. They found, however, a considerable increase in energy and endurance.

Seven simple gymnastic tests of physical endurance were employed and one of mental endurance. The following table shows results of some tests:

	Rising on toes.	Deep knee bending.	Leg raising.	25-lb. dumbbells (biceps).
January . . . .	300	70	30	50
March . . . . .	400	191	40	105
June . . . . .	500	202	53	..

These results beyond a doubt showed remarkable increase in endurance, and the men reported that their muscles were in much better condition after the June test than the January, not being so hard or sore.

The test for mental endurance was not so satisfactory. There were fewer mistakes in the problems worked out, and work was done more quickly by some, more slowly by others. Examinations probably affected these results also.

The phenomena observed during the experiment might be summarized as a slight reduction of total food consumed, a large reduction of the proteid element, especially for flesh foods, a lessening of excretion of nitrogen, a reduction in body weight, a slight loss in strength, an enormous increase in physical energy and endurance, and a slight increase in mental quickness.



When we notice the handicaps to the test experiments—the over-study, the strain of the tests, the advance of the warm weather, the fact that the January test came after the rest in Christmas holidays, and the last at examination time—and can find no other cause for these results, we are forced to conclude that the difference was due to dietetic changes.

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## **Should a Science Student Register at Victoria?**

BY THE SCIENTIFIC EDITOR.

**I**T is a much debated question among Science students, especially those from Methodist homes, whether it is wise to register at Victoria College. There has been so much said along this line that the writer has decided to deal with some of the points raised to see wherein lie the advantage and disadvantages of registration at Victoria.

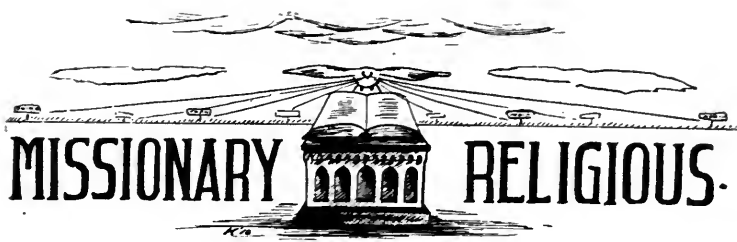
A comparatively recent graduate in Science at Victoria used to state that there was an air of co-education, a glamor of receptions and a spirit of religious meetings about Victoria which militated against the best results from a scientific course. This gentleman asserted that Science was a jealous mistress and those who were her devotees should neglect all the above-mentioned interests and woo her only. But is it a fact that these things are antagonistic to the best work in science? Is it not true that these are the very influences needed to keep one from becoming narrow and circumscribed? The old saying, true in the religious world, is true here also, "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world of science and lose all the finer sensibilities of his nature?" We contend that these very "detractions" are necessary and useful to the man of science.

It is also stated at times that the Science student is seen so little about the college halls that he might as well register at University College. But this very fact is a reason why such a student should come to Victoria. If seen little about our halls he would be completely lost sight of in a larger college. In a college where the student body is more numerous one has to show considerable ability and enterprise to attain any office where one can develop one's powers—and the Science student who is seen so seldom has little chance. But at Victoria it is well known

that almost any man who is deserving of office may secure some recognition. Indeed, this very fact is often urged against our Lit. elections—that men are not always chosen for ability, but because they have been faithful and have deserved it. Thus, a Science student of average ability, if he does not deliberately bury himself, has more opportunities to develop in college life at Victoria than at a larger college.

Another important consideration for a student in a course demanding confinement is how to obtain adequate exercise. Now, if one belongs to Victoria one does not need to be a crack athlete to secure a place on a year team at least. Or if one aims only at obtaining exercise, our athletic field and our system of inter-year matches make it possible to obtain adequate exercise.

But, after all is said and done, perhaps the greatest advantage to a Science man in these days of commercialism is the very college life complained of, with its good-fellowship and its religious touch so necessary in grappling aright with the problems of evolution and science. When a man enters a Science course it is inevitable that he meet facts which demand a change, perhaps even a mighty upheaval, in his ways of viewing life and the Bible. And at this crisis in his life it is well that he be not cut adrift from the influences which may help him to rebuild his faith on surer foundations than his youth afforded. It has been said, sometimes I am afraid with a covert sneer, that Victoria is like a large family party. Perhaps we *are* a little too circumscribed; but nevertheless Victoria offers a good atmosphere in which a young man may develop towards higher ideals. The growth of our College is so rapid that this so-called family party spirit is likely to be lost sight of, and some are advising that the number of students in the College be limited. In the writer's freshman days it was not uncommon for a student to know all the other students in the college; while to-day it seems an almost impossible task because of our rapid growth. Still we believe that Victoria has enough points of excellence to cause any thinking Science student to decide to cast in his lot with her.



## The Ministry

T. E. EGERTON SHORE, M.A., B.D.

THE marked insufficiency of men offering themselves for the Christian ministry has become a matter of great concern to those who have the interests of the Church and of humanity at heart. There must be somewhere a sufficient answer for the hesitancy of those who stand uncommitted before this Divine avocation, for surely "many have been called, though few have been chosen." There are doubtless many causes for the lack of ministerial recruits. We would consider here but two, which we suspect have specially influenced many students who have thought on these things.



T. E. E. SHORE,  
M.A., B.D.

It is probable that some fear the restraints of creed put upon those proceeding to ordination. It is said that young men shun the pulpit because it is not a place of intellectual freedom; they will not subject themselves to conditions where growth means duplicity or a heresy trial. One cannot but honor the candor of those who thus hesitate. But what are the facts? Have the number of heresy

trials in Protestant Churches during the last ten years been sufficient to make the situation alarming for the most modern student in our colleges? The truth is that the churches that hold most tenaciously to the garments of their ancient creeds recognize with us all that we are passing through a period of intellectual transition and of new emphasis. The thing that shocks us most to-day is the self-assurance of inconclusive views. The dogmatism of the new is as distasteful as the dogmatism of the old. The spirit of the age calls for the emphasis to be placed not

upon creed, but upon life; not upon technical criticism of the Bible, but upon the message which the book bears from God to humanity. The spiritual interpretation of the truth is taking the place of the literal expression of it. The student who magnifies the form rather than the content, whether his form be ancient or modern, has mistaken the call of the Church and of Christ to the most spiritual of all work. We are not in the ministry to settle disputes between the various schools of Biblical interpretation; we are not called by the Church to declare which is the most advanced scholarship or which is the latest philosophy. We are called and we are here to use all the facts and forces that will contribute to the Christ-life among men and lift the world up nearer to God. I do not think that young men need to shun the ministry because of advanced intellectual views, if only they are prepared to satisfy the heart-hunger of the world with the bread that cometh from above. If they will put first things first they will find the Church ready to listen to their teaching, both in historical and in spiritual truth. I can scarcely think that young men who have fought their way through the difficulties of intellectual doubt or error would, through fear or hindrance, shrink from offering their lives where they can count for most in the service of the world. Let us be honest in facing the need and responsibility of life, as we have been honest in meeting our intellectual problems.

In addition to the intellectual restraint which has deterred some from the ministry, many are prevented by limited conceptions of the call. Some men possess more than others that mystical temperament which is peculiarly sensitive to spiritual impressions, and not a few of these have had conclusive evidence in themselves that God has called them to the ministry. The call has come to them as by an unspoken Voice from an unseen Presence, which has been unmistakably Divine. Such men often become the spiritual seers of the Church and are used by God along lines of peculiar usefulness.

But all ministers are not so called. They are called of God, but God often appeals to men through faces and voices that are in themselves intensely human. Need and opportunity are often God's mouthpieces to those who have ears to hear. The waiting soil of the prairies calls loudly in the name of Providence to tens of thousands, who have no supernatural revelation of their call to the life of farmers. Do not the fields of humanity, which are already white unto the harvest, call just as loudly in the name of Christ for workers in the Master's husbandry?

What call does a patriotic Christian need more than the call of the country's unprovided fields and unpastored communities? What nobler service than to put one's life into the making of the nation's greatest greatness, an exalted citizenship, a consecrated nationality? Canada needs preachers of the Gospel more than she needs public works or great industries or material prosperity. She needs prophets who will denounce national wrongs and personal wickedness. She needs apostles who will proclaim the everlasting truths of individual salvation and of social righteousness. She needs spiritual leaders who will marshal the people for the victory, which overcometh the world, even faith in God. And Canada's need is the need of the world.

Clamorous appeals come to us from conditions that prevail among the billion unevangelized of the earth. He must be deaf to the Divine call who does not hear in the unutterable needs of non-Christian lands the call of God to the Church to proceed at once to the fulfilment of her great mission. It is more than a call—it is a yell, from the multi-million throats of those who are ready to perish in heathenism. Nations that are seething in riotous unrest await the message of the Prince of Peace. Religions that seemed for centuries to provide a foundation for the faith of vast populations are now proving but quicksand beneath their feet. Customs and systems that were age-long in their duration are being obliterated almost in a day. Doors that were shut for centuries are open wide. Christian missions have found a place of influence in every country. Opportunity and need unite in the call. It is the strategic time of the world's history. He who would follow service or statesmanship of the noblest kind may find it in the ministry of the Kingdom of God.

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### Missions—Why?

N. McDONALD, '08.

THE apologist of Christian Missions has before him a long and inspiring record of heroism and achievement. Missionary activity is inextricably interwoven with the life of Western peoples. It has made us to a large extent what we are, fostering and developing the finest spirit and best work that is among us, as well as creating institutions of its own; and on the other hand we are engaged in an ever-increasing movement for the propagation of the Gospel among non-Christian peoples.

Any account of our life that fails to give prominence to this movement is inadequate, for it is an integral part of our activity, and by no means the smallest part.

The justification of Christian missions is found in the genius of Christianity itself, which in its turn finds its justification in the genius of the human race, whose needs it supplies. A Christianity that is not missionary is a contradiction in terms, for the main point in its endeavor is to rescue man from the spirit of contented self-appropriation and to make him feel his kinship with the whole race, to set free his energies for a whole-hearted devotion to the development of the universal good. There is danger that both individuals and nations should appropriate the gift of God and, from the elevated position which they have been enabled to reach by means of the gift, look with contempt on the individuals and nations around them. Such was true of the Jewish nation. Their exalted privilege and spiritual endowment became the ground of exclusiveness and antagonism, and what was meant to be a blessing became a curse and ended in their overthrow. Not infrequently we hear whispers of the same spirit in our own age and nation. From this Christianity seeks to lead us to a recognition of the stewardship of all our advantages, that we may communicate them to the peoples who wait upon the performance of our obligation. Our highest man is he who, having seen a vision or attained a good, goes about to communicate the vision and the good to his fellows, and only for that reason was vision or good made known to him.

The history of early Christianity seems to show that it was the intention of the original founders to cover the whole field in a rough sketch as it were, leaving the filling in, the detailed development, to a subsequent work. Later ages departed from such an intention, and the result is that after two thousand years less than half the world has had the Gospel preached to them. Perhaps circumstances did not permit such a movement, but all doors are open at present for the completion of this original intention. And the only thing now preventing the planting of the Gospel among all nations is the failure of its advocates to respond to the challenge of its genius.

We are committed to the missionary movement. The movement is assuming larger proportions, which is a hopeful sign of the times. But the great need of the non-Christian world, and the peculiar circumstances which make this present day a time of unprecedented opportunity, such an opportunity as is not likely to be long continued, appeal strongly for a vastly in-

creased activity. We have that of which they stand in need—education, the arts and sciences, and a practical faith which liberates and energizes. Moreover, we have the means for bringing these things to them. There are ample financial resources if they were invested in the movement, and there are lives enough if they were devoted to the work. But they will not be done by any mystical incantation, but by a genuine practical endeavor that may mean a good deal of sacrifice. So far as the work is concerned, it presents a fine field for the investment of lives. It is as great a thing surely to found and develop a mission station, with its manifold institutions and influences, as to lead a government or head a reform movement at home, and the men of the greatest capacity will find ample scope for the exercise of all their abilities.

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## Notes

NOW that the year's work of the Missionary Society has practically been completed, a short account of what has been accomplished may be of interest to ACTA readers. The work undertaken by this Society from year to year is considerable, since not only the missionary enterprises in the College itself, but also those of the city and surrounding districts are actively supported. The work in the city has been chiefly in connection with the Fred Victor Mission. Throughout the year three cottage prayer meetings have been held each week in the down-town section, and also at the Mission itself a number of week-night meetings have been conducted, as well as some of the regular Sunday evening evangelistic services. In addition, more than fifty missionary anniversary services have been conducted throughout the country by Victoria men. The work in the College itself has been very encouraging. Over \$525 has been contributed, an increase of \$100 above any previous year's record. Special praise is due to the C. T. Class, who alone have contributed \$115. Probably no phase of the work is so encouraging as the increase both of interest and in membership of the Volunteer Band. Starting with a membership of 25, they have continued to increase their numbers till now Victoria has 40 volunteers enrolled for foreign work. Possibly no other single fact so well illustrates the attitude of our College toward the great missionary problems of to-day. It is fitting that a College so many of whose Alumni are engaged in missionary work should continue to show an active interest in missions. F. J. R. S.

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## Editorial

### L'Envoi

AND now the time has come for us to lay down our task. We look back upon the past year with mingled feelings of regret, satisfaction and pride—regret that we have accomplished so little and fallen so far short of what we sought to attain, for the past eight months in retrospect seems one long record of disappointment and failure—satisfaction that through the various vicissitudes of the year we have done our best and have made the welfare of ACTA and the good of Victoria our first thought—pride that it has been our lot to have had some small part in shaping the destiny of ACTA VICTORIANA. We are glad that to-day ACTA has a larger circulation and, we believe, a firmer hold on the affections of its readers than ever before. For this our warmest thanks are given to all who have contributed their help in any way during the past year. We are particularly grateful to Dr. Horning and the other members of the Faculty for kindly assistance and advice.

We resign our charge into the hands of next year's Board with best wishes and confident hope that they will have a greater measure of success than we obtained, and that under them ACTA may have not only increased prosperity, but continue to stand for the principle, "The truth shall make you free."



## **New Regulations**

Several important changes have recently been made in the University regulations—changes which, we believe, will exercise a beneficial influence in raising the standard of work and the general efficiency of the University. The important changes are three, viz.: re (1) Age limit and admission, (2) supplementals, and (3) pass standard.

Henceforth non-matriculated students will be admitted, not as of right, but only on petition, and then if at least nineteen years of age. They must also satisfy the authorities of their ability to successfully carry on the course they intend to pursue. The same regulation applies to occasional students.

Supplementals are at last restored to their true function, as supplementals to, not substitutes for, the regular examinations, and no one may write on the January examination unless having been incapacitated by circumstances beyond his control from writing in September. No student will be allowed to carry stars farther back than those of the previous year. This will prevent a man's attaining his fourth year and then failing to obtain his degree because of first or second year stars—a plan which many have followed in the past to their sorrow.

Lastly, the pass standard is raised from thirty-three to forty per cent. This is a much-needed reform, and we believe the standard should be raised still higher, to fifty per cent. It is ridiculous that any subject of any course should be so made the buffet of the plugging system as to have thirty-three per cent. constitute a pass. Such a low standard fosters the worst evils of the examination system. It is a well-known fact that the majority of students in honor courses make no pretence of getting up their pass work, but rely on the final cram to get the necessary third. "Oh!" they say, "I guess I can make a third all right." Moreover, though any examination test is necessarily imperfect, since it is the one we use we should be consistent at least, and to allow a thirty-three per cent. standard is an injustice to the professors and a reflection upon the course.

The regulations regarding entrance to the University we think are especially praiseworthy. They aim at the exclusion of all but bona fide students, such as youthful occasionals who live in the city, and who come to college and burden the classes of already overworked professors, simply because their parents

have sent them or because it seems genteel and they don't want to apply themselves energetically at anything else.

We wish the authorities had gone further and raised the age limit for all students to eighteen at least. In the past few years each succeeding freshman class has exhibited more and more of the pristine freshness and innocence of childhood. Our ideas may be old-fashioned, but we confess to an upsetting of our ideas of the fitness of things on seeing regular co-ed undergraduates promenading the sacred precincts of Queen's Park in short skirts and pigtails, or the stern male students sporting what were but too evidently their first long trousers. Truly, this is an age of rush and hurry! But in thus admitting students so young is the University fulfilling its function? Without doubt, in many courses where memory work is important these youthful prodigies may win the laurels at examinations, but if, as Principal Hutton impressed upon us in his speech at the senior dinner, the main object of the University should be to inculcate habits of *thought*, are we not overstepping the mark in our eagerness for education by permitting boys and girls of fifteen to enter the University? It isn't important that a graduate be filled with knowledge, but it is essential, if the University has properly done her work, that he leave her halls with a trained and thinking mind. We don't want to turn out educated boys and girls, but we do want to send out into the world trained men and women. To this end we believe a raising of the age limit would contribute.



### The "Bulletin"

Last year the College Faculty, with a view to presenting in concise and summarized form some of the important facts about Victoria which an intending student would like to know, issued the first number of the *Victoria College Bulletin*. As the issue was merely tentative, only a few hundred copies were printed, but the success attending it caused the authorities to enlarge it this year, and under Professor Robertson's direction there has just been issued a neat forty-eight page booklet, which sets forth in a brief but lucid form the most salient features regarding Victoria's history, growth, equipment, her place in the University, and the advantages she offers to prospective students. It also contains the graduating class list and the recent changes in the University regulations, thus forming a sort of combined class

list and calendar. This year fifteen hundred copies have been printed, one of which will be sent to every High School as well as to every '08 graduate. The *Bulletin* should prove invaluable as a means of placing Victoria's advantages before the young people of the Province, and we hope those into whose hands it may fall will do their part by distributing widely what the enterprise of the Faculty has so well prepared.



## The Residence Again

As the class of '08 goes out from college, the residence question has assumed an importance never attained before. The past year, with its unprecedented attendance, bringing in its train its own peculiar problems and dangers, has emphatically called to our attention the absolute need for a residence and dining hall if we are to preserve and foster that college spirit which has been Victoria's pride in years gone by. As to the desirability of a residence, we are all agreed, and have been for some time. One naturally wonders, then, why, despite all the talk, there is so little real live agitation and practical effort put forth to secure the desired end. True, there have been some sporadic movements, but, with the exception of some earnest, persistent work on the part of a few of the older graduates, nothing of importance has been done. The students themselves and the more recent graduates appear to have settled down to an acceptance of defeat. They seem to think that the Senate is opposed to the scheme and that they have been "thrown down" so often in the past that further effort is useless.

Apropos of this phase of the question, I was talking a few weeks since to one of the ladies who have been most prominent in agitating for and securing the Women's Residence. She said that the attitude of the men was such as to make it doubtful to an outsider whether they really desired a residence or not; that it was one of petulance unworthy a great cause and earnest men. The women had worked and worked for years before they secured Annesley Hall, while the men, because a few weak attempts had proved abortive, were folding their hands and doing nothing, blaming everybody and everything but their own inactivity. At first I was inclined to resent these remarks, but on calm consideration they seemed to contain a good deal of truth. Is not the charge of inertia on the part of the students justified? What have we done or are we doing to impress upon outsiders

that we really and seriously desire a residence? What sacrifices of time or effort are we making in its behalf? If the students themselves, who are in a better position than anyone else to realize the importance of the question, fail to show their interest in a tangible way, is it reasonable to expect other people to do so?

The value of concerted student effort has been frequently demonstrated in the past. The Athletic Building, the tennis courts, the Common Rooms, and many other advantages enjoyed by the Vic. man of to-day were won only by organized, systematic work of former students. Are we to do less for our *Alma Mater* than they? Are we less loyal, less enterprising, less resourceful, less self-sacrificing than they? Ours is a greater opportunity than theirs, involving greater effort and more work, but if we have learned aright the meaning of college spirit we will not shirk the task.

Of course, it will be urged that we can do nothing worth while; that money is the chief requisite, and that Victoria students are too poor to subscribe more than a mere bagatelle. Unfortunately, most of us are poor, but just as no great, enduring movement ever comes that is not backed up by the general support of the people, so our mite, insignificant as it may appear, may be just what is needed to inspire some rich man with the desire to make a large donation for a residence. The need was never greater nor the time more propitious for a residence propaganda than at the present. The Senate is heartily in favor of it, and is holding back merely on account of lack of money. The other most pressing requirements in buildings have been met. Victoria has been the recipient of the bounty of friends in the past; she still has friends—wealthy ones—who are anxious to do more for her, and who are only waiting to see in what way the money can best be spent. Now that the library is provided for, it is “up to us” to convince them that we need a dining hall and residence before all else. Let the students next fall, either through the Literary Society or any other organization, bring and keep the question in a live way before them. Let subscription lists be started for a Residence Fund, and when the students go home for the holidays let them agitate in their home communities and each one act as a subscription agent and retainer for the Victoria College Residence.

Not only should there be agitation within the College, but also among the alumni and friends; and for this work who are better fitted than the recent graduates, with college memories still fresh and college interests and needs deeply at heart? Let

the class of '08 begin anew a persistent, permanent, and powerful agitation by organizing an Alumni Residence Association and give practical evidence of their strength of purpose by subscribing liberally to the fund themselves. The work may be difficult, progress slow, and reward scanty, but the opportunity of serving Victoria was never greater. Will '08 accept the challenge?



## Our President

In another part of this issue we print a copy of President Falconer's address to the graduating class in Convocation Hall on June 10. We believe this is the first of its kind it has ever been the privilege of the students of U. of T. to listen to. That it was thoroughly appreciated was attested by the thoughtful, earnest attention of everyone present, and we predict that next year Convocation Hall will be crowded on the occasion of this, to many, the greatest feature of Convocation week.

This year's class has the distinction of being the first to graduate under Dr. Falconer. For one year he has been among us, and in that short time he has succeeded in winning the affection and respect of the students as it falls to the lot of but few men to do. This is all the more remarkable when we consider that on his accession to the Presidency there was a marked lack of enthusiasm and cordiality, perhaps even a latent feeling of disappointment. The student body generally looked upon him as a new, untried man, who had yet to prove himself. That he has proven himself to the utmost satisfaction of the most critical is shown by the enthusiasm which greets his every public appearance and the respect paid to his every utterance. We honor and revere him as President of our University; we love and respect him as a man who makes every student with whom he comes in contact feel that he is a friend. President Falconer's one short year of office has more than justified the fondest hopes of his closest friends. A man of rare tact, judgment and executive ability, united with high scholarly attainments and lofty moral purpose, the country may well be proud of President Falconer. He has raised the University to a higher place than she has ever occupied before. Under his leadership the outlook for the future is bright indeed.



# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

## Personals

ON May 1st Victoria's "Missionary Gang" was augmented by the departure of H. F. Woodsworth, B.A., '07, for Japan, where he will engage in Y.M.C.A. work. ACTA joins in wishing Hal the greatest success in his new field of labor.

Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Stapleford, B.A., after spending the winter in Oxford, England, have returned, and left June 1st for Vancouver, B.C., to take charge of the church of which he is pastor.

Mr. J. S. Bennett, M.A., '05, has returned from a winter's study at Oxford University. He is looking hale and hearty, and reports a pleasant year spent in the Old Land.

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## Marriages

The little winged god seems to have been working overtime lately, with an unusually well-filled quiver of arrows, which he has directed with extraordinarily telling effect if one is to judge by the number of June brides. As is usual among our graduates, the theologs were hardest hit, and ordination removed the last remaining barrier to the bonds of matrimony. As a result many of them are now reaping the fruition of the hopeful smiles and beaming countenances of Convocation week, to the expressed indifference, but withal secret envy, of the more unfortunate Arts graduate. The recent weddings have been so numerous that some may have escaped the notice of ACTA's scribe. If so we crave your pardon for the omission, and at the same time seize the opportunity to bespeak the earnest support of all alumni for next year's editor of this column; and, to return to our original subject, to one and all subjects of hymeneal bliss ACTA extends best wishes.

OKELL—GUNDY.—"Fernelcliffe," Scotland, Ont., the home of Mrs. C. E. Gundy, was the scene of a pretty wedding, when her daughter Mary was united in marriage to Rev. Fred OKell

both graduates of the class of '07. The bride, who was given away by her brother, was daintily attired in her graduation gown. Many beautiful gifts testified to the popularity of the bride and groom. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. OKell left for Trout Lake, B.C., where he is pastor.

DOWN—ROWNTREE.—A very happy event took place on June 10, at 8 a.m., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Rowntree, of Thorold, when their daughter, Bertha Evelyn, was united in wedlock with Rev. Charles Wesley Down by Rev. F. M. Mathers, B.D. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the immediate relatives. Following the wedding breakfast the young couple left for northern points, after which they returned to his pastorate in the London Conference.

GREEN—MILES.—The Methodist parsonage at Franklin, N.Y., was the scene of a pretty home wedding June 3, when Grace Eloise, daughter of Rev. E. S. Miles, was united in marriage to Rev. Thomas Green, M.A., B.D., of Toronto. The ceremony took place at high noon under a bower of evergreens. Miss Christine Miles, sister of the bride, played the "Lohengrin" Wedding March. After the ceremony a dainty wedding breakfast was served, after which the bridal couple left for a brief visit in Toronto, en route to Vancouver, B.C., where the groom has been given charge of the Robson Memorial Church.

BARD—PORRITT.—At the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. T. Porritt, in Charles Street, West Toronto, at 8 p.m. Tuesday, June 16th, Miss Evelyn Porritt was married to Rev. J. C. Bard. Rev. C. N. Chaulter, of Owen Sound, performed the ceremony in the presence of the immediate friends and relatives. After a reception by Mrs. Porritt the bride and groom left to spend their honeymoon in Muskoka before leaving for Mr. Bard's charge in Saskatchewan.

LOVERING—WALLACE.—A pretty wedding took place on Tuesday, June 16th, at half-past one o'clock, in the chapel at Victoria College, when the marriage was solemnized of the Rev. Herbert Sangster Lovering and Miss Ada Crawford, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace. Chancellor Burwash performed the ceremony, and the bride's uncle, Mr. Richard Wallace, gave her away. She was attired in white San Toy silk, trimmed with Irish crochet lace, with which she wore a tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms and carried a shower of lilies of the valley and roses. Miss Annabel Wallace, a cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid. Mr. John Egerton Lovering, brother of the groom, was

groomsman, and the Rev. Elmore M. Kenney and Mr. Albert Wallace the ushers. Mr. H. Hardy and Mrs. Bai were at the organ, and Mrs. James Young sang a solo. Mrs. Wallace received afterwards at 338 Wilton avenue, and later Mr. and Mrs. Lovering left by train for Kentucky for a fortnight, after which they went to Muskoka for two months before taking up their residence at Thessalon, where Mr. Lovering has a church.

MARSHALL—CAVERS.—At the Metropolitan Church, on the afternoon of June 23rd, the marriage was quietly solemnized of Miss Jessie Cavers, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Cavers, and the Rev. E. A. Marshall. The bride wore a dark blue travelling suit, with braid trimmings and hat to match. The Rev. and Mrs. A. O. Foreman were the only attendants. Rev. and Mrs. Marshall left on the 5 o'clock boat for Montreal for a short honeymoon before going to Lion's Head, Ont., where Alpheus is sky pilot.

FOREMAN—SHERLOCK.—It has always been a source of considerable wonder among the girls of '08 why Arthur Foreman, the idol of the fair sex, should always remain impervious to their wiles and indifferent to all their attractions. At last the mystery is solved. Like many more of "those quiet fellows," Arthur was the first to take advantage of the privileges of graduation and ordination, and hardly had the sheepskin been donned when it was doffed for the wedding garment, for on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 23rd, his marriage with Miss Louise Sherlock, daughter of the Rev. Benjamin Sherlock, was solemnized in Trinity Methodist Church, Toronto, Rev. F. M. Mathers, of Thorold, officiating, assisted by Rev. Dr. Wilson. Mr. Foreman has been appointed to the pastorate of Shallow Lake, in the Hamilton Conference, where they will be at home to their friends after a brief honeymoon spent at the Kawartha Lakes. Needless to say, Arthur's smile is even more genial than ever. May it never grow less is the wish of ACTA and all his friends.

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## Obituaries

The death of Mr. Allan McLean Howard at Toronto on Friday, May 22nd, takes away one more from the number of surviving students of old Upper Canada Academy days. Mr. Howard was a student at Cobourg in 1841. Dr. James H. Richardson, of Toronto, Judge Weller, of Peterboro, and Mr. James R. Griffin,



of Toronto, are now probably the only survivors of the Academy days of 1840 and 1841. Mr. Howard was born at York (Toronto) in 1824. His father was for many years postmaster of the capital town: his mother was a grand-daughter of Col. Allan McLean, commander of the 84th Highland Emigrants, who played so important a part in the defence of Canada during the American Revolutionary War. For over fifty years Mr. Howard held the office of Clerk of the First Division Court, Toronto.

The Ontario Cabinet lost one of its most conscientious and efficient members and Victoria College one of its most respected graduates in the death of Hon. Dr. Willoughby, of Colborne, on April 27th. Dr. Willoughby was born in the Township of West Gwillimbury, Simcoe County, February 2nd, 1844, and educated at Bradford Grammar School and Victoria College, from which he graduated in 1867. After considerable municipal service, in 1886 he was returned for East Northumberland to the Legislature, of which he has been a member with but two brief intervals ever since. A strong party man and a close personal friend of Mr. Whitney, on the latter's attaining power in 1905 Dr. Willoughby was rewarded with a seat in the Cabinet without portfolio. His genial and kindly nature made him many close friends even among his political opponents, and his death will be mourned as the loss not only of a faithful public servant, but of a conscientious and kindly gentleman.



THIS number of ACTA will have a wide circulation; its readers will be scattered to the four corners of the earth. Some are working industriously, others are pretending to, while others possibly are not even putting up a pretence. But we hope that all are enjoying a well-earned rest and recreation; perhaps it would be better to say we hope all are enjoying it whether they have earned it or not. And we hope to see all of you back in October, healthy and happy and ready for another year's work, and forgetting all about the good resolutions you made just before the exams.

One man at least must have been working hard. The thin member of the third year, after arriving at his home, was urgently warned by his parents to be sure to get out of the bath before he drew the plug.

The steward of one of the C. P. R. steamboats (Owen Sound to Port Arthur) was very much puzzled by the following telegram which he received on May 22nd:

To the Steward, etc.:

Please look after Mr. Hemingway, wife, and party.  
J. K. O.

We believe that he has since been enlightened.

Pat M. (standing before a masterpiece in one of London's art galleries)—What's that on those mountains?

Cassius—Why, that's snow.

P. M.—Well, I thought it was, but the guide just said it was Greece!

Lovering (in his senior speech at Lit.)—Life is like a big examination. You have to fight it out alone.

Moyer, '09—Not for mine!

How would you like to be a theolog. and get a star in "Christian Tactics" or "Acrobatic Theology"?

McK., '09—Have you paid your bill for flowers yet, Mac?

McN., '10—Yes; and have you paid your natural gas bill yet?

The Local Ed., who is now a full-fledged member of the Archaeological Society, has unearthed a poem supposed to have been written by an Arts student about the month of April last. We present it to our readers with humble apologies, as well to the author of the original and his admirers as to the delirious author of the parody:

Crammed, crammed, crammed,  
At the end of the term I be,  
And I would that my brain could analyze  
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the theolog  
That he shouts with the B.D. at play;  
Oh, well for the Science man  
That he yells as he goes on his way.

But the Arts exams. go on  
For nearly a month to come,  
And it's oh, for the ponderous brain of plug:  
(Oh, why was I ever a —— loafer?)

Crammed, crammed, crammed,  
And my thoughts are all at sea;  
My chances are nil; the honors I craved  
Will never be handed to me.

The girls of '08 spent their last week together at Long Branch, in Beth Eden Cottage, which was lent for their use by the kindness of a former graduate of Victoria. For the benefit of classes yet to graduate, it may be said that the plan was an unqualified success. The only essentials are a cottage of the necessary elasticity and some canned goods. As it was intended as a time for fortifying oneself against the strenuous days to follow, the week was spent largely in a "masterly inactivity." The opportunities for sport were not large, although some remarkably fine sardines and salmon were booked. The four years that the girls had spent together had failed to reveal qualities which were brought to light during this time. One young lady, known hitherto only as a distinguished student of modern lan-

guages, earned the new title of consulting stoker, owing to the gifts she unexpectedly showed in dealing with a small and refractory stove. It was a sight to turn a graduate in Practical Science green with envy to see her, covered with soot and triumph, mastering the problems which the "Magic Jewel" hourly presented. The cooking was done by two different girls each day, so that a constant variety of menu was assured, and at the same time the eccentricities in the culinary methods of any cook were judiciously limited. The outing culminated very pleasantly with a picnic to the gentlemen of the class. The week spent "on the old Ontario strand" was altogether a very happy one, and will always be a happy memory.

In the Biology Lab.—Allin, '10, to rest of the class "having a time": Gentlemen, gentlemen, and you, too, Barlow; why all this frivolity?

No one doubts Hon. S. H. Blake's sincerity in his tirade against gambling at the Woodbine, but we are sure that the poignancy of even his grief is exceeded by that of our esteemed successor to the editorial chair over his losses at betting on the exams. The following laconic despatch speaks eloquently:

13-6-08.

Congrats! D——n busy. Send detailed bill.

Mae.

Our worthy business manager's fondness for the Humber has been remarked by many of his friends. In this connection the following recent utterance of his is illuminating: "I don't know of any cheaper way to spend an afternoon."

Convocation this year was an unparalleled success. Nature and man seemed to have agreed to make '08's last week at college one of unmitigated pleasure. A fair proportion of the graduating class returned to the city in time to hear the President's address on Wednesday afternoon in Convocation Hall. In the evening all the Victoria students that could be mustered met around a bonfire at Long Branch and toasted marshmallows. Thursday morning the '08 girls broke up camp and moved to Annesley Hall, so as to be in time for Miss Addison's lawn party in the afternoon. Many of the professors and their wives were present, as well as the members of the graduating class, and a very enjoyable time was spent. Convocation Day was perfect. The Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash began the festivities of the

occasion by giving a breakfast to those of Victoria's sons and daughters whom the University was to honor during the day. The commencement exercises took place in the afternoon, and it is said that the beadle's arms never ached so much on any other similar occasion. When the last hood had been donned, convocation was dismissed and the audience repaired to the quadrangle for the garden party. In the evening the commencement dinner formed a fitting conclusion for a happy day.

K. H. Smith (in the midst of post-refreshment operations at Long Branch)—Here! you girls keep your hands out of that water. That's what we're going to wash the dishes in.

Brownlee (in a reminiscient mood during the ceremony of conferring degrees on the sweet girl graduates)—Say, I wouldn't mind having the Chancellor's job myself.

At the first meeting of '08-'09 Acta Board—Ed.-in-Chief-elect: Well, I guess that's all, unless you have something more to say, Miss Dunnett.

Miss Dunnett: No—at least not before the whole Board.

Of the success which has attended the various College organizations during the past year the Glee Club has had its full share. Its members gained invaluable experience from a musical standpoint, as well as enjoying a pleasant and profitable trip through various towns and cities. Furthermore, the club was able to make considerable money grants both to the Literary Society and the Missionary Society. In these days of increased membership at Victoria the Glee Club should be better than ever with larger numbers from which to select its members. It is the firm conviction of those who have been members of this club throughout their undergraduate course that no other College society has been of more benefit to them, and it is hoped that it will receive the hearty support of the student body this coming year. The officers for the year '08-'09 are: Hon. President, E. H. Ley, B.A.; President, H. W. Avison, '09; Business Manager, R. E. S. Taylor, '09; Vice-President, G. I. Stephenson, '09; Secretary, F. E. Hetherington, '11; Treasurer, H. G. Manning, '09; Curator, A. L. Smith, '11; Pianist, W. P. Clement, '09.

K. H. S.



## U. of T. Lacrosse Team's Trip

THE following interesting sketch of the lacrosse team's annual tour is furnished by E. G. Sanders, B.A., '08, who, in recognition of his ability and services on the team for three consecutive years, has been honored with the captaincy for next year. Eddie has done much as a good all-round sport to uphold Vie's place in University athletics, and we heartily congratulate him on being so signally honored by his team mates.

Vic students will also be glad to know that Reg. Gundy, who was taken as a spare, made good as a regular at first defence and will henceforth be one of the mainstays of the team.

"I finished my last paper, May 22nd, at 12 m., and at 4.05 we left the Union Station for Baltimore, Md., fourteen in all, a party of as merry yet sturdy youths as ever left Varsity to seek honors in athletics in the United States. In short, I believe it was one of the strongest, if not the strongest, team that ever went over to uphold our reputation in lacrosse. And we were pitted against the two fastest teams in the United States, namely, Johns Hopkins and Crescents.

"Arriving at Baltimore on May 23rd, at noon, we proceeded to our hotel quarters in the centre of the city, and at 3.30 we were dressed in our new blue and white uniforms and ready for the fray. The thermometer registered about 86 degrees in the shade. Hopkins had played nine games this season without a single loss, so they claimed the American championship. If they should win they had every prospect of being sent to the Olympic games. They were confident of a victory. So were we. The game started at a furious pace. At half-time it was 5-4, Varsity in the lead. The odds in the betting were against us, for Hopkins always finishes strong. But so does Varsity, and after thirty-five more minutes we landed our first victory and the inter-college championship of U. S. and Canada. Score, 9-6. The Toronto home could be called speedy, but at times wild, while the defence was steady and unsteady by turns.

"Monday we had our first practice and corrected our system of play. Tuesday we met and defeated the fast Mt. Washing-

ton team, that was strengthened for the occasion by some of the best men from Hopkins. This time the score was 6—2.

“The Varsity boys were now getting down to something like team work, and were very confident of winning every game on our trip. On Monday afternoon many of us took a tour over to Washington, D.C., to have a chat with Teddy, who we found was busy in his backyard playing tennis.

“Wednesday we went to Philadelphia and out to Swarthmore College. Here their boys were in splendid shape, but scarcely confident of a victory. The game had no special features, only the team was beginning to show far better form, improved wind and greater accuracy in shooting. Score, 11—2. For the first time in at least four years in the evening we were entertained by the team in a right royal manner. We had always considered them indifferent, but they gave us a reception such as only American college men can. Thursday we moved on to New York, and then to the Crescent Club’s country residence, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn.

“The interval between Thursday and Saturday was spent in sight-seeing and training.

“Saturday at 1 p.m. it began to sprinkle; at 3 it began to rain; at 4 it poured down, and at 4.30, when we went on a field partly covered with water, it was coming down in bucketfuls. Jupiter Pluvius continued this course of conduct until the game was all over. Notwithstanding the rain, twelve hundred people packed themselves away in various places to see the game. The Crescents started off with a rush and scored two in rapid succession. Then the Varsity defence became a stone wall and our home did the work. At half-time the score stood against us, 2—1, but when time was up it was 3—2 for Toronto.

“On Monday morning we set out for Boston to play Harvard, but after our arrival the game was called off: through some mismanagement on their part the team had gone out of training. So we came home and, after having our picture taken, disbanded.”

#### LINE-UP.

Arens, goal; Hanley, point; Sanders, cover point; Gundy, first defence; Hunter, second defence; Lambert, third defence; Campbell, centre; Park, third home; Carter, second home; Ramore, first home; Morrison, outside home; McSloy, inside home; Hinds and Powers, spares.



The new cinder tennis courts are already under way, and two of the best courts obtainable will be ready on the east side of the walk by October 1st.

## The Man of the Hour

The Man of the Hour! A play? Oh, no, dear reader, as this is a Methodist publication we dare not advertise even such a good play as the above in our columns. The Man of the Hour is C. F. Ward, '05, one of our illustrious graduates in tennis and mathematics. Many of the students will remember that Charlie—now Professor—Ward did exceptionally well in both courses. In memory of his “courting” days, Mr. Ward has notified the editor of this department that he will answer our plea of April and present the College with an inter-year tennis cup, to be kept as a perpetual challenge trophy, and to be held by the winning class for a year. The cup will be a very handsome one and will be on hand by next October number. The inter-year competition will probably be held during the last week of October, but definite provisions which go with its presentation will be announced in the next issue of ACTA—October.

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## A Word to the Alumni

It has ever been the policy of Victoria College, as of every true institution of higher learning, to keep in close touch with her graduates, for upon their continued interest and support her success so largely depends. The closer the bonds between the old and the new, between the student of former days and the student of to-day, the better can we preserve our traditions, foster college spirit and strengthen the whole institution. Unfortunately, many of our alumni fail to co-operate with the professors in this matter. They are very lax about reporting changes of address or items of general interest, though these same people are often quick to resent any omission of their names from a notice concerning their class.

It has been suggested that it would be mutually beneficial for all graduates to report at least once a year, say every October, to either the Librarian or Registrar. No matter whether there has been a change of address or not, the month of October would thus be a registration month for graduate and under-graduate alike. We heartily commend the idea to our readers, and hope that it will be generally practised next fall. Not only will it gladden the heart of Professor Lang; it will smooth the path for the *Personals* editor of ACTA, and also will be an annual reminder to us of our days on “the old Ontario strand.”

[We put this in the Athletic column because of lack of space—not because of the strenuousness of the article.—Ed.]



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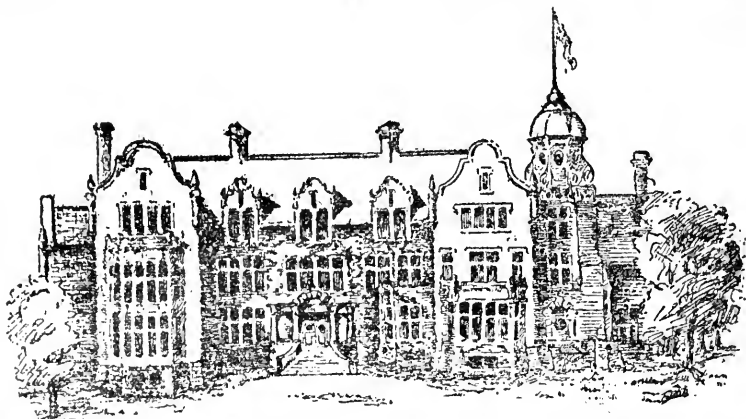
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